

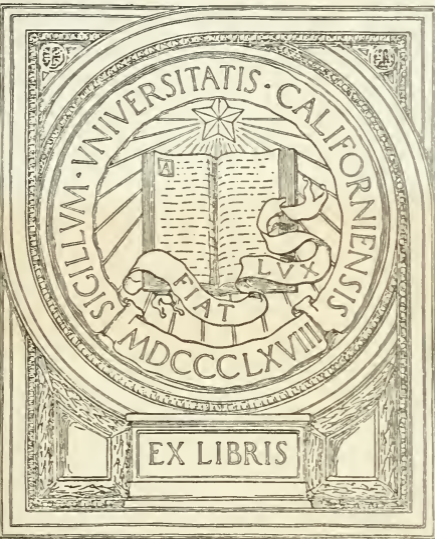
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*She said: her bosom swell'd with labouring sighs,
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.
At this the Knight who seem'd of sense depriv'd:
Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd.*

Bmmdg

Jerusalem Delivered

AN HEROIC POEM,

Translated from

TORQUATO TASSO

By John Hoole.



*And wishes spring earth his shame would hide
Or ocean veil him in its whirling tide*
Book II. l. 100, 101

LONDON;

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NOVO VIVU
SANA SANA

TO
THE QUEEN.

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MADAM,

TO approach the High and the Illustrious has been, in all ages, the privilege of Poets; and though Translators cannot justly claim the same honour, yet they naturally follow their Authors as Attendants; and I hope that, in return for having enabled Tasso to diffuse his fame through the British Dominions, I may be introduced by him to the presence of YOUR MAJESTY.

TASSO has a peculiar claim to YOUR MAJESTY'S favour, as a Follower and Panegyrist of the House of ESTE, which has one common Ancestor with the House of HANOVER; and in reviewing his life, it is not easy to forbear a wish that he had lived in a happier time, when he might, among the Descendants of that illustrious Family, have found a more liberal and potent patronage.

I cannot but observe, MADAM, how unequally Reward is proportioned to Merit, when I reflect that the Happiness, which was withheld from TASSO, is reserved for me; and that the Poem, which once hardly procured to its Author the countenance of the

Princes of FERRARA, has attracted to its Translator the favourable notice of a BRITISH QUEEN.

Had this been the fate of TASSO, he would have been able to have celebrated the Condescension of YOUR MAJESTY in nobler language, but could not have felt it with more ardent gratitude, than,

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most faithful, and

Devoted Servant,

JOHN HOOLE.

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PREFACE.

OF all Authors, so familiarly known by name to the generality of English readers as Tasso, perhaps there is none whose works have been so little read; and the few who have read them, have seldom estimated them by their own judgment. As some authors owe much of their reputation to the implicit acquiescence of the many in the encomiums bestowed upon them by some person with whom, for whatever reason, it has been thought honourable to acquiesce; so others have been rated much below their merit, merely because some fashionable critic has decried their performances; and thus it has happened to Tasso.

M. Boileau, in one of his satires, had ridiculed the absurdity of "preferring the tinsel of Tasso to the gold of Virgil:" this sentiment was hastily catched up by Mr. Addison, whose polite and elegant writings are an honour to our nation, but whose greatest excellence was not, perhaps, either poetry or criticism; and he has zealously declared, in one of his Spectators, that "he entirely agrees with M. Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the tinsel of Tasso." These declarations, indeed, amount to no more than that gold is better than tinsel, and true wit than false; a discovery which does no great honour to the author: but those, who are accustomed to take things in the gross, and to adopt the judgment of others because they will not venture to judge for themselves, have inferred, that all Virgil is gold, and that all Tasso is tinsel; than which nothing can be more absurd, whether M. Boileau and

Mr. Addison intended the application or not: it is as true, that the gold of Tasso is better than his tinsel, as that the gold of Virgil is better; and though a verse of Virgil is better than all Tasso's tinsel, it does not follow that it is also better than Tasso's gold. That Tasso has gold, no man, who wishes to be thought qualified to judge of poetry, will choose to deny. It will also be readily admitted, that he has tinsel; but it will be easy to show, not only that the gold preponderates, but that the tinsel mingled with it, is not in a greater proportion than in many other compositions, which have received the applause of successive ages, and been preserved in the wreck of nations, when almost every other possession has been abandoned.

By tinsel is meant false thought, and, perhaps, incredible fiction; and whoever is acquainted with the writings of Ovid, knows that he abounds with false thoughts, that he is continually playing upon words, and that his fictions are in the highest degree incredible; yet his *Metamorphoses* have ever been held in great estimation by all judges of poetical merit.

But if Tasso's merit is to be decided by authority, may not that of M. Voltaire be opposed with great propriety to the pedantry of M. Boileau, and the echo of Mr. Addison? "There is (says he, in his *Essay on Epic Poetry*, no monument of Antiquity in Italy that more deserves the attention of a traveller, than the *Jerusalem* of Tasso. Time, which subverts the reputation of common performances, as it were by sap, has rendered that of the *Jerusalem* more stable and permanent: this poem is now sung in many parts of Italy, as the *Iliad* was in Greece; and Tasso is placed, without scruple, by the side of Homer and Virgil, notwithstanding his defects, and the criticisms of Despreaux. The *Jerusalem* appears, in some respects, to be an imitation of the *Iliad*; but if Rinaldo is drawn after Achilles, and Godfrey after Agamemnon, I will venture to say,

that Tasso's copy is much superior to the original : in his battles he has as much fire as Homer, with greater variety ; his heroes, like those of the Iliad, are distinguished by a difference of character ; but the characters of Tasso are more skilfully introduced, more strongly marked, and infinitely better sustained ; for there is scarce one in the Iliad that is not inconsistent with itself, and not one in the Jerusalem that is not uniform throughout. Tasso has painted what Homer only sketched ; he has attained the art of varying his tints by different shades of the same colour, and has distinguished, into different modes, many virtues, vices, and passions, which others have thought to be the same. Thus the characteristic, both of Godfrey and Aladine, is sagacity, but the modes are finely varied ; in Godfrey it is a calm circumspective prudence, in Aladine a cruel policy. Courage is predominant both in Tancred and Argantes ; but in Tancred it is a generous contempt of danger, in Argantes a brutal fury : so love in Armida is a mixture of levity and desire ; in Erminia it is a soft and amiable tenderness. There is, indeed, no figure in the picture that does not discover the hand of a master, not even Peter the hermit, who is finely contrasted with the enchanter Ismeno ; two characters, which are surely very much superior to the Calchas and Talthybius of Homer. Rinaldo is, indeed, imitated from Achilles, but his faults are more excusable, his character is more amiable, and his leisure is better employed ; Achilles dazzles us, but we are interested for Rinaldo.

“ I am in doubt whether Homer has done right or wrong in making Priam so much the object of our pity, but it was certainly a master-stroke in Tasso to render Aladine odious ; for the reader would otherwise have been necessarily interested for the Mahometans against the Christians, whom he would have been tempted to consider as a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate a country they

had no right to, and massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince, more than fourscore years old, and his whole people, against whom they had no pretence of complaint." M. Voltaire then observes, that this is indeed the true character of the crusades: but "Tasso (continues he) has, with great judgment, represented them very differently; for, in his Jerusalem, they appear to be an army of heroes, marching under a chief of exalted virtue, to rescue, from the tyranny of Infidels, a country which had been consecrated by the birth and death of a God. The subject of his poem, considered in this view, is the most sublime that can be imagined; and he has treated it with all the dignity of which it is worthy, and has even rendered it not less interesting than elevated. The action is well conducted, and the incidents artfully interwoven; he strikes out his adventures with spirit, and distributes his light and shade with the judgment of a master: he transports his reader from the tumults of war to the sweet solitudes of love; and from scenes exquisitely voluptuous, he again transports him to the field of battle: he touches all the springs of passion in a swift, but regular succession, and gradually rises above himself as he proceeds from book to book: his style is in all parts equally clear and elegant; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to see how he impresses a new character upon the softness of the Italian language, how he sublimates it into majesty, and compresses it into strength. It must indeed be confessed, that in the whole poem there are about two hundred verses in which the author has indulged himself in puerile conceits, and a mere play upon words; but this is nothing more than a kind of tribute which his genius paid to the taste of the age he lived in, which had a fondness for points and turns that has since rather increased than diminished."

Such is the merit of Tasso's Jerusalem in the opinion of M. Voltaire: he has, indeed, pointed out,

with great judgment, many defects in particular parts of the work, which he so much admires upon the whole; but this gives his testimony in behalf of Tasso, so far as it goes, new force; and if Tasso can be justified in some places where M. Voltaire has condemned him, it follows, that his general merit is still greater than M. Voltaire has allowed.

Having remarked some fanciful excesses in the account of the expedition of Ubald and his companion, to discover and bring back Rinaldo, who was much wanted by the whole army, M. Voltaire asks, "what was the great exploit which was reserved for this hero, and which rendered his presence of so much importance, that he was transported from the Pic of Teneriffe to Jerusalem? Why he was" (says M. Voltaire) "destined by Providence to cut down some old trees, that stood in the forest which was haunted by hobgoblins." M. Voltaire, by this ludicrous description of Rinaldo's adventure in the Enchanted Wood, insinuates, that the service he performed was inadequate to the pomp with which he was introduced, and unworthy of the miracles which contributed to his return: but, the enchantment of the forest being once admitted, this exploit of Rinaldo will be found greatly to heighten his character, and to remove an obstacle to the siege, which would otherwise have been insuperable, and would consequently have defeated the whole enterprize of the crusade: it was impossible to carry on the siege without machines constructed of timber; no timber was to be had but in this forest; and in this forest the principal heroes of the Christian army had attempted to cut timber in vain.

To this it may be added, that M. Voltaire has not dealt fairly, by supposing that Rinaldo was recalled to the camp for no other intent than to cut down the wood: the critic seems to have forgotten the necessity of this hero's presence to the general affairs of the Christians: it was he who was destined

to kill Solyman, whose death was, perhaps, of equal consequence to the Christians, as that of Hector to the Grecians: the Danish messenger had been miraculously preserved, and sent to deliver Sweno's sword to Rinaldo, with a particular injunction for him to revenge the death of that prince on the Soldan: we see further the importance of Rinaldo in the last battle, where he kills almost all the principal leaders of the enemy, and is the great cause of the entire defeat of the Egyptian army.

M. Voltaire's general censure of this incident, therefore, appears to be ill-founded. "But certain Demons (says he) having taken an infinite variety of shapes to terrify those who came to fell the trees, Tancred finds his Clorinda shut up in a pine, and wounded by a stroke which he had given to the trunk of the tree; and Armida issues from the bark of a myrtle, while she is many leagues distant in the Egyptian army."

Upon a review of this last passage, the first sentence will certainly be found to confute the censure implied in the second. In the first sentence we are told, "that the forms which prevented the Christian heroes from cutting down the trees, were devils:" in the second it is intimated, that the voice of Clorinda, and the form of Armida, were no illusions, but in reality what they seemed to be: for where is the absurdity that a demon should assume the voice of Clorinda, or the figure of Armida, in this forest, though Clorinda herself was dead, and Armida in another place? Tasso, therefore, is acquitted of the charge of making Armida in two places at one time, even by the very passage in which the charge is brought.

To the authority of M. Voltaire, who, at the same time that he supposes Tasso to have more faults than he has, thinks his excellencies sufficient to place him among the first poets in the world, may be added that of Mr. Dryden, who, in the preface to

the translation of Virgil, has declared the Jerusalem Delivered to be the next heroic poem to the Iliad and Æneid.

Mr. Dryden was too great a master in poetical composition, and had a knowledge too extensive, and a judgment too accurate, to suppose the merit of the Jerusalem to be subverted by improbabilities, which are more numerous and more gross in the works of Homer and Virgil. It is very likely that magic and enchantment were as generally and firmly believed, when Tasso wrote his Jerusalem, as the visible agency of the Pagan deities at the writing of the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Æneid: and it is certain, that the events, which Tasso supposes to have been brought about by enchantment, were more congruous to such a cause than many fictions of the Greek and Roman poets to the Pagan theology; at least that a theology, which could admit them, was more absurd than the existence and operation of any powers of magic and enchantment. If we do not, therefore, reject the poems of Homer and Virgil, as not worth reading, because they contain extravagant fables, we have no right to make that a pretence for rejecting the Jerusalem of Tasso; especially if the Gothic machines were more adapted to the great ends of epic poetry than the system of antiquity, as an ingenious author has endeavoured to show: his words are; "The current popular tales of elves and fairies were even fitter to take the credulous mind, and charm it into a willing admiration of the *specious miracles*, which wayward fancy delights in, than those of the old traditionary rabble of Pagan divinities. And then, for the more solemn fancies of witchcraft and incantation, the horrors of the Gothic were above measure striking and terrible. The mummeries of the Pagan priests were childish; but the Gothic enchanters shook and alarmed all nature. We feel this difference very sensibly in reading the ancient and modern poets.

You would not compare the Canidia of Horace with the witches of Macbeth: and what are Virgil's myrtles dropping blood, to Tasso's enchanted forest?" Letters on Chivalry and Romance, p. 45, 49.

As I think it is now evident that a reader may be pleased with Tasso, and not disgrace his judgment, I may, without impropriety, offer a translation of him to those who cannot read him in his original language. I may be told, indeed, that there is an English translation of him already, and therefore that an apology is necessary for a new one. To this I answer, that the only complete translation is that of Fairfax, which is in stanzas that cannot be read with pleasure by the generality of those who have a taste for English poetry; of which no other proof is necessary than that it appears scarcely to have been read at all: it is not only unpleasant, but irksome, in such a degree, as to surmount curiosity; and more than counterbalance all the beauty of expression and sentiment, which is to be found in that work. I do not flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and verisification; and even of these the principal recommendation is, that they are more modern, and better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments.

That a translation of Tasso into modern English verse has been generally thought necessary, appears by several essays that have been made towards it, particularly those of Mr. Brooke, of Mr. Hooke, and Mr. Layng: if any of these gentlemen had completed their undertaking, it would effectually have precluded mine. Mr. Brooke's in particular, is at once so harmonious and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt whose poetical abilities are much supe-

rior to mine: and yet Mr. Brooke's performance is rather an animated paraphrase than a translation. My endeavour has been to render the sense of my author as nearly as possible, which could never be done merely by translating his words; how I have succeeded the world must determine: an author is but an ill judge of his own performances: and the opinion of friends is not always to be trusted; for there is a kind of benevolent partiality which inclines us to think favourably of the works of those whom we esteem. I am, however, happy in the good opinion of some gentlemen whose judgment, in this case, could err only by such partiality: and as I am not less ambitious to engage esteem as a man, than to merit praise as an author, I am not anxiously solicitous to know whether they have been mistaken or not.

As many passages in the original of this work are very closely imitated from the Greek and Roman Classics, I may perhaps, inadvertently, have inserted a line or two from the English versions of those authors; but as Mr. Pope, in his translation of Homer, has taken several verses from Mr. Dryden; and Mr. Pitt, in his translation of the *Æneid*, several both from Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, I flatter myself I shall incur no censure on that account.

I have incorporated some few verses both of Mr. Brooke's and Mr. Layng's version of Tasso with my own: but as I have not arrogated the merit of what I have borrowed to myself, I cannot justly be accused of plagiarism. These obligations I acknowledge, that I may do justice to others; but there are some which I shall mention to gratify myself. Mr. Samuel Johnson, whose judgment I am happy in being authorised to make use of on this occasion, has given me leave to publish it, as his opinion, that a modern translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered* is a work that may very justly merit the attention of the English reader; and I owe many remarks to the friendship and candour of Dr.

Hawkesworth, from which my performance has received considerable advantages.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is necessary the English reader should be acquainted that the Italian poets, when they speak of infidels of any denomination, generally use the word *Pagano*: the word *Pagan*, therefore, in the translation, is often used for *Mahometan*; and Spenser has used the word *Paynim* in the same sense.

As the public is not at all concerned about the qualifications of an author, any further than they appear in his works, it is to little purpose that writers have endeavoured to prevent their writings from being considered as the standard of their abilities, by alleging the short time, or the disadvantageous circumstances, in which they were produced. If their performances are too bad to obtain a favourable reception for themselves, it is not likely that the world will regard them with more indulgence for being told why they are no better. If I did not hope, therefore, that the translation now offered, though begun and finished in the midst of employments of a very different kind, might something more than atone for its own defects, I would not have obtruded it on the public. All I request of my readers is, to judge for themselves, and if they find any entertainment, not to think the worse of it for being the performance of one who has never before appeared a candidate for their suffrages as an author.

THE
LIFE OF TASSO.*

TORQUATO TASSO was descended from the illustrious house of the Torregiani, lords of Bergamo, Milan, and several other towns in Lombardy. The Torregiani, being expelled by the Visconti, settled between Bergamo and Como, in the most advantageous posts of the mountain of Tasso, from which they took their name. This family supported itself by alliances till the time of Bernardo Tasso, whose mother was of the house of Cornaro. The estate of Bernardo, the father of our poet, was no ways equal to his birth; but this deficiency, in point of fortune, was in some measure compensated by the gifts of understanding. His works in verse and prose are recorded as monuments of his genius; and his fidelity to Ferrante of Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, to whom he was entirely devoted, entitled him to the esteem of every man of honour. This prince had made him his secretary, and taken him with him to Naples, where he settled, and married Portia di Rossi, daughter of Lucretia di Gambacorti, of one of the most illustrious families in that city.

Portia was six months gone with child, when she was invited by her sister Hippolyta to Sorrento, to pay her a visit. Bernardo accompanied her thither: and in this place Portia was delivered of a son, on

* All the principal incidents in this life are taken from the account given by Giovanni Battisto Manso, a Neapolitan, lord of Bisaccio and Pianca. This nobleman was Tasso's intimate friend; he had many of our Author's papers in his possession, and being himself witness to several particulars which he relates, his authority seems unexceptionable.

the 11th day of March, 1544, at noon. The infant was baptized a few days after, in the metropolitan church of Sorrento, by the name of Torquato. Bernardo and Portia returned soon after to Naples, with little Tasso, whose birth, like Homer's, was afterwards disputed by several cities that claimed the honour of it: but it seems undeniably proved that he was born at Sorrento.

Historians relate incredible things of his early and promising genius: they tell us, that, at six months old, he not only spoke and pronounced his words clearly and distinctly, but that he thought, reasoned, expressed his wants, and answered questions; that there was nothing childish in his words, but the tone of his voice; that he seldom laughed or cried; and that, even then, he gave certain tokens of that equality of temper which supported him so well in his future misfortunes.

Towards the end of his third year, Bernardo his father was obliged to follow the prince of Salerno into Germany, which journey proved the source of all the sufferings of Tasso and his family. The occasion was this: Don Pedro of Toledo, viceroy of Naples for the emperor Charles V. had formed a design to establish the inquisition in that city. The Neapolitans, alarmed at this, resolved to send a deputation to the emperor, and, for that purpose, made choice of the prince of Salerno, who seemed most able, by his authority and riches, to make head against the viceroys. The prince undertook the affair; and Bernardo Tasso accompanied him into Germany.

Before his departure, Bernardo committed the care of his son to Angeluzzo, a man of learning; for it was his opinion, that a boy could not be put too soon under the tuition of men. At three years of age, they tell us, little Tasso began to study grammar; and, at four, was sent to the college of the Jesuits, where he made so rapid a progress, that at seven he was pretty well acquainted with the

Latin and Greek tongues: at the same age he made public orations, and composed some pieces of poetry, of which the style is said to have retained nothing of puerility. The following lines he addressed to his mother when he left Naples to follow his father's fortune, being then only nine years of age.

Ma dal sen de la madre empia fortuna
 Pargoletto divelse, ah di' que' baci
 Ch' ella bagno di lagrime dolenti
 Con sospir mi rimembra, e de gli ardenti
 Preghi che sen portar l'aure iugaci,
 Che i' non dovea giunger piu volto a volto
 Fra quelle braccia accolto
 Con nodi cosi stretti, e si tenaci,
 Lasso, e seguij con mal sicure piante
 Qual' Ascanio, o Camilla il padre errante.

Relentless Fortune in my early years
 Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
 With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
 That bath'd her kisses when my lips she press'd!
 I hear her pray'rs with ardour breath'd to Heaven,
 Aside now wafted by the devious wind;
 No more to her unhappy son 'tis given
 Th' endearments of maternal love to find!
 No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
 Far from her sight reluctant I retire;
 Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
 To trace the footsteps of my wandering sire!

The success the prince of Salerno met with in his embassy greatly increased his credit amongst the Neapolitans, but entirely ruined him with the viceroy, who left nothing unturned to make the emperor jealous of the great deference the people shewed Ferrante, from which he inferred the most dangerous consequences. He so much exasperated the emperor against the prince of Salerno, that Ferrante, finding there was no longer any security for him at Naples, and having in vain applied to gain an audience of the emperor, retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to Charles V.

Bernardo Tasso would not abandon his patron in his ill fortune; neither would he leave his son in a country where he himself was soon to be declared an enemy; and foreseeing he should never be able to return thither, he took young Torquato with him to Rome.

As soon as the departure of the prince of Salerno was known, he, and all his adherents, were declared rebels to the state; and what may seem very extraordinary, Torquato Tasso, though but nine years of age, was included by name in that sentence. Bernardo, following the prince of Salerno into France, committed his son to the care of his friend and relation Maurizio Cataneo, a person of great ability, who assiduously cultivated the early disposition of his pupil to polite literature. After the death of Sanseverino, which happened in three or four years, Bernardo returned to Italy, and engaged in the service of Guglielmo Gonzaga, duke of Mantua, who had given him a pressing invitation. It was not long before he received the melancholy news of the decease of his wife Portia: this event determined him to send for his son, that they might be a mutual support to each other in their affliction. He had left him at Rome, because his residence in that city was highly agreeable to his mother; but that reason now ceasing, he was resolved to be no longer deprived of the society of the only child he had left; for his wife, before her death, had married his daughter to Martio Sersale, a gentleman of Sorrento.

Bernardo was greatly surprized, on his son's arrival, to see the vast progress he had made in his studies. He was now twelve years of age, and had, according to the testimony of the writers of his life, entirely completed his knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues: he was well acquainted with the rules of rhetoric and poetry, and completely versed in Aristotle's ethics; but he particularly studied the precepts of Maurizio Cataneo, whom he ever afterwards revered as a second father. Bernardo soon determined to send him to the university of Padua, to study the laws, in company with the young Scipio Gonzaga, afterwards cardinal, nearly of the same age as himself. With this nobleman Tasso, then seventeen years of age, contracted a friendship that never ended but with his life.

He prosecuted his studies at Padua with great diligence and success; at the same time employing his leisure hours upon philosophy and poetry, he soon gave a public proof of his talents, by his poem of *Rinaldo*, which he published in the eighteenth year of his age.

This poem, which is of the romance kind, is divided into twelve books in ottava rima, and contains the adventures of *Rinaldo*, the famous Paladin of the court of Charlemain, who makes so principal a figure in Ariosto's work, and the first achievements of that knight for the love of the fair *Clarice*, whom he afterwards marries. The action of this poem precedes that of the *Orlando Furioso*. It was composed in ten months, as the author himself informs us in the preface, and was first printed at Venice in the year 1562. *Paolo Beni* speaks very highly of this performance, which undoubtedly is not unworthy the early efforts of that genius which afterwards produced the *Jerusalem*.

Tasso's father saw with regret the success of his son's poem: he was apprehensive, and not without reason, that the charms of poetry would detach him from those more solid studies, which he judged were most likely to raise him in the world: he knew very well, by his own experience, that the greatest skill in poetry will not advance a man's private fortune. He was not deceived in his conjecture; *Torquato*, insensibly carried away by his predominant passion, followed the examples of *Petrarch*, *Boccace*, *Ariosto*, and others, who, contrary to the remonstrances of their friends, quitted the severer studies of the law for the more pleasing entertainment of poetical composition. In short, he entirely gave himself up to the study of poetry and philosophy. His first poem extended his reputation through all Italy; but his father was so displeas'd with his conduct, that he went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him. Though he spoke with great vehemence, and made use of several harsh expressions, *Torquato* heard

him without interrupting him, and his composure contributed not a little to increase his father's displeasure. "Tell me," said Bernardo, "of what use is that vain philosophy, upon which you pride yourself so much?" "It has enabled me," said Tasso, modestly, "to endure the harshness of your reproofs."

The resolution Tasso had taken to devote himself to the Muses, was known all over Italy; the principal persons of the city and college of Bologua invited him thither by means of Pietro Donato Cesi, then vice-legate, and afterwards legate. But Tasso had not long resided there, when he was pressed by Scipio Gonzaga, elected prince of the academy established at Padua, under the name of *Etherei*, to return to that city. He could not withstand this solicitation, and Bologna being at that time the scene of civil commotion, he was the more willing to seek elsewhere for the repose he loved. He was received with extreme joy by all the academy, and being incorporated into that society, at the age of twenty years, took upon himself the name of *Pentito*; by which he seemed to shew that he repented of all the time which he had employed in the study of the law.

In this retreat he applied himself afresh to philosophy and poetry, and soon became a perfect master of both: it was this happy mixture of his studies that made him an enemy to all kinds of licentiousness. An oration was made one day in the academy upon the nature of love; the orator treated his subject in a very masterly manner, but with too little regard to decency in the opinion of Tasso, who, being asked what he thought of the discourse, replied, "that it was a pleasing poison."

Here Tasso formed the design of his celebrated poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*: he invented the fable, disposed the different parts, and determined to dedicate this work to the glory of the house of *Esté*. He was greatly esteemed by Alphonso II. the last

duke of Ferrara, that great patron of learning and learned men, and by his brother, Cardinal Luigi. There was a sort of contest between these two brothers, in relation to the poem: the cardinal imagined that he had a right to be the Mæcenas of all Tasso's works, as Rinaldo, his first piece, had been dedicated to him: the duke, on the other hand, thought that, as his brother had already received his share of honour, he ought not to be offended at seeing the name of Alphonso at the head of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. Tasso for three or four years suspended his determination: at length, being earnestly pressed by both the brothers to take up his residence in Ferrara, he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. The duke gave him an apartment in his palace, where he lived in peace and affluence, and pursued his design of completing his *Jerusalem*,* which he now resolved to dedicate to Alphonso. The duke, who was desirous of fixing Tasso near him, had thoughts of marrying him advantageously, but he always evaded any proposal of that kind: though he appeared peculiarly devoted to Alphonso, yet he neglected not to pay his court to the cardinal.

The name of Tasso now became famous through all Europe: and the caresses he received from Charles IX. in a journey he made to France† with Cardinal Luigi, who went thither in quality of Legate, shew that his reputation was not confined to his own country.

We cannot perhaps give a more striking instance of the regard that monarch had for him, than in the following story. A man of letters, and a poet of some repute, had unfortunately been guilty of some enormous crime, for which he was condemned to suffer death. Tasso, touched with compassion, was resolved to petition the king for his pardon. He went to the palace, where he heard that orders had just been given to put the sentence immediately into execution. This did not discourage Tasso, who,

* Ann. æt. 22.

† Ann. æt. 27.

presenting himself before the king, said: "I come to intreat your majesty that you would put to death a wretch, who has brought philosophy to shame, by shewing that she can make no stand against human depravity." The king, touched with the justness of this reflection, granted the criminal his life.

The king asked him one day, whom he judged superior to all others in happiness: he answered, God. The king then desired to know his opinion by what men resemble God in his happiness, whether by sovereign power, or by their capacity of doing good to others. A man more interested than Tasso might have said, that kings shew their greatness by dispensing their benefactions to others: but he eluded the discourse; and replied, "that men could resemble God only by their virtue."

Another time, in a conversation held before the king by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion (said Tasso) the most unfortunate condition is that of an "impatient old man depressed with poverty; for," added he, the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support himself under affliction."

The cardinal's legation being finished, Tasso returned to Ferrara,* where he applied himself to finish his *Jerusalem*, and in the mean time published his *Aminta*, a pastoral comedy,† which was received with universal applause. This performance was looked upon as a master-piece in its kind, and is the original of the *Pastor Fido* and *Filli di Sciro*.

It was not easy to imagine that Tasso could so well paint the effects of love, without having himself felt that passion: it began to be suspected that, like another Ovid, he had raised his desires too high, and it was thought that in many of his verses he

* Ann. æt. 28.

† Ann. æt. 29.

gave hints of that kind, particularly in the following sonnet :

Se d' Icara leggesti, e di Fetonte
Ben sai come lu'n cadde in questo fiume
Quando portar del'Oriente il lume
Volle, e di rai de sol cinger la fronte :
E l'altro in mar, che troppo arditte, e pronte
A volo alzo le sue cerate piume,
E cosi va chi di tentar presume
Strade nel ciel per fama a pena conte.
Ma, chi dee paventare in alta impresa,
S'avvien, ch'Amor l'affide ? e che non puote
Amor, che non cateua il cielo unisce ?
Egli giu trahe de le celesti rote
Di terrena belta Diana accesa
E d'Ida il bel fanciullo al ciel rapisce.

Oft have we heard, in Po's imperial tide
How hapless Phaeton was headlong thrown,
Who durst aspire the Sun's bright steeds to guide,
And wreath his brows with splendors not his own ?
Oft have we heard, how 'midst th' Icarian main
Fell the rash youth who tried too hold a flight ;
Thus shall it fare with him, who seeks in vain
On mortal wings to reach th' empyreal height.
But who, inspir'd by Love, can dangers fear ?
What cannot Love that guides the rolling sphere ;
Whose powerful magic earth and heaven controls ?
Love brought Diana from the starry sky,
Smit with the beauties of a mortal eye ;
Love snatch'd the boy of Ida to the poles.

There were at the duke's court three Leonoras, equally witty and beautiful, though of different quality. The first was Leonora of Esté, sister to the duke, who, having refused the most advantageous matches, lived unmarried with Lauretta, duchess of Urbino, her eldest sister, who was separated from her husband, and resided at her brother's court.—Tasso had a great attachment to this lady, who, on her side, honoured him with her esteem and protection. She was wise, generous, and not only well read in elegant literature, but even versed in the more abstruse sciences. All these perfections were undoubtedly observed by Tasso, who was one of the most assiduous of her courtiers : and it appearing by his verses that he was touched with the charms of a Leonora, they tell us that we need not seek any farther for the object of his passion.

The second Leonora that was given him for a mistress was the countess of San Vitale, daughter of the count of Sala, who lived at that time at the court of Ferrara, and passed for one of the most accomplished persons in Italy. Those who imagined that Tasso would not presume to lift his eyes to his master's sister, supposed that he loved this lady. It is certain that he had frequent opportunities of discoursing with her, and that she had frequently been the subject of his verses.

The third Leonora was a lady in the service of the princess Leonora of Esté. This person was thought by some to be the most proper object of the poet's gallantry. Tasso, several times, employed his muse in her service: in one of his pieces he confesses that, considering the princess as too high for his hope, he had fixed his affection upon her, as of a condition more suitable to his own. But if any thing can be justly drawn from this particular, it seems rather to strengthen the opinion, that his desires, at least at one time, had aspired to a greater height. The verses referred to above are as follow:

O con le Gratie eletta, e con gli Amori,
 Fanciulla avventurosa :
 A servir a colei, che Dia somiglia :
 Poi che' l mio sguardo in lei mira, e non osa,
 I' raggi e gli splendori,
 E' l bel seren de gli occhi, e de le ciglia,
 Ne l' alta meraviglia,
 Che ne discopre il lampeggiar del riso ;
 Ne quanto ha de celeste il petto, e' l volto ;
 Io gli occhi a te rivolto,
 E nel tuo vezzosetto, e lieto viso
 Dolcemente m' affiso.
 Bruna sei tu, ma bella,
 Qual virgine viola : e del tuo vago
 Sembante io si m' appago,
 Che non disdegno Signoria d' Ancella.

O! by the Graces, by the Loves, design'd,
 In happy hour t' enjoy an env'y'd place :
 Attendant on the fairest of her kind,
 Whose charms excel the charms of human race !

Fain would I view---but dare not lift my sight
 To mark the splendor of her piercing eyes ;
 Her heavenly smiles, her bosom's dazzling white,
 Her nameless graces that the soul surprisè.

To thee I then direct my humbler gaze ;
 To thee uncensur'd may my hopes aspire :
 Less awful are the sweets thy look displays ;
 I view, and, kindling as I view, desire.
 Though brown thy hue, yet lovely is thy fame ;
 (So blooms some violet, the virgin's care !)
 Lburn-- yet blush not to confess my flame,
 Nor scorn the empire of a menial fair.

However, it appears difficult to determine with certainty in relation to Tasso's passion; especially when we consider the privilege allowed to poets: though M. Mirabaud* makes no scruple to mention it as a circumstance almost certain, and fixes it without hesitation on the princess Leonora. Tasso, himself, in several of his poems, seems to endeavour to throw an obscurity over his passion, as in the following lines :

Tre gran donne did' io, ch'in esser bella
 Monstran disparita, ma somigliante
 Si che ne gli atti, e'n ogni lor sembiante
 Scriver Natura par' : Noi siam sorelle.
 Ben ciascun' io lodai, pur una d'elle
 Mi piacque si, ch'io ni divenni Amante,
 Et ancor fia, ch'io ne sospiri, e cante,
 E'l mio foco, e'l suo nome alzi a le stelle
 Lei sol vagheggio ; e se pur l'altre io miro,
 Guardo nel vago altrui quel, ch'e in lei vago,
 E ne gl' Idoli suoi vien ch'io l'adore :
 Ma contanto somiglia al ver l'imgo
 Ch'erro, e dolc' e l'error ; pur ne sospiro,
 Come d'ingiusta Idolatria d'Amore.

SONNET.

Three courtly dames before my presence stood ;
 All lovely form'd, though differing in their grace :
 Yet each resembled each ; for nature show'd
 A sister's air in every mien and face.
 Each maid I prais'd : but one above the rest,
 Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire :
 For her these sighs still issue from my breast ;
 Her name, her beauties, still my song inspire.
 Yet though to her alone my thoughts are due,
 Reflected in the rest her charms I view,
 And in her semblance still the nymph adore :
 Delusion sweet ! from this to that I rove ;
 But, while I wander, sigh, and fear to prove
 A traitor thus to Love's almighty power !

In the meanwhile Tasso proceeded with his Jerusalem, which he completed in the thirtieth year of

* Abrege de la Vie du Tasse.

his age : but this poem was not published by his own authority ; it was printed against his will, as soon as he had finished the last book, and before he had time to give the revisals and corrections that a work of such a nature required. The public had already seen several parts, which had been sent into the world by the authority of his patrons. The success of this work was prodigious : it was translated into the Latin, French, Spanish, and even the Oriental languages, almost as soon as it appeared ; and it may be said, that no such performance ever before raised its reputation to such a height in so small a space of time.

But the satisfaction which Tasso must feel, in spite of all his philosophy, at the applause of the public, was soon disturbed by a melancholy event.* Bernardo Tasso, who spent his old age in tranquillity at Ostia upon the Po, the government of which place had been given him by the duke of Mantua, fell sick. As soon as this news reached his son, he immediately went to him, attended him with the most filial regard, and scarce ever stirred from his bed-side during the whole time of his illness : but all these cares were ineffectual ; Bernardo, oppressed with age, and overcome by the violence of his distemper, paid the unavoidable tribute to nature, to the great affliction of Torquato. The duke of Mantua, who had a sincere esteem for Bernardo, caused him to be interred, with much pomp, in the church of St. Egidius at Mantua, with this simple inscription on his tomb :

OSSA BERNARDI TASSI.

This death seemed to forebode other misfortunes to Tasso ; for the remainder of his life proved almost one continued series of vexation and affliction.— About this time a swarm of critics began to attack his Jerusalem, and the academy of Crusca, in par-

* Ann. æt. 31.

ticular, published a criticism of his poem, in which they scrupled not to prefer the rhapsodies of Pulci and Boyardo to the Jerusalem Delivered.

During Tasso's residence in the duke's court, he had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of Ferrara,* and having entrusted him with some transactions of a very delicate nature, this person was so treacherous as to speak of them again. Tasso reproached his friend with his indiscretion, who received his expostulation in such a manner, that Tasso was so far exasperated as to strike him: a challenge immediately ensued: the two opponents met at St. Leonard's gate, but, while they were engaged, three brothers of Tasso's antagonist came in and basely fell all at once upon Tasso, who defended himself so gallantly that he wounded two of them, and kept his ground against the others, till some people came in and separated them. This affair made a great noise at Ferrara: nothing was talked of but the valour of Tasso; and it became a sort of proverb, 'That Tasso, with his pen and his sword, was superior to all men.'†

The duke, being informed of the quarrel, expressed great resentment against the four brothers, banished them from his dominions, and confiscated their estates; at the same time he caused Tasso to be put under arrest, declaring he did it to screen him from any future designs of his enemies. Tasso was extremely mortified to see himself thus confined; he imputed his detention to a very different cause from what was pretended, and feared an ill use might be made of what had passed, to ruin him in the duke's opinion.

Though writers have left us very much in the dark with regard to the real motives that induced the duke to keep Tasso in confinement, yet, every thing being weighed, it seems highly probable that the

* Ann. æt. 33.

† "Con la penna e con la spada
"Nessun val quanto Torquat*."†

affair of a delicate nature, said to have been divulged by his friend, must have related to the princess Leonora, the duke's sister: and indeed it will be extremely difficult, from any other consideration, to account for the harsh treatment he received from a prince who had before shewn him such peculiar marks of esteem and friendship. However, Tasso himself had undoubtedly secret apprehensions that increased upon him every day; while the continual attacks, which were made upon his credit as an author, not a little contributed to heighten his melancholy. At length he resolved to take the first opportunity to fly from his prison, for so he esteemed it; which, after about a year's detention, he effected, and retired to Turin, where he endeavoured to remain concealed; but, notwithstanding all his precautions, he was soon known and recommended to the duke of Savoy, who received him into his palace, and shewed him every mark of esteem and affection. But Tasso's apprehensions still continued; he thought that the duke of Savoy would not refuse to give him up to the duke of Ferrara, or sacrifice the friendship of that prince to the safety of a private person. Full of these imaginations, he set out for Rome,* alone and unprovided with necessaries for such a journey. At his arrival there he went directly to his old friend Mauritio Cataneo, who received him in such a manner as entirely to obliterate for some time the remembrance of the fatigue and uneasiness he had undergone. He was not only welcomed by Cataneo, but the whole city of Rome seemed to rejoice at the presence of so extraordinary a person. He was visited by princes, cardinals, prelates, and by all the learned in general. But the desire of re-visiting his native country, and seeing his sister Cornelia, soon made him uneasy in this situation. He left his friend Mauritio Cataneo one evening, without giving him notice; and, beginning

* Ann. xi. 34.

his journey on foot, arrived by night at the mountains of Veletri, where he took up his lodging with some shepherds: the next morning, disguising himself in the habit of one of these people, he continued his way, and in four days time reached Gaieta, almost spent with fatigue: here he embarked on board a vessel bound for Sorrento, at which place he arrived in safety the next day. He entered the city and went directly to his sister's house: she was a widow, and the two sons she had by her husband being at that time absent, Tasso found her with only some of her female attendants. He advanced towards her, without discovering himself; and, pretending he came with news from her brother, gave her a letter which he had prepared for that purpose. This letter informed her that her brother's life was in great danger, and that he begged her to make use of all the interest her tenderness might suggest to her, in order to procure letters of recommendation from some powerful person, to avert the threatened misfortune. For further particulars of the affair, she was referred to the messenger who brought her this intelligence. The lady, terrified at the news, earnestly intreated him to give her a detail of her brother's misfortune. The feigned messenger then gave her so interesting an account of the pretended story, that, unable to contain her affliction, she fainted away. Tasso was sensibly touched at this convincing proof of his sister's affection, and repented that he had gone so far: he began to comfort her, and, removing her fears by little and little, at last discovered himself to her. Her joy, at seeing a brother whom she tenderly loved, was inexpressible: after the first salutations were over, she was very desirous to know the occasion of his disguising himself in that manner. Tasso acquainted her with his reasons, and, at the same time giving her to understand, that he would willingly remain with her unknown to the world, Cornelia, who desired nothing further than to acquiesce in his pleasure, sent

for her children and some of her nearest relations, whom she thought might be entrusted with the secret. They agreed that Tasso should pass for a relation of theirs, who came from Bergamo to Naples upon his private business, and from thence had come to Sorrento to pay them a visit. After this precaution, Tasso took up his residence at his sister's house, where he lived for some time in tranquillity, entertaining himself with his two nephews Antonio and Alessandro Sersale, children of great hopes. He continued not long in this repose before he received repeated letters from the princess Leonora of Esté, who was acquainted with the place of his retreat, to return to Ferrara: he resolved to obey the summons, and took leave of his sister, telling her he was going to return a voluntary prisoner. In his way he passed through Rome, where, having been detained some time with a dangerous fever, he repaired from thence to Ferrara, in company with Gualingo, ambassador from the duke to the pope.

Concerning the motive of Tasso's return to Ferrara, authors do not altogether agree: some declare that, soon wearied of living in obscurity, and growing impatient to retrieve the duke's favour, he had resolved, of his own accord, to throw himself on that prince's generosity: this opinion seems indeed drawn from Tasso's own words, in a letter written by him to the duke of Urbino, in which he declares "that he had endeavoured to make his peace with the duke, and had for that purpose written severally to him, the duchess of Ferrara, the duchess of Urbino, and the princess Leonora; yet never received any answer but from the last, who assured him it was not in her power to render him any service." We see here that Tasso acknowledges himself the receipt of a letter from the princess; and in regard to what he says to be the purport of it, it is highly reasonable to suppose, that he would be very cautious of divulging the real contents to the duke of Urbino, when his affairs with that lady were so de-

licately circumstanced. This apparent care to conceal the nature of his correspondence with her, seems to corroborate the former suppositions of his uncommon attachment to her; and when all circumstances are considered, we believe it will appear more than probable that he returned to Ferrara at the particular injunction of Leonora.

The duke received Tasso with great seeming satisfaction, and gave him fresh marks of his esteem: but this was not all that Tasso expected. His great desire was to be master of his own works, and he was very earnest that his writings might be restored to him, which were in the duke's possession; but this was what he could by no means obtain: his enemies had gained such an ascendancy over the mind of Alphonso, that they made him believe, or pretend to believe, that the poet had lost all his fire, and that in his present situation he was incapable of producing any thing new, or of correcting his poems: he therefore exhorted him to think only of leading a quiet easy life for the future. But Tasso was sensibly vexed at this proceeding, and believed the duke wanted him entirely to relinquish his studies, and pass the remainder of his days in idleness and obscurity. "He would endeavour (says he, in his letter to the duke of Urbino) to make me a shameful deserter of Parnassus for the gardens of Epicurus, for scenes of pleasure unknown to Virgil, Catullus, Horace, and even Lucretius himself."

Tasso reiterated his entreaties to have his writings restored to him, but the duke continued inflexible, and, to complete our poet's vexation, all access to the princesses was denied him; fatigued at length with useless remonstrances, he once more quitted Ferrara, and fled (as he expresses it himself) like another Bias, leaving behind him even his books and manuscripts.

He then went to Mantua, where he found duke Guglielmo in a decrepid age, and little disposed to

protect him against the duke of Ferrara: the Prince Vincentio Gonzaga received him indeed with great caresses, but was too young to take him under his protection. From thence he went to Padua and Venice; but, carrying with him in every part his fears of the duke of Ferrara, he at last had recourse to the duke of Urbino,* who shewed him great kindness, but perhaps was very little inclined to embroil himself with his brother-in-law, on such an account: he advised Tasso rather to return to Ferrara, which counsel he took, resolving once more to try his fortune with the duke.

Alphonso, it may be, exasperated at Tasso's flight, and pretending to believe that application to study had entirely disordered his understanding, and that a strict regimen was necessary to restore him to his former state, caused him to be strictly confined in the hospital of St. Anne. Tasso tried every method to soften the duke and obtain his liberty; but the duke coldly answered those who applied to him, "that instead of concerning themselves with the complaints of a person in his condition, who was very little capable of judging for his own good, they ought rather to exhort him patiently to submit to such remedies, as were judged proper for his circumstances."

This confinement threw Tasso into the deepest despair: he abandoned himself to his misfortunes, and the methods that were made use of for the cure of his pretended madness had nearly thrown him into an absolute delirium. His imagination was so disturbed that he believed the cause of his distemper was not natural: he sometimes fancied himself haunted by a spirit, that continually disordered his books and papers; and these strange notions were perhaps strengthened by the tricks that were played him by his keeper. While Tasso continued in this melancholy situation, he is said to have writ-

* Ann. æt. 35.

ten the following elegant, simple, and affecting lines, which cannot well be translated into English verse :

Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dil'e poi
Ch'io son dagl' anni e da fortuna oppresso.*

This second confinement of Tasso was much longer than the first. He applied in vain to the pope, the emperor, and all the powers of Italy, to obtain his liberty: till, at last, after seven years imprisonment, he gained what he so ardently wished for, in the following manner.

Cæsar of Esté having brought his new spouse, Virginia of Medicis, to Ferrara, all the relations of that illustrious house assembled together on this occasion, and nothing was seen in the whole city but festivals and rejoicings. Vincentio Gonzaga, prince of Mantua, particularly distinguished himself among the great personages then at the duke's court. This nobleman interceded so earnestly with Alphonso for Tasso's liberty, that he at last obtained it,† and carried him with him to Mantua, where he lived with him, some time after the death of duke Guglielmo, highly favoured.

It is said that the young prince, who was naturally gay, being desirous to authorise his pleasures by the example of a philosopher, introduced one day into Tasso's company three sisters to sing and play upon instruments: these ladies were all very handsome, but not of the most rigid virtue. After some short discourse, he told Tasso, that he should take two of them away, and leave one behind, and bade him take his choice. Tasso answered; "that it cost Paris very dear to give the preference to one of the Goddesses, and therefore, with his permission, he designed to retain the three." The prince took him at his word, and departed; when Tasso, after a

* Thou, that goest to Pindus, where my harp hangs on a cypress, salute it in my name, and say that I am oppressed with years and misfortunes.

† Anu. æt. 42.

little conversation, dismissed them all handsomely with presents.

At last, weary of living in a continual state of dependence, he resolved to retire to Naples, and endeavour to recover his mother's jointure, which had been seized upon by her relations when he went into exile with his father Bernardo. This appeared the only means to place him in the condition of life he so much desired. He applied to his friends, and having procured favourable letters to the viceroy, he took leave of the duke of Mantua and repaired to Bergamo,* where he stayed some time, and from thence went to Naples.†

While Tasso continued at Naples, dividing his time between his studies and the prosecution of his law-suit, the young count of Palena, by whom he was highly esteemed, persuaded him to take up his residence with him for some time: but in this affair he had not consulted the prince of Conca, his father, who, though he had a value for Tasso, yet could not approve of his son's receiving into his house the only person that remained of a family once devoted to the prince of Salerno. A contention being likely to ensue, on this account, betwixt the father and son, Tasso, with his usual goodness of disposition, to remove all occasion of dispute, withdrew from Naples, and retired to Bisacio,‡ with his friend Manso, in whose company he lived some time with great tranquillity.

In this place Manso had an opportunity to examine the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy; and often disputed with him concerning a familiar spirit, which he pretended to converse with. Manso endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination: but the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted; and, to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of those mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to

* Ann. æt. 43.

† Ann. æt. 44.

‡ Ann. æt. 45.

meet him the next day, and while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden observed that Tasso kept his eyes upon a window, and remained in a manner immoveable. He called him by his name several times, but received no answer: at last, Tasso cried out, "There is the friendly spirit who is come to converse with me; look, and you will be convinced of the truth of all that I have said." Manso heard him with surprize: he looked, but saw nothing except the sun-beams darting through the window: he cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing, and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, and sometimes giving answers, delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and with such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last this uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's words; who, turning towards Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject.

At the approach of winter they returned to Naples, when the prince of Palena again pressed Tasso to reside with him; but Tasso, who judged it highly unadvisable to comply with his request, resolved to retire to Rome, and wait there the issue of his lawsuit. He lived in that city about a year, in high esteem with pope Sextus V. when, being invited to Florence by Ferdinando, grand duke of Tuscany, who had been cardinal at Rome, when Tasso first resided there, and who now employed the pope's interest to procure a visit from him, he could not withstand such solicitations, but went to Florence, where he met with a most gracious reception.* Yet not all the caresses he received at the duke's court,

* Ann. æt. 46.

nor all the promises of that prince, could overcome his love for his native country, or lessen the ardent desire he had to lead a retired and independent life. He therefore took his leave of the grand duke, who would have loaded him with presents; but Tasso, as usual, could be prevailed upon to accept of no more than was necessary for his present occasions. He returned to Naples by the way of Rome,* and the old prince of Conca dying about this time, the young count of Palena prevailed upon Tasso, by the mediation of Manso, to accept of an apartment in his palace. Here he applied himself to a correction of his *Jerusalem*, or rather to compose a new work entitled *Jerusalem Conquered*, which he had begun during his first residence at Naples. The prince of Conca, being jealous lest any one should deprive him of the poet and poem, caused him to be so narrowly watched that Tasso observed it; and, being displeased at such a proceeding, left the prince's palace and retired to his friend Manso's, where he lived master of himself and his actions; yet he still continued upon good terms with the prince of Conca.

In a short time after he published his *Jerusalem Conquered*, which poem, as a French writer observes,† “is a sufficient proof of the injustice of the criticisms that have been passed upon his *Jerusalem Delivered*; since the *Jerusalem Conquered*, in which he endeavoured to conform himself to the taste of his critics, was not received with the same approbation as the former poem, where he had entirely given himself up to the enthusiasm of his genius.” He had likewise designed a third correction of the same poem, which, as we are informed, was to have been partly compounded of the *Jerusalem Delivered* and *Conquered*; but this work was never completed. The above cited author remarks, “that in all probability, this last performance would not have equalled the first:” and indeed our poet seems to owe his

* *Ann. æt.* 47.

† *Vie du Tasse*, à Amsterdam, 1693.

fame to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, the second poem upon that subject being little known.

Manso's garden commanded a full prospect of the sea. Tasso and his friend being one day in a summer-house with Scipio Belprato, Manso's brother-in-law, observing the waves agitated with a furious storm, Belprato said, "that he was astonished at the rashness and folly of men, who would expose themselves to the rage of so merciless an element, where such numbers had suffered shipwreck."—"And yet," said Tasso, "we every night go without fear to bed, where so many die every hour. Believe me, death will find us in all parts, and those places, that appear the least exposed, are not always the most secure from his attacks."

While Tasso lived with his friend Manso, cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini succeeded to the papacy by the name of Clement VIII. His two nephews, Cynthio and Pietro Aldobrandini, were created cardinals: the first, afterwards called the cardinal of St. George, was the eldest, a great patron of science, and a favourer of learned men: he had known Tasso when he resided last at Rome, and had the highest esteem for him; and now so earnestly invited him to Rome, that he could not refuse, but once more abandoned his peaceful retreat at Naples.

The confines of the Ecclesiastical state being infested with banditti, travellers, for security, go together in large companies. Tasso joined himself to one of these; but, when they came within sight of Mola, a little town near Gaieta, they received intelligence that Sciarra, a famous captain of robbers, was near at hand with a great body of men. Tasso was of opinion, that they should continue their journey, and endeavour to defend themselves, if attacked: however, this advice was over-ruled, and they threw themselves for safety into Mola, in which place they remained for some time in a manner blocked up by Sciarra. But this outlaw, hearing that Tasso was one of the company, sent a message to

assure him that he might pass in safety, and offered himself to conduct him wherever he pleased. Tasso returned him thanks, but declined accepting the offer, not choosing, perhaps, to rely on the word of a person of such character. Sciarra, upon this, sent a second message, by which he informed Tasso, that, upon his account, he would withdraw his men, and leave the ways open. He accordingly did so, and Tasso, continuing his journey; arrived without any accident at Rome, where he was most graciously welcomed by the two cardinals and the pope himself. Tasso applied himself in a particular manner to cardinal Cynthio, who had been the means of his coming to Rome: yet he neglected not to make his court to cardinal Aldobrandini, and he very frequently conversed with both of them. One day the two cardinals held an assembly of several prelates, to consult, among other things, of some method to put a stop to the license of the Pasquinades. One proposed that Pasquin's statue should be broken to pieces and cast into the river. But Tasso's opinion being asked, he said, "it would be much more prudent to let it remain where it was; for otherwise from the fragments of the statue would be bred an infinite number of frogs on the banks of the Tyber, that would never cease to croak day and night." The pope, to whom cardinal Aldobrandini related what had passed, interrogated Tasso upon the subject. "It is true, holy father," said he, "such was my opinion; and I shall add moreover, that if your holiness would silence Pasquin, the only way is to put such people into employments as may give no occasion to any libels or disaffected discourse."

At last, being again disgusted with the life of a courtier, he obtained permission to retire to Naples to prosecute his law-suit.* At his arrival there, he took up his lodging in the convent of St. Severin, with the fathers of St. Benedict.

* Ann. æt. 50.

Thus was Tasso once more in a state of tranquillity and retirement, so highly agreeable to his disposition, when cardinal Cynthio again found means to recal him, by prevailing on the pope to give him the honour of being solemnly crowned with laurel in the capitol. Though Tasso himself was not in the least desirous of such pomp, yet he yielded to the persuasion of others, particularly of his dear friend Manso, to whom he protested that he went merely at his earnest desire, not with any expectation of the promised triumph, which he had a secret presage would never be. He was greatly affected at parting from Manso, and took his leave of him as of one he should never see again.

In his way he passed by Mount Cassino, to pay his devotion to the relicks of St. Benedict, for whom he had a particular veneration. He spent the festival of Christmas in that monastery, and from thence repaired to Rome, where he arrived in the beginning of the year 1595.* He was met at the entrance of that city by many prelates and persons of distinction, and was afterwards introduced, by the two cardinals Cynthio and Pietro, to the presence of the pope, who was pleased to tell him, "that his merit would add as much honour to the laurel he was going to receive, as that crown had formerly given to those on whom it had hitherto been bestowed."

Nothing was now thought of but the approaching solemnity: orders were given to decorate not only the pope's palace and the capitol, but all the principal streets through which the procession was to pass. Yet Tasso appeared little moved with these preparations, which he said would be in vain: and being shewn a sonnet composed upon the occasion by his relation, Hercole Tasso, he answered by the following verse of Seneca:

Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit.

His presages were but too true, for while they

waited for fair weather to celebrate the solemnity, cardinal Cynthio fell ill, and continued for some time indisposed; and, as soon as the cardinal began to recover, Tasso himself was seized with his last sickness.

Though he had only completed his fifty-first year, his studies and misfortunes had brought on a premature old age. Being persuaded that his end was approaching, he resolved to spend the few days he had to live in the monastery of St. Onuphrius. He was carried thither in cardinal Cynthio's coach, and received with the utmost tenderness by the prior and brethren of that order. His distemper was now so far increased, and his strength so exhausted, that all kind of medicine proved ineffectual. On the 10th of April he was taken with a violent fever, occasioned perhaps by having eaten some milk, a kind of aliment he was particularly fond of. His life now seemed in imminent danger: the most famous physicians in Rome tried all their art, but in vain, to relieve him: he grew worse and worse every day. Rinaldini, the pope's physician and Tasso's intimate friend, having informed him that his last hour was near at hand, Tasso embraced him tenderly, and with a composed countenance returned him thanks for his tidings; then, looking up to heaven, he "acknowledged the goodness of God, who was at last pleased to bring him safe into port, after so long a storm." From that time his mind seemed entirely disentangled from earthly affairs: he received the sacrament in the chapel of the monastery, being conducted thither by the brethren. When he was brought back to his chamber, he was asked where he wished to be interred: he answered, in the church of St. Onuphrius; and being desired to leave some memorial of his will in writing, and to dictate himself the epitaph that should be engraven on his tomb, he smiled and said, "that in regard to the first, he had little worldly goods to leave, and as to the second, a plain stone would suffice to cover him." He

left cardinal Cynthio his heir, and desired that his own picture might be given to Giovanni Baptista Manso, which had been drawn by his direction. At length, having attained the fourteenth day of his illness, he received the extreme unction. Cardinal Cynthio, hearing that he was at the last extremity, came to visit him, and brought him the pope's benediction, a grace never conferred in this manner but on cardinals and persons of the first distinction. Tasso acknowledged this honour with great devotion and humility, and said, "that this was the crown he came to receive at Rome." The cardinal having asked him "if he had any thing further to desire," he replied, "the only favour he had now to beg of him, was, that he would collect together the copies of all his works (particularly his Jerusalem Delivered, which he esteemed most imperfect) and commit them to the flames: this task, he confessed, might be found something difficult, as those pieces were dispersed abroad in so many different places, but yet he trusted it would not be found altogether impracticable." He was so earnest in his request, that the cardinal, unwilling to discompose him by a refusal, gave him such a doubtful answer as led him to believe that his desire would be complied with. Tasso then requesting to be left alone, the cardinal took his farewell of him with tears in his eyes, leaving with him his confessor and some of the brethren of the monastery. In this condition he continued all night, and till the middle of next day, the 25th of April, being the festival of St. Mark, when, finding himself fainting, he embraced his crucifix, uttering these words: *In manus tuas, Domine*—but expired before he could finish the sentence.

Tasso was tall and well-shaped, his complexion fair, but rather pale through sickness and study; the hair of his head was of a chesnut colour, but that of his beard somewhat lighter, thick and bushy; his forehead square and high, his head large, and the fore part of it, towards the end of his life, altogether

bald; his eye-brows were dark; his eyes full, piercing, and of a clear blue; his nose large, his lips thin, his teeth well set and white; his neck well proportioned; his breast full; his shoulders broad, and all his limbs more sinewy than fleshy. His voice was strong, clear, and solemn; he spoke with deliberation, and generally reiterated his last words: he seldom laughed, and never to excess. He was very expert in the exercises of the body. In his oratory, he used little action, and rather pleased by the beauty and force of his expressions, than by the graces of gesture and utterance, that compose so great a part of elocution. Such was the exterior of Tasso: as to his mental qualities, he appears to have been a great genius, and a soul elevated above the common rank of mankind. It is said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable in society. Never satisfied with his works, even when they rendered his name famous throughout the world; always satisfied with his condition, even when he wanted every thing; entirely relying on Providence and his friends; without malevolence towards his greatest enemies; only wishing for riches that he might be serviceable to others, and making a scruple to receive or keep any thing himself that was not absolutely necessary. So blameless and regular a life could not but be ended by a peaceable death, which carried him off anno 1595, in the fifty-second year of his age.

He was buried the same evening, without pomp, according to his desire, in the church of St. Onuphrius, and his body was covered with a plain stone. Cardinal Cynthio had purposed to erect a magnificent monument to his memory, but the design was so long prevented by sickness and other accidents, that, ten years after, Manso coming to Rome, went to visit his friend's remains, and would have taken on himself the care of building a tomb to him; but this Cardinal Cynthio would by no

means permit, having determined himself to pay that duty to Tasso. However, Manso prevailed so far as to have the following words engraven on the stone:

HIC IACET TORQVATVS TASSVS.

Cardinal Cynthio dying without putting his design in execution, Cardinal Bonifacio Bevilacqua, of an illustrious family of Ferrara, caused a stately sepulchre to be erected, in the church of St. Onuphrius, over the remains of a man whose works had made all others monuments superfluous.



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



THE Christians, having assembled a vast army under different leaders, for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens, after various successes, encamped in the plains of Tortosa. At this time the action of the Poem begins. God sends his angel to the camp, and commands Godfrey to summon a council of the chiefs. The assembly meets. Godfrey, with universal consent, is elected commander in chief of all the Christian forces. He reviews the army. The different nations described. The names and qualities of the leaders. The army begins its march towards Jerusalem. Aladine, king of Jerusalem, alarmed at the progress of the Christians, makes preparations for the defence of the city.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

ARMS, and the chief I sing, whose righteous hands
Redeem'd the tomb of Christ from impious bands;
Who much in council, much in field sustain'd,
Till just success his glorious labours gain'd :
In vain the powers of hell oppos'd his course, 5
And Asia's arms, and Lybia's mingled force;
Heaven bless'd his standards, and beneath his care
Reduc'd his wandering partners of the war.

O sacred Muse! who ne'er in Ida's shade
With fading laurels deck'st thy radiant head: 10
But sit'st enthron'd, with stars immortal crown'd,
Where blissful choirs their bellow'd strains resound;
Do thou inflame me with celestial fire,
Assist my labours, and my song inspire :
Forgive me, if with truth I fiction join, 15
And grace the verse with other charms than thine.
Thou know'st, the world with eager transport throng
Where sweet Parnassus breathes the tuneful song;
That truth can oft, in pleasing strains convey'd,
Allure the fancy, and the mind persuade. 20
Thus the sick infant's taste disguis'd to meet,
We tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet;
The bitter draught his willing lip receives;
He drinks deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd he lives.

Thou, great Alphonso! who from Fortune's pow'r
Hast safely brought me to the peaceful shore; 26

When, like a wand'rer, o'er the seas I pass'd
 Amid the threatening rocks and wat'ry waste;
 Vouchsafe, with smiles, my labours to survey,
 These votive lines to thee the Muses pay. 30

Some future time may teach my loftier lays
 To sing thy actions and record thy praise;
 If e'er the Christian powers their strife forbear,
 And join their forces for a nobler war;
 With steeds and vessels pass to distant Thrace, 35
 To gain their conquests from a barbarous race;
 To thee the sway of earth they must resign,
 Or, if thou rather chuse, the sea be thine:
 Meanwhile, to rival Godfrey's glorious name,
 Attend, and rouse thy soul to martial fame. 40

Five times his rolling course the year had run
 Since first the Christians had the war begun:
 By fierce assault, already Nice they held;
 And made, by stratagem, proud Antioch yield;
 There, with undaunted hearts, maintain'd their post,
 Against the numbers of the Persian host. 46
 Tortosa won, the wintry months appear,
 And close the conquests of the glorious year.

The season that oppos'd the victor's force,
 Began to yield to Spring's benignant course; 50
 When now th' Eternal, from his awful height,
 Enthron'd in purest rays of heavenly light,
 (As far remov'd above the starry spheres,
 As Hell's foundations from the distant stars)
 Cast on the subject world his piercing eyes, 55
 And view'd at once the seas, the earth, and skies:
 He turn'd his looks intent on Syria's lands,
 And mark'd the leaders of the Christian bands;
 No secret from his searching eye conceal'd,
 But all their bosoms to his view reveal'd. 60

Godfrey he sees, who burns with zeal to chase
 From Sion's wall the Pagans' impious race;
 And, while religious fires his breast inflame,
 Despises worldly empire, wealth, and fame.
 Far other schemes in Baldwin next he views, 65
 Whose restless heart, Ambition's track pursues.

Tancred he sees his life no longer prize,
 Th' insensate victim of a woman's eyes!
 Bœmond he marks, intent to fix his reign
 In Antioch's town, his new acquir'd domain; 70
 With laws and arts the people to improve,
 And teach the worship of the pow'rs above:
 And while these thoughts alone his soul divide,
 The prince is lost to every care beside.
 He then beholds, in young Rinaldo's breast, 75
 A warlike mind that scorn'd ignoble rest:
 Nor hopes of gold or power the youth inflame,
 But sacred thirst of never-dying fame;
 From Guelpho's lips, with kindling warmth, he hears
 The ancients' glory, and their deeds reveres. 80

When now the Sovereign of the world had seen
 The cares and aims below of mortal men;
 He call'd on Gabriel, from th' angelic race,
 Who held in glorious rank the second place;
 A faithful nunciate from the throne above, 85
 Divine interpreter of heavenly love!
 He bears the mandate from the realms of light,
 And wafts our pray'rs before th' Almighty's sight.

To him th' Eternal:—Speed thy rapid way,
 And thus to Godfrey's ear our words convey: 90
 Why this neglect? Why linger thus the bands
 To free Jerusalem from impious hands?
 Let him to council bid the chiefs repair,
 There rouse the tardy to pursue the war.
 The power supreme on him they shall bestow, 95
 I here elect him for my chief below:
 The rest shall to his sway submissive yield,
 Companions once, now subjects in the field.

He said; and strait with zealous ardour prest,
 Gabriel prepares t' obey his Lord's behest. 100
 He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,
 And makes it visible to human sight;
 In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,
 But brightly shining with celestial grace:
 A youth he seem'd, in manhood's ripening years, 105
 On the smooth cheek when first the down appears;

Refulgent rays his beauteous locks enfold ;
 White are his nimble wings, and edg'd with gold :
 With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
 Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea. 110
 Thus stood th' angelic power prepar'd for flight,
 Then instant darted from th' empyreal height ;
 Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
 There clos'd his plumes, and made his first descent ;
 Thence with new speed his airy wings he steer'd, 115
 Till now in sight Tortosa's plains appear'd.

The cheerful sun his ruddy progress held,
 Part rais'd above the waves, and part conceal'd :
 Now Godfrey, as accustom'd, rose to pay
 His pure devotions with the dawning ray : 120
 When the bright form appearing from the east,
 More fair than opening morn, the chief address'd.

Again return'd the vernal season view,
 That bids the host their martial toils renew :
 What, Godfrey, now withholds the Christians' hands
 To free Jerusalem from impious hands ? 126
 Go, to the council every chief invite,
 And to the pious task their souls incite.
 Heaven makes thee General of his host below,
 The rest submissive to thy rule shall bow. 130
 Dispatch'd from God's eternal throne I came,
 To bring thee tidings in his awful name :
 O think ! what zeal, what glory, now demands
 From such a host committed to thy hands !

He ceas'd, and ceasing, vanish'd from his sight
 To the pure regions of his native light : 136
 While, with his words and radiant looks amaz'd,
 The pious Godfrey long in silence gaz'd.
 But when, his first surprise and wonder fled,
 He ponder'd all the heavenly vision said ; 140
 What ardour then possess'd his swelling mind
 To end the war ? his glorious task assign'd !
 Yet no ambitious thoughts his breast inflame
 (Though singled thus from ev'ry earthly name ;)
 But with his own, his Maker's will conspires, 145
 And adds new fuel to his native fires.

Then strait the heralds round with speed he sends
 To call the council of his warlike friends ;
 Each word employs the sleeping zeal to raise,
 And wake the soul to deeds of martial praise. 150
 So well his reasons and his prayers were join'd,
 As pleas'd at once, and won the vanquish'd mind.

The leaders came, the subject troops obey'd,
 And Bœmond only from the summons stay'd.
 Part wait without encamp'd (a numerous band,) 155
 While part Tortosa in her walls detain'd.
 And now the mighty chiefs in council sate,
 (A glorious synod!) at the grand debate ;
 When, rising in the midst, with awful look,
 And pleasing voice, the pious Godfrey spoke. 160

Ye sacred warriors! whom th' Almighty Pow'r
 Selects his pure religion to restore,
 And safe has led, by his preserving hand,
 Through storms at sea, and hostile wiles by land ;
 What rapid course our conquering arms have run !
 What rebel lauds to his subjection won ! 166
 How o'er the vanquish'd nations spread the fame
 Of his dread ensigns, and his holy name !
 Yet, not for this we left our natal seats,
 And the dear pledges of domestic sweets ; 170
 On treach'rous seas the rage of storms to dare,
 And all the perils of a foreign war !
 For this, an end unequal to your arms,
 Nor bleeds the combat, nor the conquest charms :
 Nor such reward your matchless labours claim, 175
 Barbarian kingdoms, and ignoble fame !
 Far other prize our pious toils must crown ;
 We fight to conquer Sion's hallow'd town ;
 To free from servile yoke the Christian train
 Oppress'd so long in Slavery's galling chain ; 180
 To found in Palestine a regal seat,
 Where Piety may find a safe retreat ;
 Where none the pilgrim's zeal shall more oppose,
 " adore the tomb, and pay his grateful vows.
 All many dangerous trials have we known, 185
 At little honour all our toils have won :

Our purpose lost, while indolent we stay,
 Or turn the force of arms a different way.
 Why gathers Europe such a host from far,
 And kindles Asia with the flames of war? 190
 Lo! all th' event our mighty deeds have shown—
 Not kingdoms rais'd, but kingdoms overtrown!
 Who thinks an empire midst his foes to found,
 With countless Infidels encompass'd round,
 Where Prudence little hopes from Grecian lands,
 And distant lie remov'd the western bands, 196
 Insensate surely plans his future doom,
 And rashly builds his own untimely tomb.
 The Turks and Persians routed, Antioch won,
 Are gallant acts, and challenge due renown. 200
 These were not ours, but wrought by him whose hand
 With such success has crown'd our favour'd band.
 But if, forgetful of that aid divine,
 We turn these blessings from the first design;
 Th' Almighty giver may forsake our name, 205
 And nations round revile our former fame.
 Forbid it, Heaven! such favour should be lost,
 And vainly lavish'd on a thankless host.
 All great designs to one great period tend,
 And every part alike respects its end. 210
 Th' auspicious season bids the war proceed;
 The country open, and the passès freed:
 Why march we not with speed to reach the town,
 The prize decreed our conquering arms to crown?
 To what I now protest, ye chiefs! give ear, 215
 (The present times, the future age shall hear;
 The host of saints be witness from above;)
 The time is ripe the glorious task to prove.
 The longer pause we make our hopes are less,
 Delays may change our now assur'd success. 220
 My mind foretells, if long our march is staid,
 Sion will gain from Egypt powerful aid.
 He ceas'd; a murmur at his words ensu'd:
 When from his seat the hermit Peter stood;
 Who sate with princes their debates to share, 225
 The holy author of this pious war.

What Godfrey speaks with ardour I approve,
 Such obvious truths must every bosom move ;
 'Tis yours, O chiefs ! to own its genuine pow'r,
 But let me add to his one counsel more. 230
 When now, revolving in my careful mind,
 I view our actions past, by strife disjoin'd ;
 Our jarring wills ; our disunited force ;
 And many plans obstructed in their course ;
 Methinks my judgment to their spring can trace 235
 The troubled motions that our cause disgrace.
 'Tis in that power, in many leaders join'd,
 Of various tempers, and discordant miad.
 If o'er the rest no sovereign chief preside,
 T' allot the several posts, the tasks divide ; 240
 To scourge th' offender, or rewards bestow ;
 What riot and misrule the state o'erflow !
 Then in one body join our social band,
 And trust the rule to one important hand ;
 To him resign the sceptre and the sway, 245
 And him their king th' united host obey.

Here ceas'd the reverend sage. O zeal divine !
 What bosoms can withstand a power like thine ?
 Thy sacred breath the hermit's words inspir'd,
 And with his words the listening heroes fir'd ; 250
 Dispell'd their doubts, their passions lull'd to rest,
 And vain ambition chas'd from every breast.
 Then Guelpho first and William (chiefs of fame)
 Saluted Godfrey with a General's name,
 Their chief elect : the rest approv'd the choice, 255
 And gave the rule to him with public voice.
 His equals once to his dominion yield,
 Supreme in council, and supreme in field !

Th' assembly ended, swift-wing'd Rumour fled,
 And round, from man to man, the tidings spread.
 Meantime before the soldiers Godfrey came, 261
 Who hail'd him as their chief with loud acclaim :
 Sedate he heard th' applause on every side,
 And mildly to their duteous zeal reply'd ;
 Then on the-morrow bade the troops prepare 265
 To pass before his sight in form of war.

Now, to the east return'd, with purer ray
 The glorious sun reveal'd the golden day ;
 When, early rising with the morning light, 269
 Appear'd each warrior sheath'd in armour bright.
 Beneath their standards rang'd, the warlike train,
 A goodly sight ! were marshal'd on the plain ;
 While on a height the pious Godfrey stood,
 And horse and foot at once distinctly view'd.
 Say, Muse ! from whom no time can truth conceal,
 Who canst thy knowledge to mankind reveal, 276
 Oblivion's foe ! thy poet's breast inflame,
 Teach him to tell each gallant leader's name :
 Disclose their ancient glories now to light,
 Which rolling years have long obscur'd in night : 280
 Let eloquence like thine assist my tongue,
 And future times attend my deathless song !

First in the field the Franks their numbers bring,
 Once led by Hugo, brother to the king : 284
 From France they came, with verdant beauty crown'd,
 Whose fertile soil four running streams surround ;
 When Death's relentless stroke their chief subdu'd,
 Still the same cause the valiant band pursu'd :
 Beneath the brave Clotharius' care they came,
 Who vaunts no honour of a regal name : 290
 A thousand, heavy arm'd, compos'd the train,
 An equal number follow'd on the plain :
 And like the first their semblance and their mien,
 Alike their arms and discipline were seen :
 These brought from Normandy, by Robert led, 295
 A rightful prince amid their nation bred.
 William and Ademar to these succeed,
 (The people's pastors) and their squadrons lead :
 Far different once their task by Heaven assign'd,
 Religious ministers t' instruct mankind ! 300
 But now the helmet on their heads they bear,
 And learn the deathful business of his war.
 This brings from Orange and the neighbouring land
 Four hundred chosen warriors in his band ;
 And that conducts from Poggio to the field 305
 An equal troop, no less in battle skill'd.

Great Baldwin next o'er Boloign's force presides,
And, with his own, his brother's people guides,
Who to his conduct now resigns the post,
Himself the chief of chiefs, and Lord of all the host.
Then came Carnuti's earl, not less renown'd 311
For martial prowess, than for counsel sound;
Four hundred in his train: but Baldwin leads
Full thrice the number arm'd on generous steeds.
Near these, the plain the noble Guelpho press'd, 315
By fortune equal to his merits bless'd;
A chief, who by his Roman sire could trace
A long descent from Esté's princely race:
But German by dominion and by name,
To Guelpho's name he join'd his pristine fame: 320
He rul'd Carynthia, and the lands possess'd
By Sueves and Rhethians once, his sway confess'd:
O'er these the chief, by right maternal, reign'd,
To these his valour many conquests gain'd:
From thence he brings his troop, a hardy race, 325
Still ready Death, in fighting fields, to face;
Beneath their roofs secur'd from wintry skies,
The genial feast each joyful day supplies;
Five thousand once; now scarce a third remain'd,
Since Persia's fight, of all the numerous band. 330
Next those, whose lands the Franks and Germans
bound,
Where Rhine and Maes o'erflow the fruitful ground,
For countless herds and plenteous crops renown'd.
With these their aid the neighbouring isles supply'd,
Whose banks defend them from th' encroaching tide:
All these a thousand form'd, (a warlike band) 336
O'er whom another Robert held command.
More numerous was the British squadron shown,
By William led, the monarch's youngest son.
The English in the bow and shafts are skill'd: 340
With them a northern nation seeks the field,
Whom Ireland, from our world divided far,
From savage woods and mountains, sends to war.
Tancred was next, than whom no greater name
(Except Rinaldo) fill'd the list of fame; 346

Of gentler manners, comelier to the sight,
 Or more intrepid in the day of fight :
 If aught of blame could such a soul reprove,
 Or soil his glorious deeds, the fault was love :
 A sudden love, that, born amidst alarms, 330
 Was nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.
 'Tis said, that, on that great and glorious day,
 When to the Franks the Persian host gave way,
 Victorious Taucred, eager to pursue
 The scatter'd remnants of the flying crew, 335
 O'erspent with labour, sought some kind retreat,
 To quench his thirst and cool his burning heat ;
 When, to his wish, a chrystal stream he found,
 With bow'ry shade and verdant herbage crown'd :
 There sudden rush'd before his wondering sight, 360
 A Pagan damsel sheath'd in armour bright :
 Her helm, unlac'd, her visage bare display'd,
 And, tir'd with fight, she sought the cooling shade.
 Struck with her looks, he view'd the beauteous dame,
 Admir'd her charms, and kindled at the flame. 365
 O wond'rous force of Love's resistless dart,
 That pierc'd at once and rooted in his heart !
 Her helm she clos'd, prepar'd t' assault the knight,
 But numbers, drawing nigh, constrain'd her flight ;
 The lofty virgin fled, but left behind 370
 Her lovely form deep imag'd in his mind ;
 Still, in his thought, he views the conscious grove,
 Eternal fuel to the flames of love !
 Pensive he comes, his looks his soul declare,
 With eyes cast downward and dejected air : 375
 Eight hundred horse from fertile seats he leads,
 From hills of Tyrrhene and Campania's meads.
 Two hundred Grecians born, were next to see,
 Active in field, from weighty armour free ;
 Their crooked sabres at their side they wear ; 380
 Their backs the sounding bows and quivers bear :
 With matchless swiftness were their steeds endu'd,
 Inur'd to toil, and sparing in their food :
 Swift in attack they rush, and swift in flight,
 In troops retreating and dispers'd they fight : 385

Tatinus led their force; the only band
 That join'd the Latian arms from Grecian land :
 Yet near the scene of war (O lasting shame !
 O foul dishonour to the Grecian name !)
 Thou, Greece, canst hear unmov'd the loud alarms,
 A tame spectator of the deeds of arms! 391
 If foreign power oppress thy servile reign,
 Thou well deserv'st to wear the victor's chain.

A squadron now, the last in order, came,
 In order last, but first in martial fame; 395
 Adventurers call'd, and heroes fam'd afar,
 Terrors of Asia, thunderbolts of war!

Cease, Argo, cease to boast thy warriors' might;
 And, Arthur, cease to vaunt each fabled knight;
 These all th' exploits of ancient times exceed: 400
 What chief is worthy such a band to lead ?

By joint consent, to Dudo's sway they yield,
 Of prudent age, experienc'd in the field;
 Whose youthful vigour joins with hoary hairs,
 His bosom mark'd with many manly scars. 405

Here stood Eustatius with the first in fame,
 But more ennobled by his brother's name.
 Gernando here, the king of Norway's son,
 Who vaunts his sceptred race and regal crown.

There Engerlan, and there Rogero shin'd; 410
 Two Gerrards, with Rambaldo's dauntless mind;
 With gallant Ubald and Gentonio join'd.

Rosmondo with the bold must honour claim:
 Nor must oblivion hide Obizo's name:
 Nor Lombard's brethren three be left untold, 415
 Achilles, Sforza, Palamedes bold:

Nor Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield
 That bears a child and serpent on its field: *Parvulus*
 Nor Guasco, nor Ridolphus, I forget,
 Nor either Guido, both in combat great: 420
 Nor must I Gernier pass, nor Eberard,
 To rob their virtue of its due regard.

But why neglects my muse a wedded pair,
 The gallant Edward and Gildippe fair!

O partners still in every battle try'd, 425
 Not death your gentle union shall divide!
 The school of love, which ev'n the fearful warms,
 The dame instructed in the trade of arms:
 Still by his side her watchful steps attend;
 Still on one fortune both their lives depend: 430
 No wound in fight can either singly bear,
 Nor both alike in every anguish share;
 And oft one faints to view the other's wound,
 This shedding blood, and that in sorrow drown'd!

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest, 435
 The young Rinaldo tower'd above the rest:
 With martial grace his looks around he cast,
 And gazing crowds admir'd him as he pass'd.
 Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
 As, mix'd with blossoms, grows the budding fruit.
 When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move; 441
 His face disclos'd, he looks the God of Love!
 This youth on Adige's far winding shore,
 To great Bertoldo fair Sophia bore.

The infant from the breast Matilda rears, 445
 (The watchful guardian of his tender years;)
 And, while beneath her care the youth remains,
 His ripening age to regal virtue trains;
 Till the loud trumpet, from the distant east,
 With early thirst of glory fir'd his breast. 450
 Then (fifteen springs scarce changing o'er his head)
 Guideless, untaught, through ways unknown he fled;
 Th' Egean sea he cross'd and Grecian lands,
 And reach'd, in climes remote, the Christian bands.
 Three years the warrior in the camp had seen, 455
 Yet scarce the down began to shade his chin.

Now all the horse were past: in order led,
 Next came the foot, and Raymond at their head:
 Thoulouse he governs, and collects his train
 Between the Pyreneans and the main: 460
 Four thousand, arm'd in proof, well us'd to bear
 Th' inclement seasons, and the toils of war:
 A band approv'd, in every battle try'd;
 Nor could the band an abler leader guide.

Next Stephen of Amboise conducts his power: 465
 From Tours and Blois he brings five thousand more:
 No hardy nation this, inur'd to fight,
 Though fenc'd in shining steel, a martial sight!
 Soft is their soil, and of a gentle kind,
 And, like their soil, th' inhabitants inclin'd; 470
 Impetuous first they run to meet the foe,
 But soon, repuls'd, their forces languid grow.
 Alcastus was the third, with threatening mien;
 (So Capaneus of old at Thebes was seen.)
 Six thousand warriors, in Helvetia bred, 475
 Plebeiaus fierce, from Alpine heights he led:
 Their rural tools, that wont the earth to tear,
 They turn'd to nobler instruments of war:
 And with those hands, accusom'd herds to guide,
 They boldly now the might of kings defy'd. 480

Lo! rais'd in air the standard proudly shown,
 In which appear the keys and papal crown:
 Sev'n thousand foot there good Camillus leads,
 In heavy arms that gleam across the meads:
 O'erjoy'd he seems, decreed his name to grace, 485
 And add new honours to his ancient race;
 Whate'er the Latian discipline may claim,
 In glorious deeds to boast an equal fame.

Now every squadron rang'd in order due,
 Had pass'd before the chief in fair review; 490
 When Godfrey strait the peers assembled holds,
 And thus the purport of his mind unfolds.

Soon as the morning lifts her early head,
 Let all the forces from the camp be led,
 With speedy course to reach the sacred town, 495
 Ere yet their purpose, or their march is known.
 Prepare then for the way, for fight prepare,
 Nor doubt, my friends! of conquest in the war.

These words, from such a chieftain's lips, inspire
 Each kindling breast, and wake the slumbering fire:
 Already for th' expected fight they burn, 501
 And pant impatient for the day's return.
 Yet still some fears their careful chief oppress'd,
 But these he smother'd in his thoughtful breast:

By certain tidings brought, he lately heard, 505
 That Egypt's king his course for Gaza steer'd :
 (A frontier town that all the realm commands,
 And a strong barrier to the Syrian lands.)
 Full well he knows the monarch's restless mind,
 Nor doubts in him a cruel foe to find. 510
 Aside the pious leader Henry took,
 And thus his faithful messenger bespoke.

Attend my words, some speedy bark ascend,
 And to the Grecian shore thy voyage bend :
 A youth will there arrive of regal name, 515
 Who comes to share our arms and share our fame ;
 Prince of the Danes ; who brings from distant lands,
 Beneath the frozen pole, his valiant bands :
 The Grecian monarch, vers'd in fraud, may try
 His arts on him, and every means employ 520
 To stop the youthful warrior in his course,
 And rob our hopes of this auxiliar force.
 My faithful nunciate thou, the Dane invite,
 With every thought the gallant prince excite,
 Both for his fame and mine, to speed his way, 525
 Nor taint his glory with ill-tim'd delay.
 Thou with the sovereign of the Greeks remain,
 To claim the succours promis'd oft in vain.

He said ; and having thus reveal'd his mind,
 And due credentials to his charge consign'd, 530
 The trusty messenger his vessel sought,
 And Godfrey calm'd awhile his troubled thought.

Soon as the rising morn, with splendour drest,
 Unlocks the portals of the roseate east,
 The noise of drums and trumpets fills the air, 535
 And bids the warriors for their march prepare.
 Not half so grateful to the longing swain
 The low'ring thunder that presages rain,
 As to these eager bands the shrill alarms
 Of martial clangors and the sound of arms. 540

At once they rose, with generous ardour press'd,
 At once their limbs in radiant armour dress'd :
 And rang'd in martial pomp (a dreadful band)
 Beneath their numerous chiefs in order stand.

Now, man to man, the thick battalions join'd, 545
Unfurl their banners to the sportive wind;
And in th' imperial standard rais'd on high,
The Cross triumphant blazes to the sky.

Meantime, the sun above th' horizon gains
The rising circuit of th' ethereal plains: 550

The polish'd steel reflects the dazzling light,
And strikes with flashing rays the aching sight.
Thick and more thick the sparkling gleams aspire,
Till all the champaign seems to glow with fire;
While mingled clamours echo through the meads, 555
The clash of arms, the neigh of trampling steeds!

A chosen troop of horse, dispatch'd before,
In armour light, the country round explore,
Lest foes in ambush should their march prevent;
While other bands the cautious leader sent 560

The dikes to level, clear the rugged way,
And free each pass that might their speed delay.
No troops of Pagans could withstand their force;
No walls of strength could stop their rapid course:
In vain oppos'd the craggy mountain stood, 565
The rapid torrent and perplexing wood.

So when the king of floods, in angry pride,
With added waters swells his foamy tide,
With dreadful ruin o'er the banks he flows,
And nought appears that can his rage oppose. 570

The king of Tripoli had power alone,
(Well furnish'd, in a strongly-guarded town,
With arms and men) to check the troops' advance,
Eut durst not meet in fight the host of France.
T' appease the Christian chief, the heralds bring
Pacific presents from the Pagan king; 576

Who such conditions for the peace receives,
As pious Godfrey, in his wisdom, gives. [stands,

There from mount Seir, that near to eastward
And from above the subject town commands, 580
The faithful pour in numbers to the plain;
(Each sex and every age, a various train!)
Their gifts before the Christian leader bear,
With joy they view him, and with transport hear;

Gaze on the foreign garb with wondering eye, 585
And with unfailling guides the host supply.

Now Godfrey with the camp pursues his way,
Along the borders of the neighbouring sea :
For station'd there his friendly vessels ride,
From which the army's wants are well supply'd :
For him alone each Grecian isle is till'd, 591
For him their vintage Crete and Scios yield.

The numerous ships the shaded ocean hide,
Loud groans, beneath the weight, the burthen'd tide.
The vessels thus their watchful post maintain, 595
And guard from Saracens the midland main.
Beside the ships, with ready numbers mann'd,
From wealthy Venice and Liguria's strand,
England and Holland send a naval pow'r,
And fertile Sicily and Gallia's shore. 600

These, all united, brought from every coast
Provisions needful for the landed host ;
While on their march impatient they proceed,
(From all defence the hostile frontiers freed,)
And urge their haste the hallow'd soil to gain 605
Where Christ endur'd the stings of mortal pain.

But Fame with winged speed before 'em flies
(Alike the messenger of truth and lies :)
She paints the camp in one united band,
Beneath one leader, moving o'er the land,
By none oppos'd: their nations, numbers, tells ;
The name and actions of each chief reveals ;
Displays their purpose, sets the war to view,
And terrifies with doubts th' usurping crew.

More dreadful to their anxious mind appears 615
The distant prospect, and augments their fears :
To every light report their ears they bend,
Watch every rumour, every tale attend ;
From man to man the murmurs, swelling still,
The country round and mournful city fill. 620

Their aged monarch, thus with danger prest,
Revolves dire fancies in his doubtful breast :
His name was Aladine; who scarce maintain'd,
With fears beset, his seat so lately gain'd:

B. I. **JERUSALEM DELIVERED.** **61**

By nature still to cruel deeds inclin'd, 625
Though years had sometime chang'd his savage mind.

When now he saw the Latian troops prepare
Against his city walls to turn the war,
Suspensions, join'd with former fears, arose ;
Alike he fear'd his subjects and his foes ; 630

Together in one town he saw reside
Two people, whom their different faiths divide.
While part the purer laws of Christ believe,
More numerous those who Macon's laws receive.
When first the monarch conquer'd Sion's town, 635

And sought securely there to fix his throne ;
He freed his Pagans from the tax of state,
But on the Christians laid the heavier weight.
These thoughts inflam'd and rouz'd his native rage,
(Now chill'd and tardy with the frost of age :) 640

So turns in summer's heat the venom'd snake,
That slept the winter harmless in the brake :
So the tame lion, urg'd to wrath again,
Resumes his fury, and erects his mane.

Then to himself: On every face I view 645
The marks of joy in that perfidious crew :
In general grief their jovial days they keep,
And laugh and revel when the public weep :

E'en now, perhaps, the dreadful scheme is plann'd
Against our life to lift a murderous hand ; 650
Or to their monarch's foes betray the state,
And to their Christian friends unbar the gate.

But soon our justice will their crimes prevent,
And swift wing'd vengeance on their heads be sent ;
Example dreadful! death shall seize on all : 655
Their infants at their mothers' breast shall fall :

The flames shall o'er their domes and temples spread,
Such be the funeral piles to grace their dead!
But midst their votive gifts, to sate our ire,
The priests shall first upon the tomb expire. 660

So threats the tyrant ; but his threats are vain ;
Though pity moves not, coward fears restrain :
Rage prompts his soul their guiltless blood to spill,
But trembling doubts oppose his savage will.

He fears the Christians, shrinks at future harms,
Nor dares provoke too far the victor's arms; 666
This purpose curb'd, to other parts he turns
The rage that in his restless bosom burns:
With fire he wastes the fertile country round,
And lays the houses level with the ground: 670
He leaves no place entire, that may receive
The Christian army, or their march relieve;
Pollutes the springs and rivers in their beds,
And poison in the wholesome water sheds;
Cautious with cruelty! meantime his care 675
Had reinforc'd Jerusalem for war.
Three parts for siege were strongly fortify'd,
Though less securely fenc'd the northern side.
But there, when first the threaten'd storm was heard,
New ramparts, for defence, in haste he rear'd; 680
Collecting in the town, from different lands,
Auxiliar forces to his subject bands.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALADINE transports an image of the Virgin from the temple of the Christians, into the mosque, by the advice of Ismeno, who proposes thereby to form a spell to secure the city. In the night the image is secretly stolen away. The king, unable to discover the author of the theft, and incensed against the Christians, prepares for a general massacre. Sophronia, a Christian virgin, accuses herself to the king. Olindo, her lover, takes the fact upon himself. Aladine, in a rage, orders both to be burned. Clorinda arrives, intercedes for them, and obtains their pardon. In the mean time Godfrey, with his army, reaches Emmaus. He receives Argantes and Alethes, ambassadors from Egypt. The latter, in an artful speech, endeavours to dissuade Godfrey from attacking Jerusalem. His proposals are rejected, and Argantes declares war in the name of the king of Egypt.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.



WHILE thus the Pagan king prepar'd for fight,
The fam'd Ismeno came before his sight;
Ismeuo, he whose power the tomb invades,
And calls again to life departed shades:
Whose magic verse can pierce the world beneath, 5
And startle Pluto in the realms of death;
The subject demons at his will restrain,
And faster bind or loose their servile chain.
Ismeno once the Christian faith avow'd,
But now at Macon's impious worship bow'd: 10
Yet still his former rites the wretch retain'd,
And oft, with Pagan mix'd, their use profan'd.
Now from the caverns, where, retir'd alone
From vulgar eyes, he studied arts unknown,
He came assistance to his lord to bring: 15
An ill adviser to a tyrant king!

Then thus he spoke: O king! behold at hand
That conquering host, the terror of the land!
But let us act as fits the noble mind:
The bold from earth and heaven will succour find.
As king and leader well thy cares preside, 21
And with foreseeing thought for all provide.
If all, like thee, their several parts dispose,
This land will prove the burial of thy foes.
Lo! here I come with thee the toils to bear, 25
T'assist thy labours, and thy danger share.

Accept the counsel cautious years impart,
 And join to this the powers of magic heart :
 Those angels, exil'd from th' ethereal plains,
 My potent charms shall force to share our pains. 30
 Attend the scheme, revolving in my breast,
 The first enchantment that my thoughts suggest.
 An altar by the Christians stands immur'd
 Deep under ground, from vulgar eyes secur'd :
 The statue of their goddess there is show'd, 35
 The mother of their human, buried, God !
 Before the image burns continual light :
 A flowing veil conceals her from the sight.
 On every side are tablets there display'd,
 And votive gifts by superstition paid. 40
 Haste! snatch their idol from that impious race,
 And in thy mosque the boasted figure place.
 Then will I raise such spells of wond'rous pow'r,
 This fated pledge (while there detain'd secure)
 Shall prove the guardian of thy city's gate ; 45
 And walls of adamant shall fence thy state.

He said, and ceas'd : his words persuasion wrought,
 And swift the king the hidden temple sought :
 Furious he drove the trembling priests away,
 And seiz'd, with daring hands, the hallow'd prey :
 Then to the mosque in haste the prize he bore ; 51
 (Where rites profane offend th' Almighty Power)
 There, o'er the sacred form, with impious zeal,
 The foul magician mutter'd many a spell. 54

But soon as morning streak'd the east of heaven,
 The watch, to whom the temple's guard was given,
 No longer in its place the image found,
 And search'd with fruitless care the dome around.
 Then to the king the strange report he bears ;
 The king, inflam'd with wrath, the tidings hears : 60
 His thoughts suggest, some Christian's secret hand
 Has thence purloin'd the guardian of the land :
 But whether Christian zeal from thence convey'd
 The hallow'd form ; or Heaven its power display'd,
 To snatch from impious fanes, and roofs unclean, 65
 The glorious semblance of their virgin Queen,

Doubtful the fame; nor can we dare assign
The deed to human art, or hands divine.

The king each temple sought and secret place,
And vow'd with costly gifts the man to grace, 70
Who brought the image, or the thief reveal'd;
But threaten'd those whose lips the deed conceal'd.
The wily sorc'rer every art apply'd
T' explore the truth: in vain his arts he try'd:
For whether wrought by Heaven, or earth alone, 75
Heaven kept it, spite of all his charms, unknown.
But when the king perceiv'd his search was vain,
To find th' offender of the Christian train;
On all at once his fierce resentment turn'd,
On all at once his savage fury burn'd: 80
No bounds, no laws, his purpose could control,
But blood alone could sate his vengeful soul.
Our wrath shall not be lost, (aloud he cries)
The thief amidst the general slaughter dies.
Guilty and innocent, they perish all! 85
Let the just perish, so the guilty fall.—

Yet wherefore just; when none our pity claim;
Not one but hates our rites, and hates our name.
Rise, rise, my friends! the fire and sword employ,
Lay waste their dwellings, and their race destroy. 90

So spoke the tyrant to the listening crew;
Among the faithful soon the tidings flew.
With horror chill'd, the dismal sound they heard,
While ghastly death on every face appear'd.
None think of flight or for defence prepare, 95
Or seek to deprecate their fate with prayer:
But lo! when least they hope, the timorous bands
Their safety owe to unexpected hands.

A maid there was among the Christian kind,
In prime of years, and of exalted mind: 100
Beauteous her form, but beauty she despis'd,
Or beauty grac'd with virtue only priz'd.
From flattering tongues the modest fair withdrew,
And liv'd secluded from the public view:
But vain her cares to hide her beauty prov'd, 105
Her beauty, worthy to be seen and lov'd.

Nor love consents, but soon reveals her charms,
 And with their power a youthful lover warms :
 'That Love who now conceals his piercing eyes,
 And now, like Argus, every thing descries ; 110
 Who brings to view each grace that shuns the light,
 And midst a thousand guards directs the lover's

Sophronia she, Olindo was his name ; [sight!
 The same their city, and their faith the same.

The youth as modest as the maid was fair, 115

But little hop'd nor durst his love declare :

He knew not how, or fear'd, to tell his pain,

She saw it not, or view'd it with disdain :

Thus to this hour in silent grief he mourn'd,

His thoughts unnoted, or his passion scorn'd. 120

Meantime the tidings spread from place to place,
 Of death impending o'er the Christian race.

Soon in Sophronia's noble mind arose

A gen'rous plan t' avert her people's woes :

Zeal first inspir'd, but bashful shame ensu'd, 125

And modesty awhile the thought withstood :

Yet soon her fortitude each doubt suppress'd,

And arm'd with confidence her tender breast.

'Through gazing throngs alone the virgin goes,

Nor strives to hide her beauties, nor disclose : 130

O'er her fair face a decent veil is seen,

Her eyes declin'd with modest graceful mien :

An artless negligence compos'd her dress,

And Nature's genuine grace her charms confess.

Admir'd by all, regardless went the dame, 135

Till to the presence of the king she came :

While yet he rav'd, she dar'd to meet his view,

Nor from his threatening looks her steps withdrew.

O king ! (she thus began) awhile contain

Thy anger, and thy people's rage restrain : 140

I come to show, and to your vengeance yield,

Th' offender from your fruitless search conceal'd.

She said, and ceas'd : the king in wonder gaz'd,

(Struck with her courage, with her looks amaz'd ;)

Her sudden charms at once his soul engage, 145

He calms his passion, and forgets his rage.

If milder she, or be of softer frame,
 His heart had felt the power of beauty's flame:
 But haughty charms can ne'er the haughty move;
 For smiles and graces are the food of love. 150
 Though love could not affect his savage mind,
 He yet appear'd to gentle thoughts inclin'd.
 Disclose the truth at large (he thus reply'd)
 No harm shall to thy Christian friends betide.
 Then she: Before thy sight the guilty stands: 155
 The theft, O king! committed by these hands.
 In me the thief who stole the image view;
 To me the punishment decreed is due.

Thus, fill'd with public zeal, the generous dame
 A victim for her people's ransom came. 160
 O great deceit! O lie, divinely fair!
 What truth with such a falsehood can compare?
 In deep suspense her words the tyrant heard,
 No sign of anger in his looks appear'd.
 Declare (thus mildly to the maid he spoke) 165
 Who gave thee counsel and the deed partook.
 The deed alone was mine (reply'd the fair)
 I suffer'd none with me the fame to share;
 Mine was the counsel, mine the first design,
 And the last acting of the deed was mine. 170
 Then only thou (he cry'd) must bear the pain
 Our anger now and just revenge ordain.
 'Tis just, since all the glory mine (she cry'd)
 That none with me the punishment divide.
 With kindling ire the Pagan thus replies: 175
 Say, where conceal'd the Christian image lies.
 'Tis not conceal'd (rejoin'd the dauntless dame)
 I gave the hallow'd statue to the flame;
 So could no impious hands again profane
 The sacred image, and her beauty stain. 180
 Then seek no more what never can be thine,
 But lo! the thief I to thy hands resign;
 If theft it may be call'd to seize our right,
 Unjustly torn away by lawless might.

At this the king in threatening words return'd;
 With wrath ungovern'd all his bosom burn'd: 186

Ah! hope no more thy pardon here to find,
 O glorious virgin! O exalted mind!
 In vain, against the Tyrant's fury held,
 Love for defence opposes beauty's shield. 190
 Now doom'd to death, and sentenc'd to the flame,
 With cruel hands they seize the beauteous dame.
 Her veil and mantle rent bestrow the ground,
 With rugged cords her tender arms are bound.
 Silent she stands, no marks of fear express'd, 195
 Yet soft commotions gently heave her breast;
 Her modest cheeks a transient blush disclose;
 Where lilies soon succeed the fading rose.
 Meanwhile the people throng (the rumour spread)
 And with the rest Olindo there was led: 200
 The tale he knew, but not the victim's name,
 Till near the tragic scene of fate he came:
 Soon as the youth the prisoner's face survey'd,
 And saw, condemn'd to death, his lovely maid;
 While the stern guards their cruel task pursue, 205
 Through the thick press with headlong speed he flew.
 She's guiltless! (to the king aloud he cries)
 She's guiltless of th' offence for which she dies!
 She could not—durst not—such a work demands
 Far other than a woman's feeble hands: 210
 What arts to lull the keeper could she prove?
 And how the sacred image thence remove?
 She fondly boasts the deed, unthinking maid!
 'Twas I the statue from the mosque convey'd:
 Where the high dome receives the air and light, 215
 I found a passage, favour'd by the night:
 The glory mine, the death for me remains,
 Nor let her thus usurp my rightful pains:
 The punishment be mine; her chains I claim;
 Mine is the pile prepar'd, and mine the kindled flame!
 At this her head Sophronia gently rais'd, 221
 And on the youth with looks of pity gaz'd.
 Unhappy man! what brings thee guiltless here?
 What frenzy guides thee, or what rash despair?
 Say, cannot I, without thy aid, engage 225
 The utmost threatening of a mortal's rage?

This breast undaunted can resign its breath,
Nor asks a partuer in the hour of death.

She spoke; but wrought not on her lover's mind,
Who, firm, retain'd his purpose first design'd. 230
O glorious struggle for a fatal prize!

When love with fortitude for conquest vies,
Where death is the reward the victor bears,
And safety is the ill the vanquish'd fears!

While thus they both contend the deed to claim, 235
The monarch's fury burns with fiercer flame:

He rag'd to find his power so lightly priz'd,
And all the torments he prepar'd despis'd.

Let both (he cry'd) their wish'd design obtain:

And both enjoy the prize they seek to gain! 240

The tyrant said, and straight the signal made
To bind the youth; the ready guards obey'd.

With face averted, to one stake confin'd,

With cruel cords the hapless pair they bind.

Now round their limbs they place the rising pyre;

And now with breath awake the slumbering fire; 246

When thus the lover, in a moving strain,

Bespeaks the lov'd companion of his pain:

Are these the bands with which I hop'd to join,

In happier times, my future days to thine? 250

And are we doom'd, alas! this fire to prove,

Instead of kindly flames of mutual love?

Love promis'd gentler flames and softer ties;

But cruel fate far other now supplies!

Too long from thee I mourn'd my life disjoin'd, 255

And now in death a hapless meeting find!

Yet I am blest since thou the pains must bear,

If not thy bed, at least thy pile, to share.

Thy death I mourn, but not my own lament,

Since dying by thy side I die content. 260

Could yet my prayer one further bliss obtain,

How sweet, how envy'd, then were ev'ry pain!

O could I press my faithful breast to thine,

And on thy lips my fleeting soul resign!

So might we, fainting in the pangs of death, 265

Together mix our sighs and parting breath!

In words like these unblest Olindo mourn'd ;
To him her counsel thus the maid return'd :

O youth ! far other thoughts, and pure desires,
Far other sorrows now the time requires ! 270

Dost thou forget thy sins ? nor call to mind
What God has for the righteous souls assign'd ?
Endure for him, and sweet the pains will prove ;
Aspire with joy to happier seats above ;

Yon glittering skies and golden sun survey, 275
That calls us hence to realms of endless day.

Here, mov'd with pity, loud the Pagans groan :
But more conceal'd the Christians vent their moan.
The king himself, with thoughts unusual press'd,
Felt his fierce heart suspended in his breast : 280

But, scorning to relent, he turn'd his view
From the dire prospect, and in haste withdrew.

Yet thou, Sophronia, bear'st the general woe,
And, wept by all, thy tears disdain to flow !

While thus they stand, behold a knight is seen,
(For such he seem'd) of fierce and noble mien ! 286

Whose foreign arms and strange attire proclaim
An alien from a distant land he came.

The sculptur'd tygress on his helmet high,
(A well known crest !) attracts each gazer's eye.

This sign Clorinda in the field display'd, 291
All see and own by this the warrior maid.

She, from a child, beheld with scornful eyes
Her sex's arts, despising female toys :

Arachne's labours ne'er her hours divide, 295
Her noble hands nor looms nor spindle guide :

From ease inglorious and from sloth she fled,
And, mix'd in camps, a life unsully'd led :

With rigour pleas'd, her lovely face she arm'd
With haughty looks, yet ev'n in fierceness charm'd :

In early years her tender hand restrain'd 301
The fiery courser, and his courage rein'd :

She pois'd the spear and sword : her growing force
She try'd in wrestling and the dusty course ;

Then through the mountain paths and lonely wood
The bear and shaggy lion's tracts persued : 306

In war, the dread of men the virgin shin'd :
 In woods, the terror of the savage kind !
 From Persia, jealous of the Christian fame,
 T' oppose the victor host Clorinda came : 310
 And, oft before, in fight her daring hand
 Had fatten'd with their blood the thirsty land.

When near the fatal place the virgin drew,
 And the dire scene appear'd before her view ;
 She spurr'd her steed t' observe the victims nigh, 315
 And learn th' unhappy cause for which they die.
 The yielding crowd gave way : the curious maid
 With steadfast eyes the pair in bonds survey'd.
 One mourn'd aloud, and one in silence stood ;
 The weaker sex the greater firmness show'd : 320
 Yet seem'd Olindo like a man to moan
 Who wept another's sufferings, not his own ;
 While silent she, and fix'd on heaven her eyes,
 Already seem'd to claim her kindred skies.

Clorinda view'd their state with tender woe, 325
 And down her cheeks the tears began to flow :
 Yet most she griev'd for her who grief disdain'd ;
 And silence, more than plaints, her pity gain'd ;
 Then to an aged sire who stood beside,
 Say, who are those to death devote (she cry'd ;) 330
 Declare what brought them to this woeful state,
 Some secret crime, or blind decree of fate ?
 Thus she : The reverend sire in brief display'd
 Their mournful story to the listening maid :
 She heard, surpriz'd such matchless worth to find,
 And both acquitted in her equal mind. 336

Already now resolv'd, by force or prayer,
 To save from threaten'd death th' unhappy pair,
 She ran, she stopp'd the flame with eager haste,
 Already kindling) and the guards address'd : 340

None in this cruel office dare to move,
 Till to the monarch I my suit approve :
 My power, believe me, shall protect your stay,
 Nor shall your sovereign chide your short delay.

She said : th' attendants at her word obey'd, 345
 Lov'd with the presence of the royal maid :

Then, turning swift, she met the king, who came
 To welcome to his court the warrior dame.
 To whom she thus: Behold Clorinda here!
 Clorinda's name, perchance, has reach'd your ear.
 I come, O monarch! thus in arms, prepar'd 351
 Thy kingdom and our common faith to guard:
 Command me now what tasks I must sustain,
 Nor high attempts I fear, nor low disdain:
 Or let my force in open field be shown, 355
 Or here detain me to defend the town.

To whom the king: What land so distant lies
 From whence the sun enlightens Asia's skies,
 (O glorious virgin!) but resounds thy name,
 Whose actions fill the sounding trump of fame? 360
 Now to my aid thy conquering sword is join'd,
 I give my fears and scruples to the wind:
 Nor could I greater hopes of conquest boast,
 Though join'd by numbers, succour'd by an host!
 Methinks I seem to chide the lingering foe, 365
 And Godfrey, to my wish, appears too slow!
 Thou ask'st what labours I thy arm decree;
 I deem the greatest only worthy thee:
 To thee the rule of all our warrior band
 I here submit; be thine the high command. 370

Thus said the king. The maid, with grateful look,
 Her thanks return'd, and thus again she spoke:

'Tis sure, O prince! a thing unusual heard,
 Before the service done, to claim reward:
 Yet (by thy goodness bold) I make my prayer, 375
 And beg thy mercy yon condemn'd to spare:
 Grant it for all my deeds in future time;
 'Tis hard to suffer for a doubtful crime:
 But this I wave, nor here the reasons plead
 That speak them guiltless of th' imputed deed: 380
 'Tis said, some Christian hand the theft has wrought
 But here I differ from the public thought:
 The spell, Ismeno fram'd t' assist our cause,
 I deem an outrage on our sacred laws:
 Nor fits it idols in our fanes to place, 385
 Much less the idols of this impious race,

Methinks with joy the hand of Heaven I view,
 To Macon's power the miracle is due ;
 Who thus forbids his hallow'd rites to stain
 With new religions in his awful fane. 390

Ismeno leave to spells and magic charms,
 Since these to him supply the place of arms ;
 While warriors we our foes in battle face,
 Our swords our arts, in these our hopes we place.

She ceas'd ; and though the king could scarcely
 His haughty soul, or ears to pity lend, [bend
 He yields his fury to the gentle maid ;
 Her reasons move him, and her words persuade.
 Let both have life and freedom (he reply'd,)
 To such a pleader nothing is deny'd ! 400
 If innocent, by justice let them live :
 If criminal, I here their crime forgive.

Thus were they freed ; and lo ! what blissful fate,
 What turns of fortune on Olindo wait !
 His virtuous love at length awakes a flame 405
 In the soft bosom of the generous dame.
 Strait from the pile to Hymen's rites he goes,
 Made, of a wretch condemn'd, a joyful spouse :
 Since death with her he sought, the grateful fair
 Consents with him the gift of life to share. 410

The Pagan monarch, whose suspicious mind
 Beheld with fear such wondrous virtue join'd,
 Sent both in exile, by severe command,
 Beyond the limits of Judæa's land.
 Then many others (as his fury sway'd) 415
 Were banish'd thence, or deep in dungeons laid.
 But the fierce tyrant those remov'd alone,
 Of strength approv'd and daring spirits known :
 The tender sex and children he retain'd, 419
 With helpless age, as pledges in his hand. [roam
 Thus, wretched wanderers, some were doom'd to
 From parents, children, wives, and native home :
 Part rove from land to land with doubtful course,
 And part against him turn their vengeful force.

These to the band of Franks unite their fate, 425
 And meet their army ent'ring Emmaus' gate.

The town of Emmaus near to Sion lay,
 Not half the journey of an easy day.
 The pleasing thought each Christian soul inspires,
 And adds new ardour to their zealous fires! 430
 But since the sun had past his middle race,
 The leader there commands the tents to place.
 The host were now encamp'd; the setting sun
 With milder lustre from the ocean shone;
 When, drawing near, two mighty chiefs were seen,
 In garb unknown, and of a foreign mien; 436
 Their acts pacific, and their looks, proclaim
 That to the Christian chief as friends they came:
 From Egypt's king dispatch'd, their way they bend,
 And menial servants on their steps attend. 440

Alethes one; his birth obscure he ow'd
 To the base refuse of th' ignoble crowd;
 Rais'd to the highest state the realm affords,
 By plausible speech and eloquence of words;
 His subtle genius every taste could meet; 445
 In fiction prompt, and skilful in deceit:
 Master of calumny such various ways,
 He most accuses when he seems to praise.

The other chief from fair Circassia came
 To Egypt's court, Argantes was his name: 450
 Exalted midst the princes of the land,
 And first in rank of all the martial hand:
 Impatient, fiery, and of rage unquell'd,
 In arms unconquer'd, matchless in the field;
 Whose impious soul contempt of Heaven avow'd,
 His sword his law, his own right hand his God! 456

Now these an audience of the leader sought,
 And now to Godfrey's awful sight were brought.
 There lowly seated, with his peers around,
 In modest garb the glorious chief they found. 460
 True valour, unadorn'd, attracts the sight,
 And shines conspicuous by his native light.
 To him a slight respect Argantes paid,
 As one who little place or honours weigh'd.
 But low Alethes bow'd, in thought profound, 465
 And fix'd his humble eyes upon the ground:

His better hand his pensive bosom press'd,
 With all the adoration of the east :
 And while attention on his accents hung,
 These words, like honey, melted from his tongue :
 O worthy thou alone! to whose command 471
 Submit the heroes of this glorious band !
 To thee their laurels and their crowns they owe,
 Thy conduct brings them victors from the foe :
 Nor stops thy fame within Alcides' bounds, 475
 To distant Egypt Godfrey's name resounds !
 Fame through our spacious realm thy glory bears,
 And speaks thy valour to our listening ears.
 But on thy deeds our sovereign chiefly dwells,
 With pleasure bears them, and with pleasure tells :
 In thee, what others fear or hate, he loves : 481
 Thy virtue fires him, and thy valour moves :
 Fain would he join with thee in friendly bands,
 And mutual peace and amity demands.
 Since different faiths their sanction here deny, 485
 Let mutual virtue knit the sacred tye.
 But as he hears thy troops their marches bend
 T' expel from Sion's walls his ancient friend ;
 He now (to avoid those evils yet behind)
 By us unfolds the counsels of his mind. 490
 Then thus he says : Thy first design forbear,
 Content with what thou now hast gain'd in war :
 Nor on Judæa's realm thy forces bring,
 Nor vex the lands protected by our king :
 So will he, join'd with thee, thy power ensure, 495
 And fix thy yet uncertain state secure :
 United both, their conquest to regain,
 The Turks and Persians shall attempt in vain.
 Much hast thou done, O chief! in little space,
 Which length of ages never can deface. 500
 What cities won ! what armies overthrown !
 What dangerous marches, and what ways unknown !
 The neighbouring states with terror own thy fame ;
 And distant regions tremble at thy name.
 Your glory at the height, with heedful care 505
 Avoid the chances of a doubtful war :

Increase of realm your further toils may crown,
 But conquest ne'er can heighten your renown :
 And should your arms be now in battle crost,
 Lost is your empire, and your glory lost ! 510
 Insensate he who risks a certain state,
 For distant prospects of uncertain fate.
 Yet our advice perchance will lightly weigh,
 And urge thy purpose, nor thy march delay ;
 While uncontrol'd success thy soul inspires ; 515
 While glows thy bosom with ambition's fires :
 That glorious frailty of the noble mind,
 To conquer nations, and subdue mankind !
 For this you fly from proffer'd peace afar,
 With more distaste than others shun the war. 520
 These motives bid thee still the path pursue,
 Which fate has open'd largely to thy view :
 Nor in the sheath return that dreaded sword,
 (Of every conquest in the field assur'd)
 Till in oblivion Macon's laws are laid, 525
 And Asia, by thy arms, a desert made !
 Alluring sounds, and grateful to the ear ;
 But O what dangers lurk beneath the snare !
 Then, if no cloud of passion dims thy sight,
 And casts a veil before thy reason's light ; 530
 Well may'st thou see what little hopes appear,
 From every prospect of the lengthen'd war.
 Reflect how soon the gifts of fortune turn ;
 Those who rejoice to-day, to-morrow mourn ;
 And he, who soars an unexpected flight, 535
 Oft falls as sudden from his tow'ring height.
 Say, to thy harm, should Egypt take the field,
 In arms, in treasure, rich, in council skill'd ;
 And add to these (the war again begun)
 The Turks, the Persians, and Cassano's son ; 540
 What forces could'st thou to their power oppose ;
 And how escape from such an host of foes ?
 Or do'st thou in the Grecian king confide,
 By sacred union to thy cause ally'd ?
 To whom is not the Grecian faith disp ay'd ? 545
 What snares for thee the guileful race have laid !

Will those, who once your common march withstood,
 Now risk for you their lives in fields of blood?
 But thou perhaps (secure amidst thy foes)
 Do'st in these squadrons all thy hopes repose, 550
 And deem'st the scatter'd bands thy force o'erthrew
 As easy, when united, to subdue;
 Though toilsome marches have your troops annoy'd,
 Your strength enfeebled, and your men destroy'd,
 Though unexpected nations should combine, 555
 And Egypt with the Turks and Persians join.
 Yet grant that fate so strongly arms thy hand,
 No sword can conquer, and no foe withstand:
 Lo! Famine comes, with all her ghastly train;
 What further subterfuge, what hopes remain? 560
 Then draw the falchion, and the javelin wield;
 Then dream of conquest in the boasted field.
 Behold th' inhabitants have wasted wide
 The fertile country, and the fields destroy'd;
 And safely lodg'd in towers their ripen'd grain: 565
 What hopes are left thy numbers to sustain?
 Thy ships, thou say'st, will due provision send:
 Does then thy safety on the winds depend?
 Perhaps thy fortune can the wiads restrain:
 Thy voice appease the roaring of the main. 570
 Yet think; should once our nation rise in fight,
 And with the Persians and the Turks unite,
 Could we not then oppose a numerous fleet,
 On equal terms, thy naval power to meet?
 If here, O chief! thou seek'st to gain renown, 575
 A double conquest must thy labours crown:
 One loss may sully every former deed;
 One loss may unexpected dangers breed:
 Before our vessels should thy navy fly,
 Thy forces here, oppress by famine, die: 580
 Or should'st thou lose the battle here, in vain
 Thy fleet would ride victorious on the main.
 Then if thy soul reject the peace we bring,
 And scorn the friendship of th' Egyptian king:
 This conduct (undisguis'd the truth I tell) 585
 Nor suits thy virtue, nor thy wisdom well.

But if thy purpose seem to war inclin'd,
 Heaven change, to gentle peace, thy better mind :
 So Asia may at length from troubles cease,
 And thou enjoy the conquer'd lands in peace. 590
 And you, ye leaders, who his dangers share,
 Fellows in arms, and partners of the war !
 Ah, let not Fortune's smiles your souls excite,
 To tempt again the doubtful chance of fight.
 But as the pilot, 'scap'd the treach'rous deep, 595
 Rests in the welcome port his weary ship :
 Now furl your sails with pleasure near the shore,
 And trust the perils of the sea no more.

Here ceas'd Alethes ; and the heroes round, 599
 With looks displeas'd, return'd a murmuring sound :
 With deep disdain the terms propos'd they heard,
 While discontent in every face appear'd.
 Then thrice the chief his eyes around him threw,
 And cast on every one his piercing view ;
 Next to Alethes turn'd his careful look, 605
 Who waited his reply, and thus he spoke :

Ambassador ! with threats and praises join'd,
 Full wisely hast thou told thy sovereign's mind :
 If he esteem us, and our worth approve,
 With grateful pleasure we receive his love. 610
 But where thy words a threaten'd storm disclose
 Of Pagan armies, and confederate foes ;
 To this I speak ; to this my answer hear ;
 An open purpose cloth'd in words sincere.
 Know first the cause for which we have sustain'd 615
 Such various hazards both by sea and land ;
 By day and night such pious toils have known :—
 To free the passage to yon hallow'd town ;
 To merit favour from the King of Heaven,
 By freedom to the suffering Christians given. 620
 Nor shall we fear, for such a glorious end,
 Our kingdom, lives, and worldly fame to spend.
 No thirst of riches has our bosoms fir'd ;
 No lust of empire our attempt inspir'd :
 If any thoughts like these our souls infest, 625
 Th' Eternal drive such poison from the breast !

Still may his mercy o'er our steps preside,
 His hand defend us, and his wisdom guide!
 His breath inspir'd, his pow'r has brought us far
 Through every danger of the various war : 630

By this are mountains past, and rivers crost ;
 This tempers summer's heat and winter's frost :
 This can the rage of furious tempests bind,
 And loosen or restrain th' obedient wind :

Hence lofty walls are burnt and tumbled down ; 635

Hence martial bands are slain and overthrown :

Hence springs the hope and confidence we boast ;

Not from the forces of a mortal host :

Not from our vessels ; nor from Grecian lands

With numbers swarming ; nor the Gallic bands.

And if we still th' Almighty's care partake, 641

Let nations, at their will, our cause forsake !

Who knows the succour of his powerful hands,

No other aid, in time of need, demands.

But should he, for our sins, his help withdraw, 645

(As who can fathom Heaven's eternal law ?)

Lives there a man who would not find his tomb,

Where hallow'd earth did once his God inhume ?

So shall we die, nor envy those who live ;

Nor unreveng'd shall we our death receive ; 650

Nor Asia shall rejoice to view our state ;

Nor we submit with sorrow to our fate !

Yet think not that our wayward minds prefer,

To gentle peace, the horrid scenes of war :

Nor think we ill your monarch's love return ; 655

Or with contempt his friendly union scorn.

But wherefore do his cares on Sion bend ?

And wherefore thus another's realms defend ?

Then let him not require our arms to cease ;

So may he rule his native lands in peace ! 660

Thus answer'd Godfrey ; and with fury swell'd

The fierce Argantes, nor his wrath repell'd :

The boiling passion from his bosom broke ;

Before the chief he stood, and thus he spoke :

Let him, who will not proffer'd peace receive, 665

Be sat'd with the plagues that war can give !

And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
If now thy soul reject our friendship shown.

This said, his mantle in his hand he took,
And folding round before th' assembly shook, 670
Then thus again with threateuing accent spoke :

O thou ! who every peril would'st despise,
Lo ! peace or war within this mantle lies !
See here th' election offer'd to thy voice ;
No more delay—but now declare thy choice ! 675

His speech aud haughty mien each leader fir'd,
And with a noble rage their souls inspir'd :
War ! war ! aloud, with general voice, they cry'd ;
Nor waited till their god-like chief reply'd.
At this the Pagan shook his vest in air— 680

Then take defiance, death, and mortal war !
So fierce he spoke, he seem'd to burst the gates
Of Janus' temple, and disclose the fates :
While from his mantle, which aside he threw,
Insensate rage and horrid discord flew : 685

Alecto's torch supply'd her hellish flame,
And from his eyes the flashing sparkles came.
So look'd the chief of old, whose impious pride,
With mortal works, the King of Heaven defy'd ;
So stood, when Babel rear'd her front on high, 690
To threaten battle 'gainst the starry sky.

Then Godfrey—To thy king the tidings bear ;
And tell him we accept the threaten'd war ;
Go, bid him hasten here to prove our might,
Or on the bank of Nile expect the fight. 695

This said ; the leader honour'd either guest,
And due respect, by different gifts, express'd.
Aethes first he gave a helm of price ;
A prize among the spoils of conquer'd Nice.
A costly sword Argantes next obtain'd, 700

Well wrought and fashion'd by the workman's hand :
Matchless the work, and glorious to behold,
The hilt with jewels blaz'd, and flam'd with gold.
With joy the Pagan chief the gift survey'd,
Admir'd the rich design and temper'd blade : 705

Then thus to Godfrey: When we meet in field,
Behold how well our hands thy present wield!

Now, parting from the camp, their leave they took,
And thus Argantes to Alethes spoke.

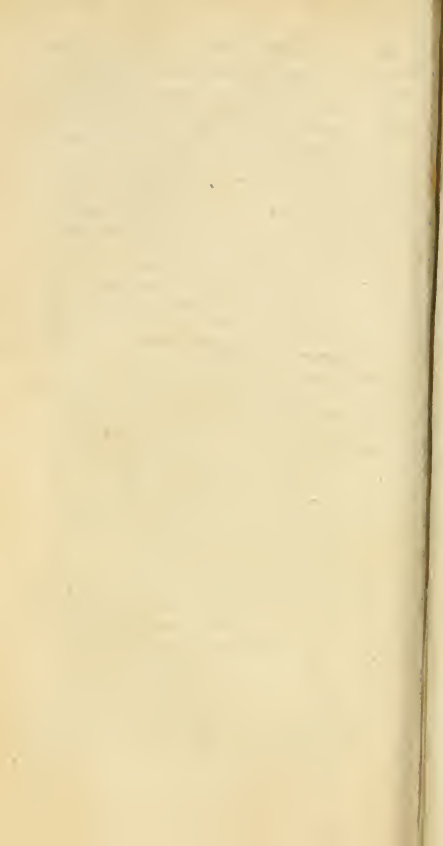
Lo! to Jerusalem my course I take; 710
To Egypt thou thy purpos'd journey make:
Thou with the early rays of morning light;
But I, impatient, with the friendly night.

Well may th' Egyptian court my presence spare:
Suffice that thou the Christian's answer bear; 715
Be mine to mingle in the lov'd alarms
Of noble conflict, and the sound of arms.

Thus he, ambassador of peace who came,
Departs a foe in action and in name:
Nor heeds the warrior, in his haughty mind, 720
The ancient laws of nations and mankind:
Nor for Alethes' answer deign'd to stay,
But through surrounding shades pursu'd his way,
And sought the town, impatient of delay.

Now had the Night her drowsy pinions spread! 725
The winds were hush'd; the weary waves were dead;
The fish repos'd in seas and crystal floods;
The beasts retir'd in covert of the woods;
The painted birds in grateful silence slept;
And o'er the world a sweet oblivion crept. 730

But not the faithful host, with thought oppress'd,
Nor could their leader taste the gift of rest:
Such ardent wishes in their bosoms burn;
So eager were they for the day's return;
To lead their forces to the hallow'd town, 735
The soldier's triumph, and the victor's crown!
With longing eyes they wait the morning light,
To chase with early beams the dusk of night.



THE
THIRD BOOK

OF


JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



THE Christian army arrives before Jerusalem. The alarm is given to the Saracens, who prepare for the reception of the enemy. Clorinda makes the first sally; she encounters and kills Gardo; she meets and engages with Tancred; a short interview ensues between them. In the mean time, Argantes falling on the Christians with a great slaughter, the action becomes more general. Erminia, from the walls, shows and describes to the king the several commanders of the Christian army. Rinaldo and Tancred perform great actions. Dudon, having signalized himself, is killed by Argantes. The Pagans, being closely pressed, are at last compelled to retreat to the city. Godfrey causes Dudon to be interred with funeral honours; and sends his workmen to fell timber for making engines to carry on the siege.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.



NOW from the golden east the Zephyrs borne,
Proclaim'd with balmy gales th' approach of morn ;
And fair Aurora deck'd her radiant head
With roses cropt from Eden's flowery bed ;
When from the sounding camp was heard afar 5
The noise of troops preparing for the war :
To this succeed the trumpet's loud alarms,
And rouze, with shriller notes, the host to arms.
The sage commander o'er their zeal presides,
And with a gentle rein their ardour guides. 10
Yet easier seem'd it, near Charybdis' caves,
To stay the current of the boiling waves ;
Or stop the north, that shakes the mountain's brow,
And whelms the vessels in the seas below.
He rules their order, marshals every band : 15
Rapid they move, but rapid with command.
With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound ;
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the sun ascends th' ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray ; 20
Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies !
Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes !
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim !
To sailors thus, who, wandering o'er the main, 25
Have long explor'd some distant coast in vain,

In seas unknown and foreign regions lost,
 By stormy winds and faithless billows tost,
 If chance at length th' expected land appear,
 With joyful shouts they hail it from afar ; 20
 They point, with rapture, to the wish'd-for shore,
 And dream of former toils and fears no more.

At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
 Each Christian bosom glow'd with full delight ;
 But deep contrition soon their joy suppress'd, 35
 And holy sorrow sadden'd every breast :

Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
 Where, cloth'd in flesh, their dear Redeemer lay :
 Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
 And where triumphant from the grave he rose ! 40

Each faltering tongue imperfect speech supplies,
 Each labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs :
 At once their mingled joys and griefs appear,
 And undistinguish'd murmurs fill the air.

So, when the grove the fanning wind receives, 45
 A whispering noise is heard among the leaves :
 So, near the craggy rocks or winding shore,
 In hollow sounds the broken billows roar.

Each took th' example as their chieftains led,
 With naked feet the hallow'd soil they tread : 50
 Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
 The crested helmets, with their plummy pride :

To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
 And down their cheeks the pious tears descend :
 Yet each, as if his breast no sorrow mov'd, 55
 In words like these his tardy grief reprov'd :

Here, where thy wounds, O Lord ! distill'd a flood,
 And dy'd the hallow'd soil with streaming blood,
 Shall not these eyes their grateful tribute shower,
 In sad memorial of that awful hour ? 60

Ah ! wherefore frozen thus my heart appears,
 Nor melts in fountains of perpetual tears !
 Why does my harden'd heart this temper keep ?
 Now mourn thy sins, thy Saviour's sufferings weep !

Meantime the watch that in the city stood, 65
 And from a lofty tower the country view'd,

Saw midst the fields a rising dust appear,
 That like a thickening cloud obscur'd the air;
 From whence, by fits, a flashing splendor came,
 And sudden gleams of momentary flame : 70
 Refulgent arms and armour next were seen,
 And steeds distinguish'd, and embattled men :
 Then thus aloud—What mist obscures the day ?
 What splendors in yon dusty whirlwind play ?
 Rise, rise, ye citizens ! your gates defend : 75
 Haste, snatch your weapons, and the walls ascend !
 Behold the foe at hand !—he said, and ceas'd :
 The Pagans heard, and snatch'd their arms in haste.
 The helpless children, and the female train,
 With feeble age that could not arms sustain, 80
 Pale and affrighted to the mosques repair,
 And humbly supplicate the powers with prayer.
 But those of limbs robust, and firm of soul,
 Already arm'd, impatient of control,
 Part line the gates, and part ascend the wall : 85
 The king with care provides, and orders all :
 From place to place he marshall'd every crew,
 Then to the summit of a tower withdrew,
 From whence in prospect lay the subject lands,
 From whence he could with ease direct the bands.
 And there Erminia by his side he plac'd, 91
 The fair Erminia, who his palace grac'd,
 Since Antioch fell before the Christian host,
 And her dear sire the hapless virgin lost.
 Now had Clorinda with impatient speed, 95
 T' attack the Franks, a chosen squadron led :
 But, in a different part, Circassia's knight
 Stood at a secret gate prepar'd for fight.
 The generous maid with looks intrepid fir'd
 Her brave companions, and with words inspir'd. 100
 'Tis ours to found the glorious work, (she cries)
 The hope of Asia in our courage lies !
 While thus she speaks, she sees a Christian band
 With rural spoils advancing o'er the land ;
 Who sent, as wont, to forage round the plain, 105
 Now seek with flocks and herds the camp again.

Sudden on these she turn'd ; their chief beheld
 Her threatening force, and met her in the field :
 Gardo his name, a man approv'd in fight,
 But weak his strength t' oppose Clorinda's might.
 Slain in the dreadful shock, on earth he lies, 111
 O'erthrown before the Franks' and Syrians' eyes.
 Loud, at the sight, exclaim the Pagan train,
 And hail this omen, but their hopes were vain !
 Fierce on the rest the warlike virgin flew, 115
 And pierc'd their battle, and their ranks o'erthrew ;
 And, where her slaughtering sword a passage hew'd,
 Her following troops the glorious path pursu'd.
 Soon from the spoilers' hands their spoil they take :
 The Franks, by slow degrees, the field forsake ; 120
 At length the summit of a hill they gain,
 And, aided by the height, the foes sustain.

Now, like a whirlwind rushing from the skies,
 Or swift as lightning through the ether flies,
 At Godfrey's signal, noble Tancred near 125
 His squadron moves, and shakes his beamy spear.
 So firm his hands the ponderous javelin wield,
 So fierce the youthful warrior scours the field ;
 The king, who view'd him from his towery height,
 Esteem'd him sure some chief renown'd in fight :
 Then to the maid beside him thus he spoke, 131
 (Whose gentle soul with soft emotions shook)
 Thou canst, by use, each Christian's name reveal,
 Though here disguis'd, and cas'd in shining steel :
 Say, who is he, so fierce in combat seen, 135
 Of dauntless semblance, and erected mien ?
 At this the virgin heav'd a tender sigh,
 The silent drops stood trembling in her eye :
 But, all she could, the fair her tears suppress'd,
 And stopp'd the murmurs of her troubled breast :
 Yet on her cheeks the trickling dews appear'd, 141
 And from her lips a broken sigh was heard.
 Then artful to the king she thus reply'd ;
 (And strove with angry words her thoughts to hide)
 Ah me ! I know him sure, have cause too well, 145
 Among a thousand, that dire chief to tell :

Oft have I seen him strow the purple plain,
 And glut his fury with my people slain!
 Alas! how sure his blows! the wounds they give,
 Nor herbs can heal, nor magic arts relieve: 150
 Tancred his name—O! grant some happier hour
 May yield him, living, prisoner to my pow'r!
 So might my soul some secret comfort find,
 And sweet revenge appease my restless mind!

She said, and ceas'd; the king the damsel heard,
 But to a different sense her speech referr'd; 156
 While, mingled with these artful words she spoke,
 A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.

Meanwhile, her lance in rest, the warrior-dame
 With eager haste t' encounter Tancred came. 160
 Their vizors struck, the spears in shivers flew;
 The virgin's face was left expos'd to view;
 The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;
 Hurl'd from her head, it bounded on the plain:
 Loose in the wind her golden tresses flow'd, 165
 And now a maid confess'd to all she stood;
 Keen flash her eyes, her look with fury glows;
 Yet, ev'n in rage, each feature lovely shows;
 What charms must then her winning smiles disclose?
 What thoughts, O Tancred! have thy bosom mov'd?
 Do'st thou not see and know that face belov'd? 171
 Lo! there the face that caus'd thy amorous pains;
 Ask thy foud heart, for there her form remains:
 Behold the features of the lovely dame,
 Who for refreshment to the fountain came! 175

The knight, who mark'd not first her crest and
 Astonish'd now her well-known face beheld. [shield,
 She, o'er her head disarm'd, the buckler threw,
 And on her senseless foe with fury flew:
 The foe retir'd; on other parts he turn'd 180
 His vengeful steel: yet still her anger burn'd;
 And with a threatening voice aloud she cry'd,
 And with a two-fold death the chief defy'd.
 Th' enamour'd warrior ne'er returns a blow,
 Nor heeds the weapon of his lovely foe; 185

But views, with eager gaze, her charming eyes,
 From whence the shaft of love unerring flies :
 Then to himself—In vain the stroke descends ;
 In vain her angry sword the wound intends ;
 While from her face unarm'd she sends the dart,
 That rives, with surer aim, my bleeding heart ! 191

At length resolv'd, though hopeless of relief,
 No more in silence to suppress his grief ;
 And that the dame might know her rage pursu'd
 A suppliant captive by her charms subdu'd ; 195
 O thou ! (he cry'd) whose hostile fury glows
 On me alone amid this host of foes,
 Together let us from the field remove,
 And, hand to hand, our mutual valour prove.

The maid his challenge heard, and void of fear,
 With head unarm'd rush'd furious to the war : 201
 Her trembling lover's steps in haste pursu'd,
 And now, prepar'd, in act of combat stood,
 Already aim'd a stroke ; when loud he cry'd ;
 First make conditions, ere the strife be try'd. 205

Awhile her lifted arm the virgin staid,
 And thus the youth, by love embolden'd, said :

Ah ! since on terms of peace thou wilt not join,
 Transfix this heart, this heart no longer mine :
 For thee with pleasure I resign my breath ; 210
 Receive my life, and triumph in my death.
 See unresisting in thy sight I stand ;

Then say what cause detains thy lingering hand ?
 Or shall I from my breast the corslet tear,
 And to the stroke my naked bosom bare ? 215

Thus wretched Tancred spoke, and more had said
 T' unfold his sorrows to the wondering maid ;
 But sudden now his troops appear'd at hand,
 Who closely press'd the Pagan's yielding band :
 Or fear or art impell'd the Syrian race ; 220
 One seem'd to fly, while t' other held the chace.
 When lo ! a soldier, who his foes pursu'd,
 And, part expos'd, the fair Clorinda view'd,
 Aim'd, as he pass'd behind th' unwary maid,
 A sudden stroke at her defenceless head. 225

Tancred, who sees, exclaims with eager cries,
And with his sword to meet the weapon flies.
Yet not in vain was urg'd the hostile steel,
On her fair neck, beneath her head, it fell:
Slight was the wound: the crimson drops appear,
And tinge the ringlets of her golden hair. 231
So shines the gold, which skillful artists frame,
And, mix'd with rubies, darts a ruddy flame.
Fir'd at the deed, the prince in anger burn'd,
And, with his falchion, on th' offender turn'd. 235
This flies, and that pursues with vengeful mind,
Swift as an arrow on the wings of wind!
The musing virgin view'd their course from far,
Then join'd her flying partners of the war.
By turns she flies; by turns she makes a stand; 240
And boldly oft attacks the Christian band.
So fares a bull, with mighty strength endu'd,
In some wide field by troops of dogs pursu'd;
Oft as he shows his horns, the fearful train
Stop short, but follow when he flies again. 245
And still Cloriuda, as she fled the field,
Her head defended with her lifted shield.
Now these the battle fly, and those pursue,
Till near the lofty walls appear in view;
When, with a dreadful shout that fills the air, 250
The Pagans, turning swift, renew the war:
Around the plain in circuit wide they bend,
And flank the Christians, and their rear offend.
Then bold Argantes, from the city's height,
Pours, with his squadron, on the front of fight. 255
Impatient of delay, before his crew,
With furious haste, the fierce Circassian flew.
The first he met his thundering javelin found,
And horse and horseman tumbled to the ground:
And ere the trusty spear in shivers broke, 260
What numbers more an equal fate partook!
His falchion next he drew, and every blow,
Or slays, or wounds, or overturns the foe!
Clorinda saw, and kindled at the view,
And old Ardelius, fierce in battle, slew: 265

Robust in age! two sons their father guard;
 But nought can now the deadly weapon ward.
 Alcander, eldest born, her fury found,
 His sire deserting with a ghastly wound:
 And Poliphernes, next his place in fight, 270
 Scarce sav'd his life from brave Clorinda's might.

But Tancred, weary'd with the fruitless chace
 Of him whose courser fled with swifter pace,
 Now turn'd his eyes, and saw his troops from far
 Engag'd too boldly in unequal war: 275
 He view'd them by surrounding Pagans press'd,
 And spurr'd his courser to their aid in haste.

Nor he alone, but to their rescue came
 The band the first in dangers as in fame;
 The band by Dudon led, the hero's boast, 280
 The strength and bulwark of the Christian host.

Rinaldo, bravest of the brave confess'd,
 Like flashing lightning shone before the rest!
 Erminia soon the gallant prince beheld,
 Known by the eagle in an azure field. 285

Then to the king who thither turn'd his eyes:
 Behold a chief, unmatch'd in arms! (she cries)
 No sword like his in yonder camp is seen,
 Yet scarce appears the down to shade his chin.
 Six champions more, his equals in the field, 290
 Had made already conquer'd Syria yield:

The furthest regions had confess'd their sway,
 The distant realms beneath the rising day!
 And ev'n the Nile, perhaps, his head unknown
 Had vainly then conceal'd, the yoke to shun! 295

Such is the youth! his name Rinaldo call—
 Whose hand with terror shakes the threaten'd wall!

Now turn your eyes, and yonder chief behold,
 Array'd in verdant arms and shining gold:
 Dudon his name, (the gallant bands he leads, 300
 Adventurers call'd, and first in martial deeds)

Of nobler lineage, with experience crown'd,
 In age superior, as in worth renown'd.
 See where yon leader clad in sable stands,
 (Whose brother holds the rule of Norway's lands)

B. III. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 95

Gernando fierce, of no unwarlike name, 306
 But with his pride he sullies all his fame.
 The friendly couple, who, in vesture white,
 So close together sharè the task of fight,
 Are Edward and Gildippe, (blameless pair!) 310
 In love unequall'd, and renown'd in war!

While thus she spoke; upon the plain below,
 They saw more deep the dreadful carnage grow:
 There Tancred and Rinaldo's furious hands
 Pierc'd the thick ranks, and broke th' opposing bands.
 Next, with his squadron, Dudon rush'd along, 316
 And pour'd impetuous on the hostile throng.
 Ev'n fierce Argantes, tumbled to the ground
 By brave Rinaldo, scarce his safety found:
 Nor had the haughty chief escap'd so well, 320
 But lo! Rinaldo's horse that instant fell,
 And chancing on his master's foot to light,
 Detain'd awhile the champion from the fight.
 The routed Pagans, now oppress'd with dread,
 Forsook their ranks, and to the city fled. 325
 Alone Clorinda and Argantes bear
 The raging storm that thunders on the rear.
 Intrepid, these maintain their dangerous post,
 And break the fury of the conquering host:
 Their daring hands the foremost battle meet, 330
 Bid slaughter pause, and cover the retreat.
 Impetuous Dudon chas'd the flying crew,
 And fierce Tigranes, with a shock, o'erthrew;
 Then through his neck the sword a passage found,
 And left the carcæse headless on the ground. 335
 In vain his cuirass steel'd Algazor wore;
 Corbano's temper'd casque avail'd no more!
 This through the nape and face the weapon press'd;
 That, through the back, and issu'd at his breast.
 Then Amurath and Mahomet he slew; 340
 Their souls reluctant from their bodies flew.
 The stern Almanzor next his valour prov'd;
 And scarce secure the great Circassian mov'd.
 Argantes rav'd, his breast with fury burn'd,
 And oft, retreating, on the foe he turn'd; 345

Till with a sudden stroke the chief he found,
 And in his flank impress'd a mortal wound.
 Prone falls the leader, stretch'd on earth he lies,
 An iron sleep invades his swimming eyes :
 And thrice he strives to view the light in vain, 350
 And on his arms his sinking bulk sustain :
 Thrice backward falls, and sickens at the sight,
 And shuts at length his eyes in endless night :
 A chilly sweat o'er all his body streams ;
 A mortal coldness numbs his stiffening limbs. 355
 The fierce Argantes stay'd not o'er the dead,
 But, turning to the Franks, aloud he said :

Warriors, attend ! survey this bloody sword,
 But yester's sun the present of your lord !
 Mark how this hand has try'd its use to-day : 360
 Haste ! to his ears the glad report convey :
 What secret pleasure must your leader feel,
 To find his glorious gift approv'd so well !
 Bid him, to nobler purpose soon address'd,
 Expect this weapon bury'd in his breast ; 365
 And should he long delay our force to meet,
 This hand shall tear him from his dark retreat.

Boastful he spoke ; enrag'd the Christians hear,
 And furious round him drive the thickening war :
 But he already, with the flying crew, 370
 Safe in the shelter of the town withdrew.

Now from the wall the close defenders pour
 Their stones, like storm of hail, a missile show'r ;
 Unnumber'd quivers shafts for bows supply ;
 And clouds of arrows from the ramparts fly ! 375
 Awhile they force th' advancing Franks to stand,
 Till in the gates retreat the Pagan band ;
 When lo ! Rinaldo came, (who now had freed
 His foot encumber'd by his fallen steed)
 Eager he rush'd, on proud Argantes' head 380
 To take revenge for hapless Dudon dead.
 Through all the ranks, inspiring rage, he flies :
 Why stand we lingering here ? (the warrior cries)
 Lost is the chief who rul'd our band of late,
 Why haste we not t' avenge the leader's fate ? 385

When such a cause our vengeful force demands,
 Shall these weak ramparts stop our conqu'ring
 Did walls of triple steel the town enclose, [hands?
 Or adamantine bulwarks guard the foes,
 Yet vainly there should hope to lurk secure 390
 The fierce Argantes from your watchful power.—
 Haste! let us storm the gates.—He said, and flew,
 With foremost speed, before the warring crew:
 Dauntless he goes, nor falling stones he fears,
 Nor storms of arrows, hissing round his ears: 395
 So fierce he nods his crest, so towers on high,
 Such lightning flashes from his angry eye;
 The Pagans on the walls, with doubts oppress'd,
 Feel sudden terrors rise in every breast.

While thus Rinaldo to the battle moves, 400
 And these encourages, and those reproves;
 Behold, dispatch'd by Godfrey's high commands,
 The good Sigero stopp'd th' advancing bands:
 He, in the leader's name, repress'd their heat,
 And bade the Christians from the field retreat. 405
 Return, ye warriors! (thus aloud he cry'd)
 Till fitter season lay your arms aside:

This Godfrey wills, and be his will obey'd.—
 He said: Rinaldo then his ardour staid,
 And stern obedience to the summons paid. 410
 He turn'd; but his disdainful looks reveal'd
 The fury in his breast but ill conceal'd.

Now from the walls th' unwilling squadrons go,
 Retiring, unmolested by the foe;
 Let leave not Dudon's corse, in battle slain, 415
 Depriv'd of rites, neglected on the plain:
 Transported in their arms with pious care,
 His faithful friends their honour'd burthen bear.
 Meantime aloft their leader, Godfrey, stood,
 And from a rising ground the city view'd. 420

On two unequal hills the city stands,
 A vale between divides the higher lands.
 Three sides without impervious to the foes:
 On the northern side an easy passage shows, 424

With smooth ascent ; but well they guard the part
With lofty walls, and labour'd works of art.

The city, lakes and living spring contains,
And cisterns to receive the falling rains :
But bare of herbage is the country round ; 429
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.

No tender flower exalts its cheerful head,
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread ;
Save where, two leagues remote, a wood appears,
Embrown'd with noxious shade, the growth of years ?

Where morning gilds the city's eastern side, 435
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide.

Extended lie, against the setting day,
The sandy borders of the midland sea :
Samaria to the north, and Bethel's wood,
Where to the golden calf the altar stood : 440

And on the rainy south, the hallow'd earth
Of Bethl'em, where the Lord receiv'd his birth..

While Godfrey thus, above the subject field,
The lofty walls and Siol's strength beheld ; 444
And ponder'd where t' encamp his martial pow'rs,
And where he best might storm the hostile tow'rs ;

Full on the chief Erminia cast a look,
Then show'd him to the king, and thus she spoke :

There Godfrey stands, in purple vesture seen,
Of regal presence, and exalted mien. 450

He seems by nature born to kingly sway,
Vers'd in each art to make mankind obey :
Well skill'd alike in every task of fight :

In whom the soldier and the chief unite :
Nor can the troops of yonder numerous host, 455
A wiser head or steadier courage boast.

Raymond alone with him the praise can share
Of wisdom in the cool debates of war ;
Tancred alone, and great Rinaldo, claim
An equal glory in the field of fame. 460

All tongues (reply'd the king) his worth report ;
I saw and knew him at the Gallic court,
When Egypt sent me envoy into France :
Oft in the lists I saw him wield the lance ;

B. III. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 99

A stripling then, for scarce the down began 465
To clothe his cheeks, the promise of a man!
Yet did his words and early deeds presage,
Too sure, alas! his fame in riper age!

Sighing he spoke, and hung his pensive head,
Then rais'd his eyes again, and thus he said. 470

Say, what is he who stands by Godfrey's side,
His upper garments with vermilion dy'd?
How near his air, his looks how much the same;
Though short his stature, less erect his frame!
'Tis Baldwin, brother to the prince (she cry'd) 475
In feature like, but more by deeds ally'd.

Now turn thy eyes where, with a reverend mien,
In act to council, yonder chief is seen:
Raymond is he, in every conduct sage,
Mature in wisdom of experienc'd age: 480

None better warlike stratagemis can frame,
Of all the Gallic or the Latian name.
Beyond, the British monarch's son behold,
The noble William, with the casque of gold.
Next Guelpho, whom his birth and actions raise, 485
Among the foremost names to equal praise:

Full well I know the chief, to sight confess'd,
By his broad shoulders and his ample chest.
But still, amidst yon numerous troops below,
Thy eyes explore in vain their deadliest foe; 490
Raymond, whose fury all my race pursued,
The stern destroyer of my royal blood!

Thus commune they: while from the hill descends
The Christian chief, and joins his warlike friends.
The city view'd, he deems th' attempt were vain, 495
E'er craggy rocks the steepy pass to gain.

When on the ground, that rose with smooth ascent,
Against the northern gate he pitch'd his tent:
And thence proceeding to the corner tow'r,
Encamp'd in length the remnant of his pow'r; 500

It could not half the city's wall inclose,
Wide around the spacious bulwarks rose.
But Godfrey well secures each sev'ral way
At night assistance to the town convey;

To seize on every pass his care he bends, 505
 And round with trenches deep the camp defends.

These works perform'd, his steps the hero turn'd,
 Where lay the breathless corse of Dudon mourn'd :
 Arriv'd, the lifeless leader prone he found,
 With many weeping friends encompass'd round. 510

High on a stately bier the dead was plac'd,
 With funeral pomp and friendly honours grac'd.
 When Godfrey enter'd, soon the mournful crowd
 Indulged their secret woes, and wept aloud ;
 While, with a face compos'd, the pious chief 515

Beheld in silence, and suppress'd his grief ;
 Till, having view'd awhile the warrior dead,
 With thoughtful looks intent, at length he said :
 Nor plaints, nor sorrow, to thy death we owe,
 Though call'd so sudden from our world below : 520

In heaven thou liv'st again ; thy mortal name
 Has left behind thee glorious tracks of fame.
 Well hast thou kept on earth the Christian laws ;
 Well hast thou died, a warrior in their cause !
 Now, happy shade ! enjoy thy Maker's sight, 525
 Unfading laurels now thy toils requite !

Hail, and be bless'd ! we mourn not here thy fate,
 But weep the chance of our deserted state.
 With thee, so bravely parting from our host,
 How strong a sinew of the camp is lost ! 530

But tho' the fate, which snatch'd thee from our eyes,
 Thy earthly succour to our cause denies,
 Thy soul can yet celestial aids obtain,
 Elected one of Heaven's immortal train.

Oft have we seen thee in th' embattled field, 535
 A mortal then, thy mortal weapons wield ;
 So hope we still to see thee wield in fight
 The fatal arms of Heav'n's resistless might.

O ! hear our prayers : our pious vows receive :
 With pity all our earthly toils relieve : 540
 Procure us conquest, and our host shall pay
 Their thanks to thee on that triumphant day.

Thus spoke the chief : and now the sable night
 Had banish'd ev'ry beam of cheerful light ;

B. III. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 101

And, with oblivion sweet of irksome cares, 545
Impos'd a truce on mortal plaints and tears.

But sleepless Godfrey lay, who saw 'twere vain
'T' attempt, without machines, the walls to gain :
What forest might the ample planks provide, 549
And how to frame the piles, his thoughts employ'd.

Up with the sun he rose, and left his bed,
'T' attend the funeral rites of Dudon dead.
Near to the camp, beneath a hillock, stood
The stately tomb, compos'd of cypress-wood ;
Above, a palm-tree spread its verdant shade : 555
To this the mourning troop the corpse convey'd.
With these the holy priests (a reverend train!)
A requiem chanted to the warrior slain.

High on the boughs were hung, display'd to sight,
The various arms and ensigns won in fight ; 560
In happier times, the trophies of his hands,
Gain'd from the Syrian and the Persian bands.
The mighty trunk his shining cuirass bore,
And all those arms which once the hero wore. 564
Then on the sculptur'd tomb these words appear :
" Here Dudon lies—the glorious chief revere !"

Soon as the prince these pious rites had paid,
(The last sad office to the worthy dead)
He sent his workmen to the woods, prepar'd
And well supported with a num'rous guard. 570
Conceal'd in lowly vales the forest stands,
A Syrian shew'd it to the Christian bands.
To this they march to hew the timbers down,
To shake the ramparts of the hallow'd town.
To fell the trees each other they provoke : 575
Th' insulted forest groans at ev'ry stroke.
Cut by the biting axe, on earth are laid
The pliant ash, the beech's spreading shade.
The sacred palm, the fun'ral cypress, fall ;
The broad-leav'd sycamore, the plantain tall. 580
The married elm his nodding head declines,
Around whose trunk the vine her tendril twines.
Some fell'd the pine ; the oak while others hew'd,
Whose leaves a thousand changing springs renew'd ;

Whose stately bulk a thousand winters stood, 585
And scorn'd the winds that rend the lofty wood.
Some on the creaking wheels with labour stow'd
The unctuous fir, and cedar's fragrant load.
Scar'd at the sounding axe, and cries of men,
Birds quit the nest, and beasts forsake the den! 590

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



PLUTO calls a council of the infernal powers. His speech to urge them to employ their machinations against the Christians. *Hidraotes*, king of Damascus, incited by a demon, sends his niece *Armida* to the Christian camp. She is introduced to *Godfrey*; and endeavours, by a feigned story of her misfortunes, to raise his compassion. Many of the chiefs, touched with her pretended sorrows, and inflamed with her beauty, are very pressing with *Godfrey* to permit them to engage in her cause. He at length yields to their request. *Armida*, during her residence in the camp, captivates, by her arts, almost all the principal commanders.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

WHILE these intent their vast machines prepare
T' assail the city with decisive war ;
The foe of man, whose malice ever burns,
His livid eyes upon the Christians turns :
He sees what mighty works their care engage, 5
And grinds his teeth, and foams with inward rage ;
And, like a wounded bull with pain oppress'd,
Deep groans re-bellow from his hideous breast.
Then, bending every thought his schemes to frame,
For swift destruction on their hated name ; 10
He summon'd in his court, to deep debate,
A horrid council of th' infernal state,
Insensate wretch ! as if th' attempt were light
To oppose JENOVAH's will, and dare his might :
Oh ! too forgetful how the vengeful hand 15
Of Heav'n's Eternal hurls the forked brand !
The trumpet now, with hoarse resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death :
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound ;
The air re-echoes to the noise around ! 20
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll ;
Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth !
The Gods of hell the awful signal heard, 25
And, thronging round the lofty gates, appear'd

In various shapes, tremendous to the view!
 What terror from their threatening eyes they threw!
 Some, cloven feet with human faces wear,
 And curling snakes compose their dreadful hair; 30
 And from behind is seen, in circles cast,
 A serpent's tail, voluminous and vast!
 A thousand Harpies foul and Centaurs here,
 And Gorgons pale, and Sphinxes dire, appear:
 Unnumber'd Scyllas, barking, rend the air: 35
 Unnumber'd Pythons hiss, and Hydras glare!
 Chimeras here are found ejecting flame,
 Huge Polypheme, and Geryon's triple frame;
 And many more of mingled kind were seen,
 All monstrous forms, unknown to mortal men! 40

In order seated, now th' infernal band
 Inclos'd their grisly king on either hand.
 Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate;
 His arms sustain'd the massy sceptre's weight.
 Nor rock, nor mountain, lifts its head so high: 45
 Ev'n towering Atlas, that supports the sky,
 A hillock, if compar'd with him, appears,
 When his large front and ample horns he rears!
 A horrid majesty his looks express'd,
 Which scatter'd terror, and his pride increas'd: 50
 His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,
 And, like a comet, cast a dismal glare;
 A length of beard descending o'er his breast,
 In rugged curls, conceals his hairy chest;
 And like a whirlpool in the roaring flood, 55
 Wide gapes his mouth obscene with clotted blood.
 As smoky fires from burning Ætna rise,
 And streaming sulphur, that infects the skies:
 So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came,
 With pestilential breath and ruddy flame: 60
 And, while he spoke, fierce Cerberus forbore
 His triple bark, and Hydra ceas'd to roar;
 Cocytus stay'd his course; th' abysses shook;
 When from his lips these thund'ring accents broke
 Tartarean pow'rs! more worthy of a place 65
 Above the sun, whence spring your glorious race!

Who lost with me, in one disastrous fight,
 Yon blissful seats, and realms of endless light !
 Too well our former injuries are known,
 Our bold attempt against th' Almighty's throne : 70
 See, now he rules at will the crystal sphere,
 And we the name of rebel angels bear ;
 And (sad reverse !) exil'd from cloudless days,
 The golden sun above, and starry rays,
 He shuts us here in dreary glooms immur'd, 75
 Our purpose thwarted, and our fame obscur'd ;
 And now elects (a thought that stings me more
 Than all the pains I e'er endur'd before)
 To fill our station, man, of abject birth,
 A creature fashion'd of the dust of earth ! 80
 Nor this suffic'd ; his only Son he gave
 (T' oppress us more) a victim to the grave ;
 Who came, and burst th' infernal gates in twain,
 And boldly enter'd Pluto's fated reign ;
 And thence releas'd the souls, by lot our due, 85
 And with his spoils to Heav'n victorious flew :
 Triumphant there, our dire disgrace to tell,
 He spreads the banners wide of conquer'd Hell !
 But wherefore should I thus renew our woe ?
 And who are those but must our sufferings know ? 90
 Was there a time that e'er our foe we saw
 The purpose, which his wrath pursu'd, withdraw ?
 Then cast each thought of former wrongs behind,
 And let the present outrage fill the mind :
 See now what arts he practises to gain 95
 The nations round to worship in his fane !
 And shall we lie neglectful of our name,
 Nor just revenge our kindling breasts inflame ?
 And tamely thus behold, in Asia's lands,
 New vigour added to his faithful bands ? 100
 Beneath his yoke shall Sion's city bend,
 And further still his envied fame extend ?
 Shall other tongues be taught to sound his praise ?
 For him shall others tune their grateful lays ?
 Shall other monuments his laws proclaim ? 105
 New sculptur'd brass and marble bear his name ?

Our broken idols cast to earth, and scorn'd ?
 Our altars to his hated worship turn'd ?
 To him shall gifts of myrrh and gold be made ?
 To him alone be vows and incense paid ? 110
 Where ev'ry temple once ador'd our pow'r,
 Their gates be open to our arts no more ?
 Such numerous souls no longer tribute pay,
 And Pluto here an empty kingdom sway ?
 Ah! no—our former courage still we boast ; 115
 That dauntless spirit which inspir'd our host,
 When, girt with flames and steel, in dire alarms
 We durst oppose the King of Heav'n in arms !
 'Tis true we lost the day (so fate ordain'd)
 But still the glory of th' attempt remain'd : 120
 To him was giv'n the conquest of the field ;
 To us, superior minds that scorn'd to yield—
 But wherefore thus your well-known zeal detain ?
 Go, faithful peers and partners of my reign,
 My pride and strength ! our hated foes oppress, 125
 And crush their empire ere its pow'r increase :
 Haste (ere destruction end Judæa's name)
 And quench the fury of this growing flame ;
 Mix in their councils, fraud and force employ,
 With ev'ry art industrious to destroy : 130
 Let what I will be fate ; let some be slain,
 Some wander exiles from their social train ;
 Some, sunk the slaves of Love's lascivious pow'r,
 An amorous eye or dimpled smile adore.
 Against its master turn th' insensate steel, 135
 And teach discordant legions to rebel.
 Perish the camp, in final ruin lost,
 And perish all remembrance of the host !
 Scarce had the tyrant ceas'd, when sudden rose
 The raging band of God's rebellious foes ; 140
 And, eager to review the cheerful light,
 They rush'd impatient from the shades of night.
 As sounding tempests with impetuous force
 Burst from their native caves, with furious course,
 To blot the lustre of the gladsome day, 145
 And pour their vengeance on the land and sea :

So these from realm to realm their pinions spread,
 And o'er the world their baneful venom shed;
 And all their hellish arts and frauds apply'd,
 In various shapes and forms before untry'd. 150
 Say, Muse! from whence, and how, the fiends began
 To vent their fury on the Christain train;
 For well to thee each secret work is known,
 Which Fame to us transmits but faintly down.

O'er wide Damascus and the neighb'ring land, 155
 A fam'd magician, Hidraotes, reign'd;
 Who, from his youth, his early studies bent
 T' explore the seeds of ev'ry dark event:
 But, fruitless still! not all his arts declare
 The secret issue of the dubious war: 160
 Nor fix'd nor wandering stars by aspects tell,
 Nor truth he finds from oracles of hell.

And yet (O knowledge of presuming man,
 Of thought fallacious and of judgment vain!) 164
 He deem'd that Heav'n would sure destruction show'r
 To crush the Christians' still unconquer'd pow'r;
 His fancy view'd at length their army lost,
 And palms and laurels for th' Egyptian host:
 Hence sprung a wish his subject bands might share,
 With these, the spoils and glory of the war: 170
 But, since the valour of the Franks was known,
 He fear'd the conquest would be dearly won.

Now various schemes his wily thoughts employ'd
 To sow dissention, and their force divide:
 So might his troops, with Egypt's numbers join'd,
 An easier field against the Christians find. 176
 While thus he thought, th' apostate angel came,
 And added fuel to his impious flame;
 And sudden with infernal counsels fir'd
 His restless bosom, and his soul inspir'd. 180

A damsel for his niece the monarch own'd,
 Whose matchless charms were through the East re-
 To her was every art of magic known, [nown'd.
 And all the wiles of womankind her own.
 To her the king th' important task assign'd, 185
 And thus reveal'd the purpose of his mind.

O! thou, my best belov'd! whose youthful charms,
 (Sweet smiles and graces, Love's resistless arms!)
 A manly mind and thoughts mature conceal;
 Whose arts in magic ev'n my own excel; 190
 Great schemes I frame, nor shall those schemes be
 Assist but thou the labours of my brain. [vain,
 Then heed my counsel, in the task engage,
 And execute the plan of cautious age.
 Go, seek the hostile camp: and there improve 195
 Each female artifice that kindles love:
 With speaking sorrows bathe thy powerful eyes;
 And mix thy tender plaints with broken sighs:
 For beauty, by misfortune's hand oppress'd,
 Can fashion to her will the hardest breast. 200
 With bashful mien relate the plausible tale;
 With shew of truth the secret falsehood veil.
 Use every art of words and winning smiles
 T' allure the leader, Godfrey, to thy toils:
 That thus, a slave to love and beauty won, 205
 His soul may loath his enterprize begun.
 But if the Fates this snare shall render vain,
 In flame the boldest of the warrior train;
 And lead them distant from the camp afar,
 Ne'er to return and mingle in the war. 210
 All ways are just to guard religion's laws,
 All means are lawful in our country's cause!
 The great attempt Armida's bosom warms,
 (Proud of her bloom and more than mortal charms:)
 She thence, at evening's close, departs alone 215
 Through solitary paths and ways unknown:
 And trusts, in female vests and beauty bright,
 To conquer armies unsubdu'd in fight.
 But various rumours of her flight, diffus'd
 With purpos'd art, the vulgar crowd amus'd. 220
 Few days were past, when near the damsel drew
 To where the Christian tents appear'd in view.
 Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,
 Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.
 So mortals, through the midnight fields of air, 225
 Observe the blaze of some unusual star.

Sudden they throng to view th' approaching dame,
 Eager to learn her message and her name.
 Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast,
 Could e'er a form or mien so lovely boast. 230
 Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight,
 Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light ;
 And now, unveil'd, in open view they flow'd ;
 So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,
 So from the cloud again redeems his ray, 235
 And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.
 In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,
 That catch new graces from the sportive air :
 Declin'd on earth, her modest look denies
 To show the starry lustre of her eyes : 240
 O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,
 And stains her ivory skin with lovely red :
 Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose ;
 The native odours of the budding rose !
 Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms, 245
 Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms :
 Her smooth and swelling breasts are part reveal'd,
 And part beneath her envious vest conceal'd ;
 Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,
 No robes oppos'd can amorous thoughts restrain :
 The gazer, fir'd with charms already shown, 251
 Explores the wonders of the charms unknown.
 As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,
 The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light :
 So through her vest can daring fancy glide, 225
 And view what modesty attempts to hide ;
 Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,
 And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires !
 Thus pass'd Armida through th' admiring crowd,
 (With secret joy her heart exulting glow'd) 260
 She read their thoughts, and various wiles design'd,
 And schemes of future conquest fill'd her mind.
 While in suspense her cautious eyes explor'd
 Some guide to lead her to the Christian lord,
 Before her sight the young Eustatius stands, 265
 Great Godfrey's brother, who the host commands :

Her beauty's blaze the warrior's breast alarms,
 He stays, and, wond'ring, gazes on her charms :
 At once the flames of love his soul inspire,
 As o'er the stubble runs the blazing fire. 270

Then bold through youth, by amorous passion press'd,
 He thus, with courtly words, the dame address'd :

Say, damsel! (if thou bear'st a mortal name,
 For sure thou seem'st not of terrestrial frame!
 Since Heaven ne'er gave to one of Adam's race 275
 So large a portion of celestial grace!)

What fortune bids thee to our camp repair ?

What fortune sends to us a form so fair ?

What art thou ? If of heavenly lineage say,
 So let me, prostrate, rightful homage pay. 280

Too far thy praise extends, (she made reply)

My merits ne'er attain'd a flight so high :

Thy eyes, O chief! a mortal wretch survey,

To pleasure dead, to grief a living prey!

Unhappy fate my footsteps hither led, 285

A fugitive forlorn, a wandering maid!

Godfrey I seek, on him my hopes depend,

Oppression's scourge, and injur'd virtue's friend !

Then, generous as thou seem'st, indulge my grief,
 And grant me audience of thy godlike chief. 290

Then he : A brother sure may gain his ear,

May lead thee to him, and thy suit prefer :

Thou hast not chosen ill, O lovely dame !

Some interest in the leader's breast I claim :

Use as thou wilt (nor deem in vain my word) 295

His powerful sceptre and his brother's sword.

He ceas'd, and brought her where, retir'd in state,
 Encircled by his chiefs, the Hero sate.

With awful reverence at his sight she bow'd,

Then seem'd abash'd with shame, and silent stood.

With gentle words the leader strove to cheer 301

Her drooping spirits, and dispel her fear :

Till thus she fram'd her tale with fraudulent art,

In accents sweet, that won the yielding heart.

Unconquer'd prince! whose far-resounding name

With every virtue fills the mouth of fame! 306

Whom kings themselves, subdu'd, with pride obey,
While vanquish'd nations glory in thy sway!
Known is thy valour, and thy worth approv'd,
By all esteem'd, and by thy foes bolov'd! 310
Ev'n those confide in him they fear'd before,
And, when distress'd, thy saving hand implore.
I, who a different faith from thine profess;
A faith obnoxious, which thy arms oppress;
Yet hope, by thee, t'ascend my rightful throne, 315
Where once my sires, in regal lustre, shone.
If, from their kindred, others aid demand,
T' oppose the fury of a foreign band;
I, since my friends no ties of pity feel,
Against my blood invoke the hostile steel. 320
On thee I call; in thee my hopes I place:
'Tis thine alone my abject state to raise.
No less a glory shall thy labours crown,
T' exalt the low, than pull the mighty down:
An equal praise the name of mercy yields 325
With routed squadrons in triumphant fields.
Oft hast thou snatch'd from kings the sov'reign
Win now a like renown, and mine restore. [power:
O may thy pitying grace my cause sustain,
Nor let me on thy help rely in vain! 330
Witness that Power, to all an equal God!
Thy aid was ne'er in juster cause bestow'd.
But hear me first my hapless fortune show,
And speak the treachery of a kindred foe.
In me the child of Arbilan survey, 335
Who o'er Damascus once maintain'd the sway:
He, sprung of humbler race, in marriage gain'd
Fair Chariclea, and the crown obtain'd:
But she, who rais'd him to the sov'reign state,
Ere I was born, receiv'd the stroke of fate. 340
One fatal day my mother snatch'd from earth;
The same, alas! beheld my hapless birth!
Five annual suns had scarce their influence shed,
Since from the world my dearest parent fled;
When, yielding to the fate of all mankind, 345
My sire in Heaven his faithful consort join'd.

The monarch, to a brother's guardian care,
 Consign'd his sceptre and his infant heir :
 In whom he deem'd he justly might confide,
 If ever virtue did in man reside. 350
 The kingdom's rule he seiz'd, but still he show'd
 A zeal for me, and for my country's good ;
 While all his actions seem'd th' effects to prove
 Of faith untainted, and paternal love.
 But thus, perchance, with shows of anxious zeal,
 He sought his traiterous purpose to conceal : 356
 Or else sincere, t' effect his deep design,
 My hand in marriage with his son to join.
 I grew in years, and with me grew his son ;
 In whom no knightly virtues ever shone : 360
 Rude was his aspect, ruder was his soul,
 Rapacious, proud, impatient of control ;
 Such was the man my guardian had decreed
 To share my kingdom and my nuptial bed.
 In vain to win me to his will he try'd ; 365
 I heard in silence, or his suit deny'd.
 One day he left me, when his looks confess'd
 Some fatal treason lurking in his breast ;
 Alas ! methought I then could clearly trace
 My future fortune in the tyrant's face : 370
 From thence what visions did my soul affright,
 Distract my sleep, and skim before my sight !
 O'er all my spirits hung a mournful gloom,
 A sure presage of every woe to come !
 Oft to my view appear'd my mother's ghost, 375
 A bloodless form, in tears and sorrows lost !
 Ah me ! far distant from her former look !
 Fly, fly, my daughter ! (thus the phantom spoke)
 For thee the murderous steel the tyrant bears :
 For thee his rage th' envenom'd bowl prepares ! 380
 But what avail'd these bodings of my mind ?
 Why was I warn'd to shun the ill design'd ?
 Could I, an helpless maid, resolve to roam,
 A willing exile from my native home ?
 A milder choice it seem'd, to close my sight 385
 In that dear place where first I saw the light.

Yet death I fear'd, and fear'd from death to fly ;
 Nor knew on whom for counsel to rely.
 To none I durst my secret thoughts relate, 389
 But liv'd in dread suspense, uncertain of my fate!
 Like one, who, every moment, thinks to feel
 On his defenceless head th' impending steel.
 But (whether fortune now was kinder grown,
 Or Heaven reserv'd me yet for woes unknown)
 A faithful courtier, who, with anxious cares, 395
 Had bred my father from his infant years,
 Touch'd with compassion for my death decreed,
 Reveal'd the tyrant's meditated deed ;
 And own'd himself th' elected minister
 That day the poison to my hand to bear. 400
 He bade me fly, if still I wish'd to live,
 And proffer'd every aid his power could give :
 With soothing words against my fears he wrought ;
 And soon confirm'd my undetermin'd thought :
 With him I then resolv'd, at parting light, 405
 To fly, and trust my safety to my flight.

'Twas now the hour that silence reign'd around,
 And welcome darkness hover'd o'er the ground ;
 When, unperceiv'd, I pass'd the palace gate ;
 (Two faithful maids companions of my fate) 410
 Yet with a tearful eye, and heavy mind,
 I left my dear paternal seat behind ;
 While, as my tardy feet their course pursu'd,
 With longing looks, my lov'd lost home I view'd.
 So seems a ship by sudden tempest tost, 415
 And torn, unwilling, from its friendly coast.
 All night, and all th' ensuing day, we pass'd
 Through pathless deserts, and a dreary waste :
 Till, seated on the borders of the land,
 A castle's safe retreat at length we gain'd. 420
 Here dwelt Arontes, who with pious truth
 Preserv'd my life, the guardian of my youth.

But when the traitor saw his treason vain,
 And found me thus escap'd his deathful train,
 He, with inveterate rage and fraudulent mind, 425
 Accus'd us of a crime himself design'd.

My bribes (he said) had false Arontes wrought
 To mingle deadly poison in his draught :
 That, when he could no more my will restrain,
 To loose desires my soul might give the rein. 430
 Ah! first let lightning on my head descend,
 Ere, sacred virtue, I thy laws offend!
 With grief the tyrant on my throne I view'd,
 And saw him thirsting still to shed my blood ;
 But, more than all, I mourn'd my virgin name 435
 Traduc'd, dishonour'd, made the sport of fame!
 The wretch, who fear'd the vulgar herd enrag'd,
 With plausible tales the public ear engag'd ;
 That, dubious of the truth, in deep suspense,
 The city rose not in their queen's defence. 440
 Thus, while he feigns a zeal t' efface the shame
 My crimes have brought upon the regal name,
 He seeks my ruin, which he knows alone
 Can fix the basis of his tottering throne.
 And, ah! the wretch too sure success will find 445
 In the dire purpose of his ruthless mind!
 Since tears are vain, my blood must quench his rage,
 Unless thy mercy in my cause engage.
 To thee, O mighty chief! I fly for aid,
 An ill-starr'd orphan, and an helpless maid! 450
 O! let these tears, that have thy feet bedew'd,
 Prevent th' effusion of my guiltless blood!
 O! by those feet that tread the proud in dust!
 By that right-hand that ever helps the just!
 By all the laurels that thy arms have won! 455
 By every temple in yon hallow'd town!
 In pity grant what thou alone canst give;
 Restore my crown, in safety bid me live!—
 But what from pity can I hope to prove,
 If piety and justice fail to move! 460
 Thou, to whom Heaven and fate decree to will
 Whate'er is just, and what thou wilt'st, fulfil;
 O! stretch thy hand, my threaten'd life retrieve,
 And, in return, my kingdom's crown receive.
 Among the numbers that thy arms attend, 465
 Let ten selected chiefs my cause befriend;

These, with my people and paternal train,
 May well suffice my ancient seat to gain :
 For he, to whom is given the portals' care,
 Will, at my word, by night the gates unbar; 470
 By his advice t' implore thy aid I came:
 Thy least of succours will his hopes inflame :
 So much his soul reveres thy arms and name.

She said ; and, ceasing, waited his reply
 With silent eloquence and downcast eye. 475

But various thoughts revolv'd in Godfrey's mind,
 Now here, now there, his dubious heart inclin'd :
 He fear'd the hostile guiles ; for well he knew
 How little trust to Pagan faith was due :
 But tender pity still his soul confess'd, 480
 Pity, that sleeps not in a noble breast.

Nor this alone within his bosom wrought ;
 The common good employ'd his useful thought :
 He saw th' advantage that his arms might gain,
 Should fair Armida o'er Damascus reign : 485

Who thence, her state dependent on his hands,
 Might furnish every aid the time demands,
 Against th' Egyptians and auxiliar bands.
 While thus he paus'd, the dame attentive stood,
 Dwelt on his face and every gesture view'd ; 490

But when she found his speech so long delay'd,
 Her frequent sighs her doubts and fears betray'd.
 At length the leader her request denies ;

Yet thus with mild and gracious words replies :
 If God, whose holy service arms our band, 495

Did not, ev'n now, our pious swords demand :
 Well might thy hopes expect the wish'd success,
 Nor find our pity only, but redress.

But, while yon city walls and chosen flock
 We seek to free from proud oppression's yoke ; 500

It ill befits to turn aside our force,
 And stop our conquests in the middle course.

Yet here to thee my solemn faith I give,
 And in that pledge do thou securely live ;
 If e'er, indulgent to our arms, 'tis given 505

To free those holy walls, belov'd of Heaven!

Then will we place thee in thy native lands,
 As justice bids, and piety commands :
 But piety, like this, must impious show,
 If first we pay not what to God we owe. 510

At this unwelcome speech the damsel turn'd
 Her eyes awhile to earth, and silent mourn'd ;
 Then rais'd them slow, with pearly drops bedew'd,
 And thus, with pleading looks, her plaint renew'd.

Ah, wretch ! did ever Heav'n on one bestow 515
 A life so fix'd in never ending woe ;
 That others even their nature shall forget,
 Ere I subdue the rigour of my fate !

Why should I weep, since hopes no more remain,
 And prayers assail the human breast in vain ? 520

Or will my savage foe his ears incline
 To griefs, that fail to move a mind like thine ?

Yet think not that my words thy heart accuse,
 Whose firm resolves so small an aid refuse :

Heaven I accuse ; from thence my sorrows flow : 525

Heaven steels thy heart against a virgin's woe !
 Not thou, O chief ! but Fate this aid denies.—

Then let me view no more the hated skies.—
 Suffic'd it not (by unrelenting doom)

To lose my parents in their early bloom ! 530

But, exil'd, must I lead a wandering life,

Or fall a victim to the murderer's knife ?

Since the chaste laws, by which our sex is ty'd,

Amidst your camp forbid me to reside,

Where shall I fly ? what friendly powers engage ?

How save my person from the tyrant's rage ? 536

No forts but open to his fury lie——

Then wherefore hesitates my soul to die ?

And, since 'tis vain with fortune to contend,

This hand at once my life and woes shall end. 540

She ceas'd ; and turn'd aside with regal grace :

A generous anger kindling in her face ;

Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,

While from her eyes the copious tears descend,

And, trickling, down her lovely visage run, 545

Like lucid pearls transparent to the sun !

O'er her fair cheeks the crystal moisture flows,
 Where lilies mingle with the neighbouring rose.
 So, wet with dew, the flowers at dawning day,
 To balmy gales their opening sweets display : 550
 Aurora views, and gathers from the mead
 A vary'd garland for her radiant bead.

Thus sweet in woe appears the weeping dame,
 Her falling tears a thousand hearts enflame.
 O! wondrous force of Love's mysterious fire, 555
 That lights in tears the flames of soft desire!
 Almighty Love the world in triumph leads,
 But now, by her inspir'd, himself exceeds!
 Her seeming grief bids real sorrows flow,
 And melts the heart with sympathetic woe ; 560
 While each apart, with indignation, cries :
 " If Godfrey still his pitying ear denies,
 His infant years some hungry tigress fed,
 Some horrid rock on Alpine mountains bred ; 565
 Or waves produc'd him, 'midst the howling main,
 Who sees such beauty mourn, and mourn in vain !"
 But young Eustatius, by his zeal inspir'd,
 Whom most the torch of love and pity fir'd,
 (When others murmur'd, or their words repress'd)
 Stood forth, and boldly thus the chief address'd : 570

O prince and brother! whose unshaken mind
 Too firmly holds its purpose first design'd,
 If still unpitying thou refuse to hear
 The sense of all, their universal prayer,
 I ask not that the chiefs whose care presides 575
 O'er subject kingdoms, and their actions guides,
 Should from the hallow'd city's walls recede,
 Neglectful of their task, by heaven decreed ;
 But from our band, that independent came,
 Adventurous warriors to the field of fame, 580
 Ten champions yield, selected from the rest,
 To cherish virtue, and relieve th' oppress'd :
 Nor does the man forsake the cause of Heaven
 Whose succour to a helpless maid is given :
 For sure I deem a tyrant's death must prove 585
 A grateful tribute to the powers above.

And should I wave th' advantage here in view,
 That must undoubted to our cause ensue ;
 Yet duty would alone my arms excite,
 By knighthood sworn to guard a virgin's right. 590
 Forbid it, Heaven ! that ever France should hear,
 Or any land where courteous acts are dear ;
 That dangers or fatigues our souls dismay'd,
 When piety and justice claim'd our aid.
 No longer let me then this helmet wear, 595
 No longer wield the sword, or corslet bear ;
 No more in steed or glittering arms delight ;
 No more usurp the honour'd name of knight !

Thus spoke the youth : his brave companions,
 To open murmurs, all his words approv'd ; [mov'd
 With earnest suit around their leader press'd, 601
 And urg'd the justness of the knight's request.

Then Godfrey thus : Be what ye ask fulfill'd :
 To such united prayers my will I yield :
 Her aid requested let the dame receive ; 605
 Whom not my counsels, but your own, relieve.
 Yet, if my words can such desires control,
 Subdue these warm emotions of the soul.

No more he said : nor needed more reply,
 All heard his grant, and heard with eager joy. 610
 What cannot beauty, join'd with sorrow, move,
 And tender accents from the lips of love ?
 Each rosy mouth supplies a golden chain
 To bind the fancy, and the heart constrain !

Eustatius then the weeping fair address'd : 615
 O lovely maid ! be now thy grief suppress'd :
 Soon shalt thou find the succour from our hands,
 Such as thy merit, or thy fear, demands.

At this Armida clears her clouded brow ;
 With rising joy her blooming features glow ; 620
 While, with her veil, she wipes the tears away,
 And adds new lustre to the face of day !
 Then thus—For what your pitying grace bestows,
 Accept the thanks a grateful virgin owes ;
 The world due honour to your worth shall give, 625
 And in my heart your names shall ever live !

She said; and what it seem'd her tongue deny'd,
 Her looks, with softer eloquence, supply'd!
 While outward smiles conceal'd, with fraudulent art,
 The mighty mischief lurking in her heart. 630

Soon as she saw how far her power had won,
 And fortune favouring what her wiles begun,
 She seiz'd th' occasioo, and her schemes revolv'd,
 To finish all her impious thoughts resolv'd,
 With female beauty every breast to quell, 635

And Circe or Medæa's charms excel;
 And, like a Syren, with her soothing strain,
 To lull the firmest of the warrior train.

Each vary'd art to win the soul she tries:
 To this, to that, a different mien applies; 640

Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
 And now she rolls them with a wanton glance:
 She these repels, and those incites to love,
 As various passions various bosoms move. 644

And when some youth appears, who doubts to name
 His hidden thoughts, or struggles with his flame;
 Soon on his face a cheerful smile she bends,
 And from her eye a melting sweetness sends;
 Revives his hopes, inflames his slow desire,
 And thaws the frost of fear with amorous fire. 650

From him, who, urg'd by fiercer passion, roves
 Beyond the bound that modesty approves,
 The wily fair her gentle look withdraws,
 And with rebukes and frowns his rashness awes:
 Yet, 'midst the anger rising in her face, 655

A ray of pity blends the softening grace:
 The lover, while he fears, pursues the dame,
 And in her pride finds fuel to his flame.

With arts like these a thousand souls she gains,
 From every eye the tender tear constrains: 660
 A pity's flame she tempers Cupid's dart,
 To pierce the warrior's unsusisting heart.

Ah! cruel Love! thou bane of every joy,
 Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy:
 All equal woes from thee mankind endure, 665
 Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure!

While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,
And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
Exulting in those ills her power could raise. 670
Oft, when some lover, trembling, wooes the fair,
She seems to lend an unexperienc'd ear;
Or, while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
With coyness feign'd, she downward bends her eyes;
While shame and wrath, with mingled grace, adorn
Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn! 676
But when she sees a youth prepare to tell
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell,
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies;
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs! 680
Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
Then slips, delusive, from his hope away;
And leaves him, like a hunter in the chase,
When night conceals the beast's uncertain trace!
With arms like these she made a thousand yield,
A thousand chiefs unconquer'd in the field. 686
What wonder then, if love Achilles mov'd;
His power if Hercules or Theseus prov'd;
When those, who drew the sword in Jesus' cause,
Submissive bent beneath his impious laws? 690

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

GERNANDO, aspiring to the command of the adventurers, is jealous lest Rinaldo should succeed to that honour. By his calumnies, he draws on himself the indignation of that hero, who kills him in the face of the whole army. Godfrey, incensed at this action of Rinaldo, resolves to bring him to a public trial: the latter, disdainingly to submit to this, quits the camp, and goes into voluntary exile. Armida presses Godfrey for the promised succours: ten warriors are chosen by lot, with whom she leaves the camp. In the night, many others depart by stealth to accompany her. Godfrey receives ill advices from the fleet.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

WHILE thus her snares the false Armida spread,
And in the guileful toils the warriors led ;
Nor hop'd alone the promis'd aid to gain,
But other chiefs, by further arts, obtain ;
The careful Godfrey ponder'd in his mind,
To whom the doubtful charge should be consign'd :
The worth and number of th' adventurer-band,
Their various hopes, his wavering thoughts detain'd.
At length, by caution urg'd, the chief decreed
Themselves should fix on one their band to lead, 10
Whose merit well might Dudon's loss supply :
On whom th' election of the ten should lie :
Thus, while to them he left th' important choice,
No knight, displeas'd, could blame his partial voice.

The warriors then he call'd, and thus address'd :
Full well ye know the counsels of my breast : 16
I would not succours to the dame deny,
But at a fitter time our aid supply.
What once I spoke, I now propose anew ;
Still may your better thoughts th' advice pursue : 20
For here, in this unstable world, we find
We oft must change our purpose first design'd.
Yet if your souls, with gen'rous ardour press'd,
Disdain the judgments of a cooler breast ;
I would not here unwilling arms detain, 25
Nor, what I gave so lately, render vain.

Still let me mildly rule each faithful band,
 And sway the sceptre with a gentle hand.
 Then go, or stay; no longer I contend;
 And on your pleasure let the choice depend. 30
 But first elect, amid your martial train,
 A chief who may succeed to Dudon slain:
 To name the damsel's champions be his care;
 Ten warriors only shall th' adventure share:
 In this the sovereign power I still retain: 35
 In this alone his conduct I restrain!

Thus Godfrey spoke: nor long his brother stay'd
 But, with his friends' consent, this answer made.

With thee full well, O prudent chief! agrees
 The cooler thought that each event foresees: 40
 But strength of hand, and hearts of martial fire,
 Are due from us, and what our years require:
 And that, which bears in others wisdom's name,
 In us were baseness and reproachful shame.
 Then, since so light the risk we may sustain, 45
 When justly weigh'd against th' expected gain;
 Th' elected ten shall go (by thee dismiss'd)
 And in this righteous cause a helpless maid assist.

He said; and thus, with show of public zeal,
 His words th' emotions of his heart conceal; 50
 While all profess in honour's name to move,
 And with that specious title veil their love.

But young Eustatius, by his passion sway'd,
 With jealous eyes Sophia's son survey'd;
 His envious mind those virtues could not bear 55
 That shone more brightly in a form so fair.
 He fear'd with him Rinaldo should be join'd,
 And 'gainst his fears a cautious scheme design'd.
 The rival warrior then aside he took,
 And plausive thus, with wily words, bespoke: 60

O thou, still greater than thy glorious sire,
 Whom, yet a youth in arms, the world admire!
 Say, who shall now our valiant squadron lead?
 Who next to slaughter'd Dudon can succeed?
 I scarcely could the hero's rule obey, 65
 And to his years alone resign'd the sway.

Who now o'er Godfrey's brother shall command?
 Thou, thou alone, of all our martial band:
 Thy glorious race can match the noblest line;
 Thy warlike deeds superior far to mine. 70
 Ev'n Godfrey's self would own inferior might,
 And yield to thee in arduous fields of fight.
 Thee, mighty warrior! thee our chief I claim,
 Whose soul disdains t' attend the Syrian dame;
 And slights the trivial honour which proceeds 75
 From dark achievements and insidious deeds.
 Here will thy valour find an ampler field;
 This camp to thee a nobler prospect yield.
 Accept, brave youth! to guide th' adventurer band;
 Myself will frame their minds to thy command. 80
 Thou, in return, attend my sole request;
 (Since doubtful thoughts as yet divide my breast)
 Whate'er I purpose, let my will be free,
 T' assist Armida, or remain with thee.

He ceas'd; and as these artful words he said, 85
 A sudden blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread.
 Rinaldo, smiling, saw, with heedful eyes,
 His secret passion thro' the thin disguise.
 But he, whom less the darts of love had found,
 Whose bosom scarcely felt the gentle wound, 90
 With unconcern regards a rival's name,
 Nor frames a wish t' attend the Pagan dame.
 On Dudon's hapless fate his thoughts he turn'd;
 For Dudon's death the gen'rous hero mourn'd.
 He deem'd his former glories would be lost 95
 If long Argantes liv'd the deed to boast:
 With pleasure yet Eustatius' words he heard,
 That to the rank deserv'd his youth preferr'd:
 His conscious heart exulted in the praise,
 Pleas'd with the tribute truth to virtue pays. 100

Far rather would I chuse (he thus replies)
 To merit honours, than to honours rise.
 Let virtuous actions dignify my name,
 I envy not the great, nor sceptres claim.
 Yet if thou think'st so far my merits weigh, 105

I shall not then reject the proffer'd sway ;
 But prize (with gratitude and pleasure mov'd)
 So fair a token of my worth approv'd.
 I seek not, nor refuse, the chief command ;
 But should the power be yielded to my hand, 110
 Thou shalt be one amongst th' elected band.

Thus he: Eustatius speeds his peers to find,
 And fashion to his will each warrior's mind.
 But that pre-eminence Gernando claims ;
 And though at him her darts Armida aims, 113
 Yet not the power of beauty can control
 The thirst of honour in his haughty soul.
 From Norway's powerful kings this chief descends,
 Whose rule o'er many a province wide extends :
 The crowns and sceptres, which his fathers held 120
 From ancient times, with pride his bosom swell'd.
 Rinaldo in himself his glory plac'd,
 More than in distant deeds of ages past ;
 Though long his sires with every fame were crown'd,
 In war illustrious, and in peace renown'd. 125

The barbarous prince, whose pride no worth allows,
 Save what from treasure or dominion flows ;
 And every virtue deems an empty name,
 Unless ennobled by a regal claim ;
 Indignant sees a private warrior dare 130
 With him in merit and in praise compare :
 No bound, no law, his fiery temper knows ;
 With rage he kindles, and with shame he glows.

The fiend of hell, who sees his tortur'd mind
 Expos'd to what her subtle arts design'd, 135
 Unseen through all his troubled bosom glides,
 There rules at will, and o'er his thoughts presides ;
 His hate increases, and inflames his ire,
 And rouzes in his heart infernal fire ;
 While every moment, from within, he hears 140
 This hollow voice resounding in his ears :

Shall thus, oppos'd to thee, Rinaldo dare
 His boasted ancestors with thine compare ?
 First let him count, whose pride thy equal stands,
 His subject realms and tributary lands ; 145

His sceptres show, and (whence his glory springs)
 Mate his dead heroes with thy living kings,
 Shall such a chief exalt his worthless head,
 A servile warrior in Italia bred ?
 To him, let fortune loss or gain decree, 150
 He gains a conquest who contends with thee ;
 The world shall say (and great the fame will prove)
 " Lo ! this is he, who with Gernando strove."
 The place that once experienc'd Dudon fill'd,
 New honours to thy former state may yield. 155
 But he no less with thee in glory vies,
 Who boldly dares demand so vast a prize.
 If human passions touch the blest above,
 What holy wrath must aged Dudon move,
 When, from his heaven, he sees this haughty knight,
 (A stripling warrior in the field of fight) 161
 Aspire so high ; while some his counsels join,
 And (shame eternal !) second his design.
 If Godfrey such injustice tamely view,
 And suffer him t' usurp thy honours due ; 165
 It rests on thee t' assert thy rightful claim,
 Declare thy power, and vindicate thy name.

Fir'd at these words, more fell his fury grows,
 Within his heart the torch of discord glows :
 His raging passion, now to madness stung, 170
 Flames in his eye, and points his haughty tongue.
 Whate'er his envious speech can turn to blame,
 He holdly charges on Rinaldo's fame :
 And every virtue that the youth adorns,
 To foul reproach, with artful malice, turns : 175
 He paints him proud and turbulent of mind,
 And calls his valour headstrong, rash, and blind.
 He scatters falsehood in the public ears,
 Till even the rival knight the ramour hears.
 But still th' insensate wretch pursues his hate, 180
 Nor curbs the rage that hurries on his fate :
 While the dire demon all his soul possess'd,
 Rav'd from his lips, and madden'd in his breast.

Amid the camp appear'd a level space ;
 And warriors oft resorted to the place, 185

In tournaments, in wrestling, and the course,
 Their limbs to supple, and improve their force.
 Here, midst the throng (for so his doom requir'd)
 He vented all his vengeful spleen inspir'd ;
 And 'gainst Rinaldo turn'd his impious tengué, 190
 On which the venom of Avernus hung.

His contumelious speech Rinaldo hears,
 And now no more his dreadful wrath forbears :
 At once the base insulter he defies,
 Unsheaths his falchion, and to vengeance flies : 195
 His voice like thunder echoes from afar,
 His threat'ning steel like lightning gleams in air.
 Gernando sees, nor hopes t' escape by flight,
 For instant death appears before his sight.
 Meanwhile, to all the wondering army's view, 200
 A show of valour o'er his fears he threw :
 He grasps his sword, he waits his mighty foe,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the coming blow.

Now sudden, drawn from many warriors' thighs,
 A thousand weapous flash against the skies. 205
 In throngs around the gathering people press ;
 The tumult thickens, and the crowds increase.
 Discordant murmurs rise and echo round,
 And mingled clamours to the clouds resound.
 So, near the ocean on the rocky shore, 210
 With broken noise the wind and billows roar.

But not their cries nor murmurs could detain
 Th' offended warrior, or his wrath restrain :
 He scorns the force that dares his fury stay ;
 He whirls his sword with unresisting sway : 215
 The throng divides ; alone his arm prevails,
 And, midst a thousand friends, the prince assails.
 Then from his hand, that well his rage obey'd,
 A thousand blows th' astonish'd foe invade.
 Now here, now there, the rapid weapon flies, 220
 Confounds his senses, and distracts his eyes.
 At length the cruel steel, with strength impress'd,
 Rinaldo buries in his panting breast.

Prone fell the wretch, and, sinking on the ground,
 His blood and spirit issu'd through the wound. 225

The victor o'er the dead no longer stay'd,
 But in the sheath return'd the reeking blade :
 And, thence departing, to his tent retir'd,
 His vengeance sated, and his wrath expir'd.

Now near the tumult pious Godfrey drew, 220
 When the dire scene was open to his view.

Gernando pale with lifeless looks appear'd,
 His hair and vest with sordid blood besmear'd.
 He saw the tears his friends in pity shed, 231

And heard their plaints and sorrows o'er the dead :
 Surpris'd, he ask'd what hand had wrought the deed,
 And whence could such destructive rage proceed ?

Arnaldo, dearest to the slaughter'd prince,
 The tale relates, and aggravates th' offence ;
 That, urg'd by slender cause to impious strife, 240

Rinaldo's hand had robb'd the chief of life ;
 And turn'd that weapon, which for Christ he bore,
 Against the champions of the Christian power ;
 And show'd how little he his leader priz'd,
 How much his mandates and his sway despis'd :
 That public justice to th' offence was due, 246
 And death the bold offender should pursue.

Such acts must hateful be at every time ;
 But, doubly here, the place enhanc'd the crime.
 That should he pass absolv'd, the fatal deed 250
 A dire example through the host might spread !

And all that own'd the murder'd warrior's side,
 Would take that vengeance which the law deny'd :
 From whence might contest spring and mutual rage,
 As would the camp in civil broils engage. 255
 He call'd to mind the merits of the slain,
 All that could waken wrath or pity gain.

T' acquit his friend the noble Tancred tries,
 And, fearless, for the knight accus'd replies :
 While Godfrey hears, and with a brow severe, 260
 But little gives to hope, and much to fear.

Then Tancred thus : O prudent leader ! view
 What to Rinaldo and his worth is due :
 Think from himself what honours he may claim,
 What from his glorious race and Guelpho's name.

Not those who rule exalted o'er mankind,
Should equal punishment for errors find :
In different stations crimes are different found,
By vulgar laws the great can ne'er be bound.

To him the leader thus: In every state, 270
The vulgar learn obedience from the great :
Ill, Tancred, dost thou judge, and ill conceive,
That we the mighty should unpunish'd leave :
What is our empire and our vain command,
If only ruler o'er the ignoble band ? 275

If such my sceptre and imperfect reign,
I here resign the worthless gift again.
But freely, from your choice, the power I hold,
Nor shall the privilege be now control'd :
And well I know to vary from my hand 280
Rewards and punishments, as times demand ;
And when, preserving all in equal state,
T' include alike the vulgar and the great.

Thus Godfrey said ; and Tancred nought reply'd,
But, struck with awe, stood silent at his side. 285

Raymond, a lover of the laws severe
Of ancient times, exults his speech to hear.
While thus (he cries) a ruler holds the sway,
With reverence due the subjects will obey.
In government what discipline is found, 290
Where pardons more than punishments abound ;
E'en clemency destructive must appear,
And kingdoms fall, unless maintain'd by fear.

Thus they ; while Tancred every sentence weigh'd,
Then, swift departing, seiz'd his rapid steed, 295
And with impatience to Rinaldo fled :
Him in his tent he finds, and there relates
The words of Godfrey, and the past debates.
Then thus pursues : Though outward looks we find
Uncertain tokens of the secret mind ! 300
Since far too deep, conceal'd from prying eyes,
Within the breast the thought of mortals lies ;
Thus far methinks the chief's design I see ;
(In this his speeches and his looks agree)

Thou must submit, and by the laws be try'd, 305
When public justice shall thy cause decide.

At this a scornful smile Rinaldo show'd,
Where noble pride and indignation glow'd.

Let those, (he cried) in bonds their cause maintain,
By nature slaves, and worthy of the chain: 310

Free was I born, in freedom will I live,
And sooner die than shameful bonds receive.
This hand is us'd the glorious sword to wield,
To palms of conquest, and disdains to yield
To base constraint: if thus we meet regard, 315
If Godfrey thus our merits would reward;

And thinks to drag me hence, a wretch confin'd
To common prisons, like th' ignoble kind;
Then let him come—I here shall firm abide,
And arms and fate between us shall decide: 320

Soon shall our strife in sanguine torrents flow,
A prospect grateful to the gazing foe!

This said, he call'd for arms; and soon around
His manly limbs the temper'd harness bound: |
Then to his arm the ponderous shield apply'd, 325
And hung the fatal falchion at his side:

Now sheath'd in polish'd mail (a martial sight)
He shone terrific in a blaze of light.
He seem'd like Mars, descending from his sphere,
When rage and terror by his side appear! 330

Tancred, meanwhile, essays each soothing art
To calm the passions in his swelling heart.
Unconquer'd youth! (he cries) thy worth is known,
And victory in every field thy own:
Secure from ill, thy godlike virtue goes 335

Through toils and dangers midst embattled foes:
But Heaven forbid that e'er thy friends should feel
The cruel fury of thy vengeful steel! [mands,
What would'st thou do? Say, what thy rage de-
In civil war to stain thy glorious hands? 340

Thus, with the slaughter of the Christian name,
Transfixing Christ, in whom a part I claim.
Shall worldly glory (impotent and vain,
That fluctuates like the billows of the main!)

Shall this with more respect thy bosom move 345
 Than zeal for crowns, that never fade, above?
 Avert it, Heaven! be here thy rage resign'd,
 Religion claims this conquest o'er thy mind.
 If early youth, like mine, may plead the right
 To bring examples past before thy sight: 350
 I once was injur'd, yet my wrath suppress'd,
 Nor with the faithful would the cause contest.
 My arms a conquest of Cilicia made,
 And there the banner'd sign of Christ display'd 354
 When Baldwin came, and seiz'd with covert wiles
 My rightful prize, and triumph'd in my spoils:
 His seeming friendship won my artless mind,
 Nor saw I what his greedy thoughts design'd.
 Yet not with arms I strove my right to gain,
 Though haply arms had not been tried in vain. 360
 But if thy soul disdains a prisoner's name,
 And fears th' ignoble breath of vulgar fame;
 Be mine the friendly care thy cause to plead,
 To Antioch thou, and strait to Bæmond speed:
 Thou must not now before the chief appear, 365
 And the first impulse of his anger bear.
 But should th' Egyptian arms our force oppose,
 Or other squadrons of the Pagan foes,
 Then will thy valour shinè with double fame,
 And absence add new lustre to thy name: 370
 Th' united camp shall mourn thy virtues lost,
 A mangled body and a lifeless host!

Here Guelpho came, and joining his request,
 With speed to leave the camp Rinaldo press'd. 375
 And now the noble youth his ear inclin'd,
 And to their purpose bent his lofty mind.
 A crowd of friends around the hero wait;
 All seek alike t' attend and share his fate:
 Their zeal he thanks; and now his steed he takes,
 And, with two faithful squires, the camp forsakes.
 A thirst of virtuous fame his soul inspires, 381
 That fills the noble heart with great desires:
 He mighty actions in his mind revolves,
 And deeds, unheard before, in thought resolves:

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T' assail the foe, and death or laurels gain, 385
While still his arms the Christian faith maintain;
Egypt t' o'er-run; and bend his daring course
To where the Nile forsakes his hidden source.

Rinaldo parting thence; without delay,
To Godfrey's presence Guelpho took his way; 390
Him drawing near the pious chief espy'd:
Thou com'st in happy time (aloud he cry'd)
Ev'n now the heralds through the camp I sent,
To seek, and bring thee, Guelpho, to our tent.

Then, having first dismiss'd th' attending train,
He thus, with low and awful words, began: 395
Too far, O Guelpho! does thy nephew stray,
As passion o'er his heart usurps the sway:
And ill, I deem, his reason can suffice
To clear the stain that on his honour lies: 400
Yet happy shall I prove if this befall,
For Godfrey is an equal judge of all.

The right he will defend, and guard the laws,
And with impartial voice award the cause.
But if, as some allege, Rinaldo's hand, 405
Unwilling, err'd against our high command;
Then let the fiery youth, submissive, bend
To our decision, and the deed defend:
Free let him come; no chains he shall receive;
(Lo! what I can I to his merits give.) 410
But if his lofty spirit scorn to bow,
(As well his high unconquer'd pride we know)
The care be thine to teach him to obey,
Nor dare provoke too far our lenient sway;
And force our hand with rigour to maintain 415
Our slighted laws, and violated reign.

Thus said the chief; and Guelpho made reply:
A generous soul, disdaining infamy,
Can ne'er endure, without a brave return,
The lies of envy, and the taunts of scorn: 420
And should th' offender in his wrath be slain,
What man can just revenge in bounds restrain?
What mind so govern'd, while resentment glows,
To measure what th' offence to justice owes!

'Tis thy command the youth shall humbly come, 425
 And yield himself beneath thy sovereign doom ;
 But this (with grief I speak) his flight denies :
 A willing exile from the camp he flies.
 Yet with his sword I offer to maintain,
 'Gainst him who dares my nephew's honour stain,
 That, justly punish'd, fierce Gerando dy'd, 431
 A victim due to calumny and pride.
 In this alone (with sorrow I agree)
 He rashly err'd, to break thy late decree.
 Thus he ; when Godfrey—Let him wander far, 435
 And strife and rage to other regions bear !
 But vex not thou with new debates the peace ;
 Here end contention, here let anger cease.

Meantime, Armida, midst the warrior-train,
 Us'd all her power th' expected aid to gain : 440
 In tears and moving prayers the day employ'd,
 And every charm of wit and beauty try'd.
 But when the night had spread her sable vest,
 And clos'd the sinking day-light in the west,
 Betwixt two knights and dames, from public view,
 The damsel to her lofty tent withdrew. 446

Though well the fair was vers'd in every art
 By words and looks to gain th' unguarded heart ;
 Though in her form celestial beauty shin'd,
 And left the fairest of her sex behind ; 450
 Though in her strong, yet pleasing, charms compell'd,
 The greatest heroes of the camp she held :
 In vain she strove, with soft bewitching care,
 To lure the pious Godfrey to her snare :
 In vain she sought his zealous breast to move, 455
 With earthly pleasures, and delights of love :
 For, sated with the world, his thoughts despise
 These empty joys, and soar above the skies.
 His stedfast soul, defended from her charms,
 Contemns love's weak essays, and all his feeble arms.
 No mortal bait can turn his steps aside, 461
 His sacred faith his guard, and God his guide.
 A thousand forms the false Armida tries,
 And proves, like Proteus, every new disguise.

Her looks and actions every heart might move, 465
 And warm the coldest bosom to her love :
 But here, so Heav'n and grace divine ordain,
 Her schemes, her labours, and her wiles, were vain.

Not less impervious to her fraudulent art,
 The gallant Tancred kept his youthful heart : 470
 His earlier passion every thought possess'd,
 Nor gave another entrance to his breast.

As poison oft the force of poison quells,
 So former love the second love repels.
 Her charms these two alone beheld secure ; 475
 While others own'd resistless beauty's pow'r.

Sore was she troubled in her guileful mind,
 That all succeeded not her wiles design'd :
 Yet, 'midst her grief, the dame, exulting, view'd
 The numerous warriors whom her smiles subdu'd :
 Now, with her prey, she purpos'd to depart,
 Ere chance disclos'd her deep-designing art ;
 Far from the camp her captives to detain,
 In other bonds than Love's too gentle chain.

'Twas now the time appointed by the chief 485
 To give th' afflicted damsel his relief :

Him she approach'd, and lowly thus begun :
 The day prefix'd, O prince ! its course has run :
 And should the tyrant learn (by doubtful fame,
 Or certain spies) that to the camp I came 490
 T' implore thy succour, his preventive care
 Would all his forces for defence prepare.

But ere such tidings shall his ears attain,
 O ! let my prayer some friendly succours gain :
 If Heaven beholds not with regardless eyes 495

The deeds of men, or hears the orphan's cries,
 My realms I shall retrieve, whose subject-sway
 To thee, in peace or war, shall tribute pay.

She said ; the leader to her suit agreed ;
 (Nor could he from his former grant recede) 500

Yet since her swift departure thence she press'd,
 He saw th' election on himself would rest :
 While all, with emulative zeal, demand
 To fill the number of th' elected band.

Th' insidious damsel fans the rivals' fires, 505
 And envious fear and jealous doubt inspires,
 To rouse the soul; for love, full well she knows,
 Without these aids remiss and languid grows:
 So runs the courser with a slacken'd pace,
 When none contend, his partners in the race. 510
 Now this, now that, the soothing fair beguiles
 With gentle speech, soft looks, and willing smiles;
 That each his fellow views with envious eyes,
 Till mingled passions ev'n to frenzy rise:
 Around their chief they press, unaw'd by shame, 515
 And Godfrey would in vain their rage reclaim.

The leader gladly, in his equal mind,
 Would all content, alike to all inclin'd;
 (Yet oft was fill'd with just disdain to view
 Th' ungovern'd rashness of the headlong crew) 520
 At length his better thoughts the means supply'd,
 To stay contention, and the strife decidè.

To chance (he cry'd) your several names com-
 Let lots decide it, and the contest end. [mend;

Sudden the rival knights their names dispos'd, 525
 And in a slender urn the lots enclos'd:
 The vase then shaken; first to view, the name
 Of Pembroke's earl, Artemidorus, came:
 Then Gerrard; Vincilaüs next was found,
 An aged chief, for counsel once renown'd, 530
 A hoary lover now, in beauty's fetters bound!

These happy three with sudden joys were fill'd;
 The rest, by signs, their anxious fears reveal'd,
 And hung upon his lips, with fix'd regard,
 Who, drawing forth the lots, the names declar'd.
 The fourth was Guasco; then Ridolphus' name;
 And next Ridolphus, Olderico came.
 Rousillon then was read; and next appear'd
 Henry the Frank; Bavarian Eberard:
 Rambaldo last, who left the Christian laws, 540
 And girt his weapon in the Pagan cause:
 So far the tyrant, Love, his vassal draws!

But those, excluded from the list, exclaim
 On fickle Fortune as a partial dame;

Love they accuse, who suffer'd her to guide 545
 His sacred empire, and his laws decide;
 Yet many purpos'd to pursue the maid,
 When parting light should yield to sable shade;
 In fortune's spight, her person to attend,
 And, with their lives, from every chance defend. 550
 With gentle sighs and speeches half disclos'd,
 Their willing minds to this she more dispos'd:
 To every knight alike she fram'd her art,
 And seem'd to leave him with dejected heart.

Now, clad in shining arms, th' allotted band 555
 Dismission from their prudent chief demand.
 The hero then admonish'd each aside,
 How ill they could in Pagan faith confide;
 So frail a pledge enjoin'd 'em to beware,
 And guard their souls from every hidden snare. 560
 But all his words were lost in empty wind;
 Love takes not counsel from a wholesome mind.

The knights dismiss'd, the dame no longer stay'd
 Nor 'till th' ensuing morn her course delay'd.
 Elate with conquest, from the camp she pass'd, 565
 (The rival knights, like slaves, her triumph grac'd)
 While, rack'd with jealousy's tormenting pain,
 She left the remnant of the suitor-train.
 But soon as Night with silent wings arose,
 The minister of dreams and soft repose; 570
 In secret many more her steps pursue:
 But first Eustatius from the tents withdrew.
 Scarce rose the friendly shade, when swift he fled,
 Through darknes blind, by blind affection led.
 He roves uncertain all the dewy night, 575
 But soon as morning streaks the skies with light,
 Armida's camp salutes his eager sight.

Fir'd at the view, th' impatient lover flies;
 Him, by his arms, Rambaldo knows, and cries—579
 What seek'st thou here, or whither dost thou bend?
 I come (he said) Armida to defend:
 In me, no less than others, shall she find
 A ready succour and a constant mind.

Who dares (the knight replies) that choice approve,
 And make such honour thine! He answer'd—Love.
 From Fortune thou, from Love my right I claim: 586
 Say, whose the greatest boast and noblest name?

Rambaldo then—Thy empty titles fail,
 Such fond delusive arts shall ne'er prevail.
 Think not to join with us thy lawless aid, 590
 With us, the champions of the royal maid.

Who shall oppose my will? (the youth reply'd)
 In me behold the man! (Rambaldo cry'd)
 Swift at the word he rush'd; with equal rage
 Eustatius sprung his rival to engage. 595

But here the lovely tyrant of their breast
 Advanc'd between them, and their rage suppress'd.
 Ah! cease, (to that she cry'd) nor more complain,
 That thou a partner, I a champion, gain: 600

Canst thou my welfare or my safety prize,
 Yet thus deprive me of my new allies?
 In happy time (to this began the dame)
 Thou com'st, defender of my life and fame:

Reason forbids, that e'er it shall be said,
 Armida scorn'd so fair an offer'd aid. 605

Thus she: while some new champion every hour
 Pursu'd her standard, and increas'd her power.
 Some wandering here, some there, the damsel join'd;
 Though each, concealing what his thoughts design'd,
 Now scowl'd with jealous looks his rivals there to
 find. 610

She seem'd on all to cast a gracious eye,
 And every one receiv'd with equal joy.

Scarce had the day dispell'd the shades of night,
 When heedful Godfrey knew his warriors flight;
 And while his mind revolv'd their shameful doom,
 He seem'd to mourn some threaten'd ills to come. 616

As thus he mus'd, a messenger appear'd,
 Breathless and pale, with dust and sweat besmear'd,
 His brow was deep impress'd with careful thought,
 And seem'd to speak th' unwelcome news he brought.
 Then thus—O chief! th' Egyptians soon will hide
 Beneath their num'rous fleet the briny tide; 622

William, whose rule Liguria's ships obey,
 By me dispatch'd these tidings from the sea.
 To this he adds; that, sending from the shore 625
 The due provisions for the landed power,
 The steeds and camels, bending with their load,
 Were intercepted in the midmost road :
 Assail'd with dreadful rage on every hand,
 Deep in a valley, by the Arabian band : 630
 Nor guards nor drivers could their posts maintain,
 The stores were pillag'd, and the men were slain.
 To such a height was grown the Arabs' force,
 As ask'd some power t' obstruct their daring course ;
 To guard the coast, and keep the passage free, 635
 Betwixt the Christian camp and Syrian sea.

At once from man to man the rumour fled,
 And growing fears among the soldiers spread :
 The threatening evils fill'd them with affright,
 And ghastly famine rose before their sight. 640
 The chief, who saw the terrors of the host,
 Their former courage sunk, their firmness lost ;
 With looks serene, and cheerful speeches, strove
 To raise their ardour and their fears remove.

O friends ! with me in various regions thrown, 645
 Amidst a thousand woes and dangers known ;
 God's sacred champions ! born t' assert his cause,
 And cleanse from stain the holy Christian laws !
 Who wintry climes and stormy seas have view'd,
 And Persian arms and Grecian frauds subdu'd : 650
 Who could the rage of thirst and hunger bear—
 Will you resign your souls to abject fear ?
 Shall not th' Eternal Power (our sovereign Guide,
 And oft in more disastrous fortune try'd)
 Revive our hopes ?—deem not his favour lost, 655
 Or pitying ear averted from our host :
 A day will come with pleasure to disclose
 These sorrows past, and pay to God your vows.
 Endure and conquer then your present state ;
 Live, and reserve yourselves for happier fate. 660

He said ; but yet a thousand cares, suppress'd,
 The hero bury'd in his thoughtful breast :

What means to nourish such a numerous train,
And midst defeat or famine to sustain :
How on the seas t' oppose th' Egyptian force, 665
And stop the plundering Arabs in their course.


THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



ARGANTES sends a challenge to the Christians. Tancred is chosen to oppose him; but, while he is upon the point of entering the list, is detained by the appearance of Clorinda. Otho, in the mean time, meets Argantes, is vanquished, and made prisoner. Tancred and Argantes then engage: they are parted by the heralds. Erminia, distressed with her fears for Tancred, resolves to visit that hero. She disguises herself in Clorinda's armour, and leaves the city by night; but, falling in with an advance-guard of the Christians, is assaulted, and flies.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.



BUT, in the town besieg'd, the Pagan crew
With better thoughts their cheerful hopes renew :
Besides provisions which their roofs contain'd,
Supplies, of various kinds, by night they gain'd :
They raise new fences for the northern side, 5
And warlike engines for the walls provide.
With strength increas'd the lofty bulwarks show,
And seem to scorn the battering-rams below.
Now here, now there, the king directs his powers,
The walls to thicken, or to raise the towers : 10
By day, or sable eve, the works they ply,
Or when the moon enlightens all the sky.
Th' artificers, with sweat and ceaseless care,
New arms and armour for the field prepare :
Meanwhile, impatient of inglorious rest, 15
Argantes came and thus the king address'd.
How long, inactive, must we here remain
Coop'd in these gates, a base and heartless train ?
From anvils huge I hear the strokes rebound,
I hear the helm, the shield, the cuirass, sound : 20
Say, to what use, while yon rapacious bands
O'er-run the plains, and ravage all the lands ?
And not a chief shall meet these haughty foes,
And not a trumpet break their soft repose ;
In genial feasts the cheerful days they waste, 25
And undisturb'd enjoy each calm repast ;

By day at ease, by night at rest they lie ;
 Alike securely all their moments fly.
 But you at length, with pining want distress'd,
 Must sink beneath the victor's force oppress'd ; 30
 Or basely fall to death an easy prey,
 If Egypt should her succours long delay.
 For me, no shameful fate shall end my days,
 And with oblivion veil my former praise :
 Nor shall the morning sun, to sight expos'd, 35
 Behold me longer in these walls enclos'd.
 I stand prepar'd my lot unknown to prove,
 Decreed already by the Fates above.
 Ne'er be it said, the trusty sword untry'd,
 Inglorious, unreveng'd, Argantes dy'd. 40
 Yet if the seeds of valour, once confess'd,
 Are not extinguish'd in thy generous breast ;
 Not only hope in fight to fall with praise,
 But your high thoughts to life and conquest raise.
 Then rush we forth united from the gate, 45
 Attack the foe, and prove our utmost fate !
 Beset with dangers, and with toils oppress'd,
 The boldest counsels oft are prov'd the best :
 But if thy prudence now refuse to yield,
 To hazard all thy force in open field, 50
 At least procure two champions to decide
 Th' important strife, in single combat try'd :
 And that the leader of the Christian race
 With readier mind our challenge may embrace,
 Th' advantage all be his the arms to name, 55
 And at his will the full conditions frame.
 For were the foe endu'd with twofold might,
 With heart undaunted in the day of fight ;
 Think no misfortune can thy cause attend,
 Which I have sworn in combat to defend. 60
 This better hand can fate itself supply,
 This hand can give thee ample victory :
 Behold I give it as a pledge secure ;
 In this confide, I here thy reign ensure.

He ceas'd : Intrepid chief ! (the king reply'd) 65
 Though creeping age has damp'd my youthful pride,

Deem not this hand so slow the sword to wield,
 Nor deem this soul so basely fears the field,
 That rather would I tamely lose my breath,
 Than fall ennobled by a glorious death. 70

If aught I fear'd, if aught my thoughts foretold
 Of want or famine which my words unfold ;
 Forbid it, Heaven!—Then hear me now reveal
 What from the rest, with caution, I conceal.
 Lo! Solyman of Nice, whose restless mind 75
 Has vengeance for his former wrongs design'd,
 Collects, beneath his care, from different lauds,
 The scatter'd numbers of Arabia's hands ;
 With these will soon by night the foes invade,
 And hopes to give the town supplies and aid. 80

Then grieve not thou to see our realms o'er-run,
 Nor heed our plunder'd towns, and castles won ;
 While here the sceptre still remains my own ;
 While here I hold my state and regal throne.
 But thou, meantime, thy forward zeal assuage, 85
 And calm awhile the heat of youthful rage ;
 With patience yet attend the hour of fate,
 Due to thy glory, and my injur'd state.

Now swell'd with high disdain Argantes' breast,
 A rival long to Solyman profess'd : 90
 Inly he griev'd, and saw, with jealous eye,
 The king so firmly on his aid rely.

'Tis thine, (he cry'd) O monarch ! to declare
 (Thine is th' undoubted power) or peace or war :
 I urge no more—here Solyman attend. 95
 Let him, who lost his own, thy realm defend !
 Let him, a welcome messenger from Heaven,
 To free the Pagans from their fears be given :
 [safety from myself alone require :
 And freedom only from this arm desire. 100

Now, while these walls the rest in sloth detain,
 Let me descend to combat on the plain :
 Give me to dare the Franks to single fight,
 Not as thy champion, but a private knight.

The king reply'd : Though future times demand
 Thy noble courage, and more needful hand ; 106

Yet to thy wish I shall not this deny :

Then, at thy will, some hostile chief defy.

Thus he. Th' impatient youth no longer stay'd,
But, turning to the herald, thus he said. 110

Haste to the leader of the Franks, and there,

Before th' united host, this message bear :

Say that a champion, whose superior mind

Scorns in these narrow walls to be confin'd,
Desires to prove, in either army's sight, 115

With spear and shield his utmost force in fight ;

And comes prepar'd his challenge to maintain,

Betwixt the tents and city, on the plain ;

A gallant proof of arms ! and now defies

The boldest Frank that on his strength relies. 120

Nor one alone amid the hostile band ;

The boldest five that dare his force withstand,

Of noble lineage, or of vulgar race,

Unterrify'd he stands in field to face :

The vanquish'd to the victor's power shall yield, 125

So wills the law of arms and custom of the field.

Argantes thus. The herald strait withdrew,

His vary'd surcoat o'er his shoulders threw,

And thence to Godfrey's regal presence went,

By mighty chiefs surrounded in his tent. 130

O priuce ! (he cry'd) may here a herald dare,

Without offence, his embassy declare.

To him the chief: Without constraint or fear,

In freedom speak, what we as freely hear.

The herald then the challenge fierce disclos'd, 135

In boastful words and haughty terms compos'd.

Fir'd at his speech the martial bands appear'd,

And with disdain the stern defiance heard,

Then thus in answer pious Godfrey speaks :

A mighty task your warrior undertakes : 140

And well I trust, what'er his boasted might,

One champion may suffice his arms in fight.

But let him come ; I to his will agree ;

I give him open field, and conduct free :

And swear some warrior, from our Christian band,

On equal terms shall meet him hand to hand. 146

He ceas'd ; the king at arms without delay,
 Impatient, measur'd back his former way :
 From thence, with hasty steps the city sought,
 And to the Pagan knight their answer brought. [50
 Arm! valiant chief! (he cry'd) for fight prepare,
 The Christian powers accept thy proffer'd war
 Not leaders fam'd alone demand the fight,
 The meanest warriors burn to prove their might.
 I saw a thousand threatening looks appear, 155
 A thousand hands prepar'd the sword to rear :
 The chief to thee a list secure will yield.
 He ended : When, impatient for the field,
 Argantes call'd for arms with furious haste,
 And round his limbs the steely burthen cast. 160

The wary king Clorinda then enjoin'd :
 While he departs, remain not thou behind :
 But, with a thousand arm'd, attend the knight ;
 Yet foremost let him march to equal fight :
 The care be thine to keep thy troops in sight. 165

The monarch spoke ; and now the martial train
 Forsook the walls and issu'd to the plain.
 Advanc'd before the band, Argantes press'd
 His foaming steed, in radiant armour dress'd.
 Between the city and the camp was found 170
 An ample space of level champaign ground ;
 That seem'd a list selected, by design,
 For valiant chiefs in deeds of arms to join.
 To this the bold Argantes singly goes,
 And there, descending, stands before the foes : 175
 Proud in his might, with giant-strength indu'd,
 With threatening looks the distant camp he view'd :
 So fierce Enceladus in Phlegra show'd ;
 So in the vale the huge Philistine stood.
 Yet many, void of fear, the knight beheld, 180
 Nor knew how far his force in arms excell'd.

Still Godfrey doubted, midst his valiant host,
 What knight should quell the Pagan's haughty boast.
 To Tancred's arm (the bravest of the brave)
 The great attempt the public favour gave. 185

With looks, with whispers, all declar'd their choice;
The chief, by signs, approv'd the general voice.

Each warrior now his rival claim withdrew,
When each the will of mighty Godfrey knew.
The field is thine! (to Tancred then he cry'd) 190

Go! meet you Pagan, and chastise his pride.
The glorious charge with joy the champion heard,
And dauntless ardour in his looks appear'd;
His shield and helmet from his squire he took,
And, follow'd by a crowd, the vale forsook. 195

But ere he reach'd the appointed list of fight,
The martial damsel met his eager sight:
A flowing vest was o'er her armour spread,
White as the snows that veil the mountain's head:
Her beaver rear'd, her lovely face disclos'd; 200
And on a hill she stood at full expos'd.

No longer Tancred now the foe espies,
(Who rears his haughty visage to the skies)
But slowly moves his steed, and bends his sight
Where stands the virgin on a neighbouring height:
The lover to a lifeless statue turns; 206

With cold he freezes, and with heat he burns:
Fix'd in a stupid gaze, unmov'd he stands,
And now no more the promis'd fight demands!
Meantime Argantes looks around in vain, 210
No chief appears the combat to maintain.

Behold, I come (he cry'd) to prove my might,
Who dares approach, and meet my arms in fight?

While Tancred lost in deepest thought appear'd,
Nor saw the Pagan, nor his challenge heard, 215

Impetuous Otho spurr'd his foaming horse,
And enter'd first the list with eager course.
This knight, before, by thirst of glory fir'd,
With other warriors to the fight aspir'd;
And yielding then to Tancred's nobler claim, 220

Mix'd with the throng that to attend him came:
But when he thus th' enamour'd youth beheld,
All motionless, neglectful of the field,
Eager he starts t' attempt the glorious deed;
Less swift the tiger's or the panther's speed! 225

Against the mighty Saracen he press'd,
Who sudden plac'd his ponderous spear in rest.

But Tancred now, recovering from his trance,
Saw fearless Otho to the fight advance :
Forbear! the field is mine! (aloud he cries)— 230
In vain he calls, the knight regardless flies.
Th' indignant prince beheld with rage and shame;
He blush'd another should defraud his name,
And reap th' expected harvest of his fame.

And now Argantes, from his valiant foe, 235
Full on his helm receiv'd the mighty blow.
With greater force the Pagan's javelin struck;
The pointed steel thro' shield and corslet broke :
Prone fell the Christian thundering on the sand;
Unmov'd the Saracen his seat maintain'd; 240
And, from on high, inflam'd with lofty pride,
Thus to the prostrate knight insulting cry'd :

Yield to my arms! suffice the glory thine
To dare with me in equal combat join.
Not so (cried Otho) are we fram'd to yield, 245
Nor is so soon the Christian courage quell'd :
Let others with excuses hide my shame,
'Tis mine to perish, or avenge my fame!

Then like Alecto, terrible to view,
Or like Medusa, the Circassian grew, 250
While from his eyes the flashing lightning flew!
Now prove our utmost force (enraged he cries)
Since thus thou dar'st our offer'd grace despise.
This said; he spurr'd his steed, nor heeded more
Th' establish'd laws of arms, and knightly lore. 255

The Frank, retiring, disappoints the foe,
And, as Argantes pass'd, directs a blow,
That, to the right descending, pierc'd his side ;
The smoking steel returns with crimson dy'd :
But what avails it, when the wound inspires 260
New force and fury to the Pagan's fires ?
Argantes, wheeling round with sudden speed,
Direct on Otho urg'd his fiery steed.

Th' unguarded foe the dreadful shock receiv'd :
All pale he fell, at once of sense bereav'd : 265

Stretch'd on the earth his quivering limbs were spread;
And clouds of darkness hover'd o'er his head!

With brutal wrath the haughty victor glow'd,
And o'er the vanquish'd knight in triumph rode.
Thus ev'ry insolent shall fall, (he cries) 270
As he who now beneath my courser lies!

But valiant Tancred now no longer stay'd,
Who with disdain the cruel act survey'd:
Resolv'd to veil the fallen warrior's shame,
And with his arms retrieve the Christian name; 275
He flew, and cried—O thou, of impious kind!
In conquest base, and infamous of mind!
From deeds like these what glory canst thou gain?
What praises from the courteous heart obtain?
Thy manners sure were fram'd in savage lands, 280
Among th' Arabian thieves, or barb'rous bands!
Hence! shun the light; to woods and wilds con-
Among thy brethren of the brutal kind. [fin'd,
He ceas'd. Impatience swell'd the Pagan's breast,
But eager rage his struggling words suppress'd: 285
He foam'd like beasts that haunt the gloomy wood?
At length, releas'd, his anger roar'd aloud,
Like thunder bursting from a distant cloud.

Now for the field th' impetuous chiefs prepare,
And wheel around their coursers for the war. 290
O sacred Muse! inflame my voice with fire,
And ardour equal to the fight inspire:
So may my verse be worthy of th' alarms,
And catch new vigour from the din of arms!

The warriors place their beamy spears in rest: 295
Each points his weapon at the adverse crest.
Less swiftly to the goal a racer flies;
Less swift a bird on pinions cleaves the skies.
No chiefs for fury could with these compare;
Here Tancred pour'd along, Argantes there! 300
The spears against the helms in shivers broke;
A thousand sparks flew diverse from the stroke.
The mighty conflict shook the solid ground,
The distant hills re-echo'd to the sound:

But firmly seated, moveless as a rock, 305

Each hardy champion bore the dreadful shock :

While either courser tumbled on the plain,

Nor from the field with speed arose again.

The warriors then unsheath'd their falchions bright,

And left their steeds, on foot to wage the fight. 310

Now ev'ry pass with wary hands they prove ?

With watchful eyes and nimble feet they move,

In ev'ry form their pliant limbs they show ;

Now wheel, now press, now seem to shun the foe :

Now here, now there, the glancing steel they bend,

And where they threaten least, the strokes descend.

Sometimes they offer some defenceless part,

Attempting thus to baffle art with art.

Tancred, unguarded by his sword or shield,

His naked side before the Pagan held : 320

To seize th' advantage, swift Argantes clos'd

And left himself to Tancred's sword expos'd ;

The Christian dash'd the hostile steel aside,

And deep in Pagan gore his weapon dy'd :

Then sudden on his guard collected stood. 325

The foe, who found his limbs bedew'd with blood,

Groan'd with unwonted rage, and rais'd on high

His weighty falchion, with a dreadful cry :

But, ere he strikes, another wound alights

Where to the shoulder-bone the arm unites. 330

As the wild boar that haunts the woods and hills,

When in his side the biting spear he feels,

To fury rous'd, against the hunter flies,

And every peril scorns, and death defies :

So fares the Saracen, with wrath on flame ; 335

Wound follows wound, and shame succeeds to

And, burning for revenge, without regard [shame :

He scorns his danger, and forgets to ward.

He raves, he rushes headlong on the foe,

With all his strength impelling every blow. 340

Scarce has the Christian time his sword to wield,

Or breathe awhile, or lift his fencing shield ;

And all his art can scarce the knight secure

From the dire thunder of Argantes' pow'r.

Tancred, who waits to see the tempest cease, 345
 And the first fury of his foe decrease,
 Now wards the blows, now circles o'er the plain;
 But when he sees the Pagan's force remain
 Untir'd with toil, he gives his wrath the rein:
 He whirls his falchion; art and judgment yield, 350
 And now to rage alone resign the field.
 No strokes, enforc'd from either champion, fail;
 The weapons pierce or sever plate and mail.
 With arms and blood the earth is cover'd o'er,
 And streaming sweat is mix'd with purple gore:
 The swords, like lightning, dart quick flashes round;
 And fall, like thunderbolts, with horrid sound.
 On either hand the gazing people wait,
 And watch the dreadful fight's uncertain fate:
 No motion in th' attentive host appear'd; 360
 No voice, no whispers from the troops were heard:
 'Twixt hope and fear they stand, and nicely weigh
 The various turns and fortune of the day,

Thus stood the war: and now each weary knight
 Had undetermined left the chance of fight; 365
 When rising eve her sable veil display'd,
 And wrapt each object in surrounding shade.
 From either side a herald bent his way,
 To part the warriors and suspend the fray.
 The one a Frank, Arideus was his name; 370
 Pindorus one, rever'd for wisdom's fame,
 Who with the challenge to the Christians came.
 Intrepid these before the chiefs appear'd,
 And 'twixt their swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
 Secur'd by all the privilege they find 375
 From ancient rights and customs of mankind.
 Ye warriors brave! (Pindorus thus begun)
 Whose deeds of valour equal praise have won;
 Here cease, nor with untimely strife profane
 The sacred laws of Night's all peaceful reign. 380
 The sun our labour claims; with toil oppress,
 Each creature gives the night to needful rest;
 And gen'rous souls disdain the conquest made
 In sullen silence, and nocturnal shade.

To him Argantes: With regret I yield 55
 To quit th' unfinish'd contest of the field;
 Yet would I chuse the day our deeds might view:
 Then swear, my foe, the combat to renew.

To whom the Christian: Thou thy promise plight;
 Here to return, and bring thy captive knight; 390
 Else shall no cause induce me to delay

Our present conflict to a future day.
 This said; they swore. The heralds then decreed
 The day that should decide th' important deed;
 And, time allow'd to heal each wounded knight, 395
 Nam'd the sixth morning to renew the fight.

The dreadful combat long remain'd imprest
 In every Saracen and Christian breast:
 Each tongue the skill of either warrior tells;
 Each thought, with wonder, on their valour dwells;
 Yet who the prize should gain, on either side 401
 The vulgar vary, and in parts divide:
 If fury shall from virtue wiu the field,
 Or brutal rage to manly courage yield.

But fair Erminia, mov'd above the rest, 405
 With growing fears torments her tender breast;
 She sees the dearest object of her care
 Expos'd to hazards of uncertain war.

Of princely lineage came this hapless maid,
 From him who Antioch's pow'ful sceptre sway'd:
 But, when her state by chance of war was lost, 411
 She fell a captive to the Christian host.

Then gallant Tancred gave her woes relief,
 And, 'midst her country's ruin, calm'd her grief:
 He gave her freedom, gave her all the store 415
 Of regal treasure she possess'd before,

And claim'd no tribute of a victor's pow'r.
 The grateful fair the hero's worth confess'd;
 Love found admittance in her gentle breast:
 His early virtues rais'd her first desire; 420

His manly beauty fann'd the blameless fire.
 In vain her outward liberty she gain'd,
 When, lost in servitude, her soul remain'd!

She quits her conqueror with heavy mind,
 And with regret her prison leaves behind, 425
 But honour chides her stay (for spotless fame
 Is ever dear to ev'ry virtuous dame),
 And with her aged mother thence constrain'd
 Her vanquish'd steps to seek a friendly land ;
 Till at Jerusalem her course she stay'd, 430
 Where Aladine receiv'd the wand'ring maid.
 Here, soon again by adverse fortune crost,
 With tears the virgin mourn'd a mother lost.
 Yet not the sorrow for her parent's fate,
 Nor all the troubles of her exil'd state, 435
 Could from her heart her am'rous pains remove,
 Or quench the smallest spark of mighty love :
 She loves, and burns!—Alas, unhappy maid!
 No soothing hopes afford her torments aid :
 She bears within the flames of fond desire ; 440
 Vain fruitless wishes all her thoughts inspire ; [fire.
 And, while she strives to hide, she feeds the stifled
 Now Tancred near the walls of Sion drew,
 And, by his presence, rais'd her hopes anew.
 The rest with terror see the num'rous train 445
 Of foes unconquer'd on the dusty plain ;
 She clears her brow, her dewy sorrow dries,
 And views the warlike bands with cheerful eyes :
 From rank to rank, her looks incessant rove,
 And oft she seeks in vain her warrior love ; 450
 And oft, distinguish'd 'midst the field of fight,
 She singles Tancred to her eager sight.

Join'd with the palace, to the ramparts nigh,
 A stately castle rises in the sky,
 Whose lofty head the prospect wide commands, 455
 The plain, the mountain, and the Christian bands :
 There, from the early beams of morning light,
 Till deepening shades obscure the world in night,
 She sits, and fixing on the camp her eyes, [sighs.
 She communes with her thoughts, and vents her
 From thence she view'd the fight with beating heart,
 And saw expos'd her soul's far dearer part ;

There, fill'd with terror and distracting care,
 She watch'd the various progress of the war ;
 And, when the Pagan rais'd aloft his steel, 465
 She seem'd herself the threat'ning stroke to feel.

When now the virgin heard some future day
 Was destin'd to decide th' unfinish'd fray,
 Cold fear in all her veins congeal'd the blood,
 Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with sorrow flow'd ;
 And o'er her face a pallid hue was spread, 471
 While ev'ry sense was lost in anxious dread.

A thousand horrid thoughts her soul divin'd ;
 In sleep a thousand phantoms fill'd her mind :
 Oft, in her dreams, the much-lov'd warrior lies 475
 All gash'd and bleeding ; oft, with feeble cries,
 Invokes her aid ; then starting from her rest,
 Tears bathe her cheeks, and trickle down her breast.
 Nor fears alone of future evils fill

Her careful heart, she fears the present ill. 480
 The wounds her Tancred late receiv'd in fight
 Distract her mind with anguish and affright.
 Fallacious rumours, that around are blown,
 Increase with added lyes the truth unknown.

Taught by her mother's skill, the virgin knew 485
 The secret pow'r of ev'ry herb that grew ;
 She knew the force of every mystic strain,
 To close the wound, and ease the throbbing pain ;
 (In such repute the healing arts were held,
 In these the daughters of the kings excell'd.) 490
 Fain would she now her cares to Tancred show ;
 But fate condemns her to relieve his foe.

Now was she tempted noxious plants to chuse,
 And poison in Argantes' wounds infuse ;
 But soon her pious thoughts the deed disclaim, 495
 And scorn with treach'ry to pollute her fame.
 Yet oft she wish'd that ev'ry herb applied
 Might lose its wonted pow'r, and virtue tried.
 She fear'd not (by such various troubles tost)

Alone to travel through the adverse host ; 500
 Accustom'd wars and slaughter to survey,
 And all the perils of the wanderer's way :

Thus use to daring had inur'd her mind,
 Beyond the nature of the softer kind ;
 But mighty love, superior to the rest, 505
 Had quell'd each female terror in her breast :
 Thus arm'd, she durst the sands of Afric trace,
 Amidst the fury of the savage race.
 Though danger still and death her soul despis'd,
 Her virtue, and her better fame, she priz'd. 510
 And now her heart conflicting passions rend ;
 There love and honour (pow'rful foes !) contend.
 Thus honour seem'd to say : O thou ! whose mind
 Has still been pure, within my laws confin'd :
 Whom, when a captive 'midst yon hostile train, 515
 I kept in thought and person clear from stain ;
 Wilt thou, now freed, the virgin boast forego,
 So well preserv'd when prisoner to the foe ?
 Ah ! what can raise such fancies in thy breast ?
 Say what thy purpose, what thy hopes suggest, 520
 Alone to wander 'midst a foreign race,
 And with nocturnal love thy sex disgrace ?
 Justly the victor shall reproach thy name,
 And deem thee lost to virtue as to shame ;
 With scorn shall bid thee from his sight remove, 525
 And bear to vulgar souls thy proffer'd love.
 But gentler counsels, on a different part,
 Thus seem'd to whisper to her wavering heart :
 Thou wert not surely of a savage born,
 Nor from a mountain's frozen entrails torn ; 530
 No adamant and steel compose thy frame :
 Despise not then Love's pleasing dart and flame,
 And blush not to confess a lover's name.
 Go, and obey the dictates of thy mind— [kind ?
 But wherefore should'st thou feign thy knight un-
 Like thine his sighs may heave, his tears may flow ;
 And wilt not thou thy tender aid bestow ?
 Lo ! Tancred's life (ungrateful) runs to waste,
 While on another all thy cares are plac'd !
 To cure Argantes then thy skill apply, 540
 So by his arm may thy deliverer die !

Is this the service to his merits due?
 And canst thou such a hateful task pursue?
 O think what transports must thy bosom feel,
 Thy Tancred's wounds, with lenient hand, to heal.
 Think, when thy pious care his health retrieves, 546
 Life's welcome gift from thee the youth receives!
 Thou shalt with him in ev'ry virtue share,
 With him divide his future fame in war;
 Then shall he clasp thee to his grateful breast, 550
 And nuptial ties shall make thee ever blest:
 Thou shalt be shown to all, and happy nam'd,
 Among the Latian wives and matrons fam'd;
 In that fair land where martial valour reigns, 554
 And where religion her pure seat maintains. [maid

With hopes like these deceiv'd, th' unthinking
 A flatt'ring scene of future bliss had laid:
 But still a thousand doubts perplexing rise,
 What means for her departure to devise.
 The guards, incessant, near the palace stand, 560
 And watch the portals, and the walls command;
 Nor dare, amid the hazards of the war,
 Without some weighty cause the gates unbar.

Full oft Erminia, to beguile her cares,
 The time in converse with Clorinda shares: 565
 With her each western sun beheld the maid,
 Each rising morn the friendly pair survey'd;
 And when in gloomy shade the day was clos'd,
 Both in one bed their weary limbs repos'd.
 One secret only, treasur'd in her breast, 570
 The fond Erminia from her friend suppress'd.
 With cautious fear her love she still conceal'd;
 But when her plaints her inward pains reveal'd,
 She to a different cause assign'd her woe, 574
 And for her ruin'd state her sorrows seem'd to flow.

Through every chamber of the martial maid,
 By friendship privileg'd, Erminia stray'd.
 One day it chanc'd, intent on many a thought,
 The royal fair her friend's apartment sought;
 Clorinda absent, there her anxious mind 580
 Revolv'd the means t' effect the flight design'd.

While various doubts, by turns, the dame distress'd,
 Aloft she mark'd Clorinda's arms and vest :
 Then to herself, with heavy sighs, she said :
 How blest above her sex the warrior maid ! 585
 How does her state, alas ! my envy raise !
 Yet not for female boast, or beauty's praise.
 No length of sweeping vest her step restrains ;
 No envious cell her dauntless soul detains :
 But, cloth'd in shining steel, at will she roves ; 590
 Nor fear withholds, nor conscious shame reproves.
 Why did not Heaven with equal vigour frame
 My softer limbs, and fire my heart to fame ?
 So might I turn the female robe and veil
 To the bright helmet and the jointed mail : 595
 My love would change of heat and cold despise,
 And all the seasons of inclement skies,
 In arms alone, or with my martial train,
 By day or night to range on yonder plain.
 Thy will, Argantes, then thou hadst not gain'd, 600
 And with my lord the combat first maintain'd :
 This hand had met, and ah ! that happy hour
 Perchance had made him prisoner to my power :
 So from his loving foe he should sustain
 A gentle servitude and easy chain : 605
 So might my soul awhile forget to grieve,
 And Tancred's bonds Erminia's bonds relieve.
 Else had his hand this panting bosom gor'd,
 And through my heart impell'd the ruthless sword.
 Thus had my dearest foe my peace restor'd ! 610
 Then had these eyes in lasting sleep been laid,
 While the dear victor o'er the senseless dead,
 Perchance, with pitying tears, had mourn'd my doom,
 And given these limbs the honours of a tomb !
 But ah ! I wander, lost in fond desire, 615
 And fruitless wishes fruitless thoughts inspire ;
 Then shall I still reside with anguish here,
 In abject state, the slave of female fear ?
 O no !—confide, my soul, resolve and dare :
 Can I not once the warrior's armour bear ? 620

Yes—Love shall give the strength th' attempt re-
quires ;

Love, that the weakest with his force inspires ;
That ev'n to dare impels the timorous hind—
But 'tis no martial thought that fills my mind :
I seek, beneath Clorinda's arms conceal'd, 625
To pass the gates unquestion'd to the field.

O Love! the fraud, thyself inspir'd, attend!
And Fortune, with propitious smiles, befriend!
'Tis now the hour for flight—(what then detains ?)
While with the king Clorinda still remains. 630

Thus fix'd in her resolves, th' impatient maid,
By amorous passion led, no longer stay'd ;
But to her near apartment thence repairs,
And with her all the shining armour bears.
No prying eyes were there her deeds to view ; 635
For when she came the menial train withdrew ;
While night, that theft and love alike befriends,
T' assist the deed her sable veil extends.

Soon as the virgin saw the stars arise,
That faintly glimmer'd through the dusky skies, 640
She call'd, in secret, her design to aid,
A squire of faith approv'd, and favour'd maid :
To these in part her purpose she reveal'd,
But, with feign'd tales, the cause of flight conceal'd.
The trusty squire prepar'd, with ready care, 645
Whate'er was needful for the wandering fair.

Meantime Erminia had her robes unbound,
That, to her feet descending, swept the ground.
Now, in her vest, the lovely damsel shin'd
With charms superior to the female kind. 650

In stubborn steel her tender limbs she dress'd,
The massy helm her golden ringlets press'd :
Next in her feeble hand she grasp'd the shield,
A weight too mighty for her strength to wield.
Thus, clad in arms, she darts a radiant light 655
With all the dire magnificence of sight !

Love present laugh'd, as when he view'd of old
The female weeds Alcides' bulk enfold,

Heavy and slow, she moves along with pain ;
 And scarce her feet th' unwonted load sustain. 660
 The faithful damsel by her side attends,
 And with assisting arm her step befriends.
 But Love her spirits and her hopes renews,
 And every trembling limb with strength indues.
 Till, having reach'd the squire, without delay 665
 They mount their ready steeds, and take their way.
 Disguis'd, they pass'd amid the gloomy night,
 And sought the silent paths obscur'd from sight ;
 Yet scatter'd soldiers here and there they spy'd,
 And saw the gleam of arms on every side, 310
 But none attempt the virgin to molest ;
 All know her armour, ev'n by night confest,
 The snow-white mantle and the dreadful crest.

Erminia, though her doubts were partly eas'd,
 Yet found not all her troubled thoughts appeas'd ;
 She fear'd discovery, but her fears suppress'd ; 676
 And reach'd the gates, and thus the guard address'd :
 Set wide the portal, nor my steps detain,
 Commission'd by the king, I seek the plain.
 Her martial garb deceiv'd the soldiers' eyes ; 680
 Her female accents favour'd the disguise.
 The guards obey'd ; and through the gate, in haste,
 The princess, with her two attendants, pass'd ;
 Thence from the city-walls, with caution, went
 Obliquely winding down the hill's descent. 685

Now safe at distance in a lonely place,
 Erminia check'd awhile her courser's pace.
 Escap'd the former perils of the night,
 No guards, no ramparts, now t' obstruct her flight ;
 With thought mature she ran her purpose o'er, 690
 And weigh'd the dangers lightly weigh'd before.
 More arduous far she saw th' attempt would prove
 Than first appear'd to her desiring love :
 Too rash it seem'd, amidst a warlike foe,
 In search of peace, with hostile arms to go : 695
 For still she purpos'd to conceal her name,
 Till to the presence of her knight she came.

To him she wish'd to stand reveal'd alone,
 A secret lover, and a friend unknown ! 699

Then stopp'd the fair, and now, more heedful made,
 Thus to her squire, with better counsel, said.

'Tis thou, my friend ! who must, with speed and
 To yonder tents my destin'd way prepare. [care,

Go—let some guide direct thy doubtful eyes,
 And bring thee where the wounded Tancred lies,

To him declare, there comes a friendly maid, 706
 Who peace demands, and brings him healing aid ;

Peace—(for the war of love now fills my mind)
 Whence he may health, and I may comfort, find.

Say that with him, secure from scorn or shame, 710
 A virgin to his faith commits her fame.

In secret this—If more the knight require,
 Relate no further, but with speed retire.

Here will I safely wait.—So spoke the maid ;
 Her messenger at once the charge obey'd ; 715

He spurr'd his courser, and the trenches gain'd,
 And friendly entrance from the guard obtain'd.

Conducted then, the wounded chief he sought,
 Who heard, with joy, the pleasing message brought.

The squire now leaves the knight to doubts re-
 (A thousand thoughts revolving in his mind) [sign'd,

To bring the welcome tidings to the fair,
 That she, conceal'd, may to the camp repair.

Meanwhile the dame, impatient of his stay,
 Whose eager wishes fear the least delay, 725

Counts every step, and measures oft in vain
 The fancy'd distance 'twixt the camp and plain :

And oft her thoughts the messenger reprove,
 Too slow for the desires of ardent love !

At length, advancing to a neighbouring height, 730
 The foremost tents salute her longing sight.

Now was the night in starry lustre seen,
 And not a cloud obscur'd the blue serene :

The rising morn her silver beams display'd,
 And deck'd with pearly dew the dusky glade. 735

With anxious soul, th' enamour'd virgin strays
 From thought to thought, in love's perplexing maze ;

And vents her tender plaints, and breathes her sighs
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.

Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said : 740
Ye Latian tents, by me with joy survey'd !

From you, methinks, the gales more gently blow,
And seem already to relieve my woe !

So may kind Heaven afford a milder state
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate ! 745

As 'tis from you I seek t' assuage my care,
And hope alone for peace in scenes of war !

Receive me, then !—and may my wishes find
That bliss, which love has promis'd to my mind ;

Which ev'n my worst of fortune could afford, 750
When made the captive of my dearest lord !

I seek not now, inspir'd with fancies vain,
By you my regal honours to regain :

Ah no !—Be this my happiness and pride,
Within your shelter humbly to reside ! 755

So spoke the hapless fair, who little knew
How near her sudden change of fortune drew ;

For, pensive while she stood, the cloudless moon
Full on th' unheedful maid with splendour shone ;

Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam ; 760
Her polish'd arms return'd a trembling gleam ;

And on her lofty crest, the tigress rais'd,
With all the terrors of Clorinda blaz'd.

When lo ! (so will'd her fate) a numerous band
Of Christian scouts were ambush'd near at hand ;

Dispatch'd t' impede the passage, o'er the plain, 766
Of sheep and oxen to the Pagan train.

These Polyphernes and Alcander guide,
Two Latian brethren, who the task divide.

Young Polyphernes, who had seen his sire 770
Beneath Clorinda's thundering arm expire,

Soon as his eyes the dazzling vest survey'd,
Confess'd the semblance of the martial maid ;

He fir'd his crew ; and, heedless of control,
Gave loose to all the fury of his soul ; 775

Take this ! and perish, by my weapon slain—
He said ; and hurl'd his lance, but hurl'd in vain.

As when a hind, oppress'd with toil and heat,
 To some clear spring directs her weary feet ;
 If, as she thinks to ease her fainting limbs 780
 In the cool shade, and drink the crystal streams,
 The fatal hounds arrive ; she takes her flight,
 And all her thirst is lost in wild affright.

Thus she, who hop'd some kind relief to prove,
 And sought t' allay the burning thirst of love, 785
 Soon as the warriors, clad in steel, appear,
 Forgets her former thoughts in sudden fear ;
 She flies, nor dares th' approaching danger meet :
 The plain re-echoes with her courser's feet.

With her th' attendant flies ; the raging knight, 790
 First of the band, pursues the virgin's flight.

Now from the tents the faithful squire repairs,
 And to the dame his tardy tidings bears ;
 Struck with like fear, he gives his steed the rein,
 And all are scatter'd diverse o'er the plain. 795

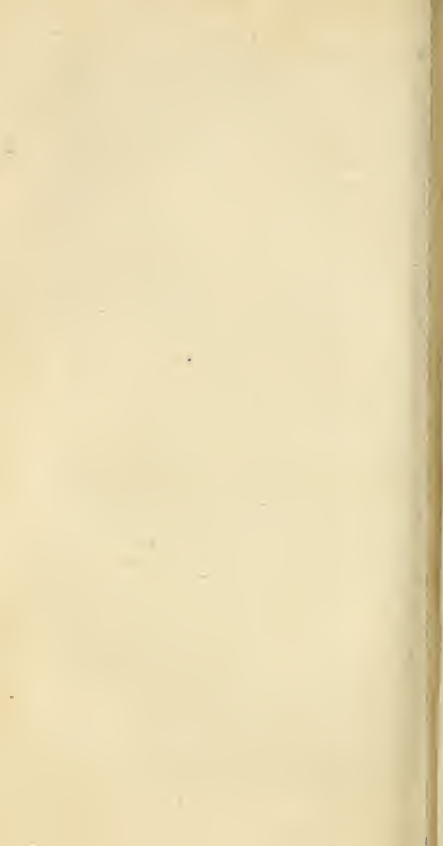
Alexander still, by cooler prudence sway'd,
 Fix'd at his station, all the field survey'd :
 A message to the camp he sent with speed,
 That not the lowing ox, nor woolly breed,
 Nor prey like these was seen ; but, smit with fear,
 The fierce Clorinda fled his brother's spear. 801

Nor could he think that she, no private knight,
 But one who bore the chief command in fight,
 At such a time would issue from the gate,
 Without some public weighty cause of state : 805
 But Godfrey's wisdom must th' adventure weigh,
 And what he bade Alexander should obey.

Soon to the camp the flying tidings came,
 But first the Latian tents receiv'd the fame.
 Tancred, whose soul the former message mov'd, 810

Now felt new terrors for the maid he lov'd.
 Go me (he cry'd) she came, with pious care,
 Alas ! for me this danger threatens the fair !
 Then of his heavy arms a part he takes,
 He mounts his courser, and the tent forsakes 815

With silent haste ; and, where the track he 'spies,
 With furious course along the champaign flies.



THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ERMINIA, flying from the Christian guard, is received by a shepherd. Tancred, who pursued her, supposing her to be Clorinda, falls into Armida's snare, and is made prisoner in her castle. In the mean time Argantes, on the appointed day, enters the list to finish the combat with Tancred. Tancred being absent: none of the warriors have the courage to supply his place. Godfrey reproaches their pusillanimity, and resolves himself to meet Argantes. Raymond dissuades him. Many others then, filled with emulation, are desirous to engage. They cast lots; and the lot falls on Raymond. He enters the list, and, assisted by his guardian angel, has the advantage of Argantes; when Beelzebub invites Oradine to wound Raymond, and thus breaks off the combat. A general battle ensues. The Pagans are almost defeated; but the infernal powers raising a storm, the fortune of the day is changed. Godfrey, with his army, retires to his entrenchments.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

MEANWHILE the courser with Erminia stray'd
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade:
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths her steed pursu'd his flight, 5
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.

As, after long and toilsome chace in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal'd in shelter of the favouring wood: 10
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in every visage burn.

Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.

All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day, 15
Her tears and sighs companions of her way:

But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos'd his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,
To sacred Jordan's crystal flood she came;
There stay'd her course, and rested near his stream.

No nourishment her fainting strength renew'd, 21
Her woes and tears supply'd the place of food.

But Sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals' eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle tribute brings, 25
And o'er the virgin spreads his downy wings:

Yet Love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
 And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
 She sleeps, till, joyful at the day's return,
 The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn; 30
 Till rising Zephyrs whisper through the bowers,
 Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
 Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
 The shepherds' cots amid the sylvan ground:
 When, 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears 35
 A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears:
 But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
 Mix'd with the rural pipes of village swains.
 She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
 An aged sire that ozier baskets wove: 40
 His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,
 Three boys, beside him, tun'd their rustic song.
 Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
 The harmless band were seiz'd with sudden fright,
 But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears; 45
 From her bright face the shining helm she rears,
 And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.
 Pursue your gentle tasks, with dread unmov'd,
 O happy race! (she cry'd) of Heav'n belov'd!
 Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear, 50
 Or check your tuneful notes with sounds of war.
 'Then thus—O father! 'midst these rude alarms,
 When all the country burns with horrid arms,
 What power can here your blissful seats ensure,
 And keep you from the soldiers' rage secure? 55
 To whom the swain: No dangers here, my son,
 As yet my kindred or my flock have known:
 And these abodes, remov'd to distance far,
 Have ne'er been startled with the din of war.
 Or whether Heaven, with more peculiar grace, 60
 Defends the shepherd's inoffensive race:
 Or, as the thunder scorns the vale below,
 And spends its fury on the mountain's brow;
 So falls alone the rage of foreign swords
 On sceptred princes and on mighty lords. 65

No greedy soldiers here for plunder wait,
 Lur'd by our poverty and abject state :
 To others abject ; but to me so dear,
 Nor regal power, nor wealth, is worth my care.
 No vain ambitious thoughts my soul molest, 70
 No av'rice harbours in my quiet breast.
 From limpid streams my drought is well supply'd ;
 I fear no poison in the wholesome tide.
 My little garden and my flock afford
 Salubrious viands for my homely board. 75
 How little, justly weigh'd, our life requires !
 For simple Nature owes but few desires.
 Lo ! there my sons (no menial slaves I keep)
 The faithful guardians of their father's sheep.
 Thus in the groves I pass my hours away, 80
 And see the goats and stags around me play ;
 The fishes through the crystal waters glide,
 And the plum'd race the yielding air divide.
 There was a time (when early youth inspires
 The mind of erring man with vain desires) 85
 scorn'd in lowly vales my flock to feed,
 And from my native soil and country fled.
 At Memphis once I liv'd ; and, highly grac'd,
 Among the monarch's household train was plac'd :
 And, though the gardens claim'd my cares alone, 90
 To me the wicked arts of courts were known.
 There long I stay'd, and irksome life endur'd,
 till by Ambition's empty hopes allur'd :
 But when, with flowery prime, those hopes were fled,
 And all my passions with my youth were dead ; 95
 Once more I wish'd to live an humble swain,
 and sigh'd for my forsaken peace again :
 Then bade adieu to courts ; and, free from strife,
 have since in woods enjoy'd a blissful life.
 While thus he spoke, Erminia silent hung 100
 a fix'd attention on his pleasing tongue :
 His sage discourses, on her heart impress'd,
 assuag'd the tempest of her troubled breast :
 Still, after various thoughts, the princely maid
 resolv'd to dwell beneath the lonely shade ; 105

At least, so long sequester'd to reside,
 Till Fortune should for her return provide.
 Then to the hoary swain her speech she mov'd :
 O happy man ! in Fortune's frowns approv'd :
 If Heav'n unenvying view thy peaceful state, 110
 Let pity touch thee for my hapless fate :
 Ah ! deign to take me to your pleasing seat ;
 To me how grateful were this kind retreat !
 Perhaps these lonely groves may ease in part
 The mournful burthen of my swelling heart. 115
 If gold or jewels can allure thy mind,
 (Those idols so ador'd by human kind !)
 From me thy soul may all its wishes find.

Then, while her lovely eyes with sorrows flow,
 She half reveals the story of her woe : 120
 The gentle swain her tale with pity hears,
 Sighs back her grief, and answers tears with tears :
 With kindly words consoles th' afflicted fair,
 At once receives her with a father's care,
 And thence conducts her to his ancient wife, 125
 The faithful partner of his humble life.

And now (her mail unbrac'd) the royal maid
 In rustic weeds her graceful limbs array'd ;
 But, in her courtly looks and beauteous mien,
 Appear'd no tenant of the sylvan scene. 13
 No dress could veil the lustre of her eyes,
 No outward form her princely air disguise :
 A secret charm, and dignity innate,
 Each act exalted of her lowly state.
 She drives the flock to pasture on the plain, 13
 And, with her crook, conducts to fold again :
 From the rough teat she drew the milky stream,
 And prest in circling vats the curdled cream.

Oft, when beneath some shady grove's retreat
 The flocks are shelter'd from meridian heat, 14
 On the smooth beechen rind the pensive dame
 Carves in a thousand forms her Tancred's name ;
 Oft on a thousand plants inscribes her state,
 Her dire distress, and love's disastrous fate :

B. VII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 173

And, while her eyes her own sad lines peruse, 145
A shower of tears her lovely face bedews.

Then thus she cries—Ye friendly trees! retain
My story'd sorrows, and declare my pain :
Should e'er, beneath your grateful shade, reside
Some love-sick youth in true affection try'd ; 150
His heart may learn with friendly grief to glow,
Touch'd by my sad variety of woe ;

So may he Love and Fortune's rigour blame,
That thus reward a virgin's constant flame.
If e'er indulgent Heav'n vouchsafe to hear 155
The tender wishes of a lover's prayer :

Ev'n he may haply to these dwellings rove,
Who heeds not now forlorn Erminia's love ;
And, casting on the ground his pitying eyes,
Where clos'd in earth this breathless body lies, 160
May to my sufferings yield a late return,
And with a pious tear my fortune mourn.

Thus, if my life was never doom'd to rest,
At least in death my spirit shall be blest ;
And my cold ashes shall the bliss receive, 165
Which here relentless Fate refus'd to give !

Thus to the senseless trunks her pains she told,
While down her cheek the copious sorrows roll'd.

Tancred, meantime, the damsel's flight pursu'd,
And, guided by the track, had reach'd the wood :
But there the trees so thick a gloom display'd, 171
He rov'd uncertain through the dusky shade.

And now he listens, with attentive ear,
The noise of steeds or sound of arms to hear.
Each bird or beast that rustles in the brakes, 175
Each whispering breeze his amorous hope awakes.

At length he leaves the wood : The favouring moon
Directs his wandering steps through paths unknown.
A sudden noise at distance seems to rise,
And thither strait th' impatient warrior flies. 180

And now he comes where from a rock distils
A plenteous stream that falls in lucid rills ;
Then down the steep th' united waters flow,
And murmur in the verdant banks below.

Here Tancred call'd aloud: in vain he cry'd; 185
No sound, save echo, to his voice reply'd.

Meanwhile he saw the gay Aurora rise,
And rosy blushes kindling in the skies:
Inly he groan'd, accusing Heav'n, that held
The flying damsel from his search conceal'd; 190
And vow'd his vengeance on the head to bend
Whose rashness should the much-lov'd maid offend.

At length the knight, though doubtful of the way,
Resolv'd to seek the camp without delay;
For near at hand the destin'd morning drew, 195
That with Argantes must his fight renew.

When, issuing from a narrow vale, he spy'd
A messenger, that seem'd on speed to ride,
His crooked horn depending at his side.
Tancred from him demands the ready way 200
To where, encamp'd, the Christian army lay.

Then he—Thou soon from me the path may'st know,
Dispatch'd by Bœmond to the camp I go.
Th' unwary knight the guileful words believ'd,
And follow'd, by his uncle's name deceiv'd. 205

And now they came to where, amidst a flood
Obscene with filth, a stately castle stood;
What time the sun withdrew his cheerful light,
And sought the sable caverns of the night.

At once the courier blew a sounding blast, 210
And sudden o'er the moat the bridge was cast.
Here, if a Latian (said the wily guide)

Thou may'st at ease till morning dawn reside:
Three days are past since from the Pagan band
Cosenza's valiant earl this castle gain'd. 215

He ceas'd: The warrior all the fort survey'd,
Impregnable by art and nature made;
Awhile he paus'd, suspending in his mind
In such a place some secret fraud to find:
But, long to dangers and to toils inur'd, 220
He stood undaunted, in himself secur'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er or choice or chance procure,
His own right arm his safety should ensure.

But now another task his sword demands,
And from each new attempt restrains his hands. 225
Before the castle, close beside the flood,
In deep suspense awhile the hero stood ;
Nor o'er the stream the doubtful passage try'd,
Though oft invited by his treacherous guide.
When sudden on the bridge a knight was seen 230
All sheath'd in arms, of fierce and haughty mien ;
His naked falchion, held aloft, he shook,
And thus in loud and threatening accents spoke.

O thou ! who thus hast reach'd Armida's land,
Or led by choice, or by thy fate constrain'd, 235
Hope not to fly—be here thy sword resign'd,
And let thy hands ignoble fetters bind ;
This castle enter, and the laws receive,
The laws our sovereign mistress deigns to give :
And ne'er expect, for length of rolling years, 240
To view the light of heaven or golden stars,
Unless thou swear, with her associate train,
To war on all that Jesus' faith maintain.

He said ; and, while his voice betray'd the knight,
On the known armour Tancred fix'd his sight. 245
Rambaldo this, who with Armida came ;
Who, for her sake, embrac'd the Pagan name ;
And now was seen in arms t' assert her cause,
The bold defender of her impious laws.
With holy zeal th' indignant warrior burn'd, 250
And to the foe this answer soon return'd.

Lo ! impious wretch ! that Tancred now appears,
Who still for Christ his faithful weapon wears ;
His champion ! taught by him the foes to quell,
That dare against his sacred word rebel.
Soon shalt thou find in me thy scourge is giv'n,
And own this hand the minister of Heav'n.

Confounded at his name th' apostate stood ;
Swift vanish'd from his cheek the frightened blood :
Yet thus, with courage feign'd, he made reply : 260
Why com'st thou, wretch ! predestin'd here to die ?
Here shall thy lifeless limbs on earth be spread,
And, sever'd from the trunk, thy worthless head

Soon to the leader of the Franks I'll send,
If fortune, as of old, my arms befriend. 265

While thus he spoke, the day its beams withdrew,
And deeper shades obscur'd the doubtful view :
When strait a thousand lamps resplendent blaze,
And all the castle shines with starry rays.
Armida plac'd aloft (herself conceal'd) 270

Heard all the contest, and the knights beheld.
Th' undaunted hero for the fight prepares,
Collects his courage and his falchion bares ;
Nor kept his steed, but, leaping from his seat,
Approach'd on equal terms the foe to meet. 275

The foe advanc'd on foot, and held before
His fencing shield ; his head the helmet wore ;
In act to strike, the naked steel he bore.
To him with dauntless pace the prince drew nigh,
Rage in his voice, and lightning in his eye. 280

The wary Pagan wheels his steps afar,
Now seems to strike, and now to shun the war.
Taacred, though weak with many a former wound,
Though lately spent with toil, maintain'd his ground ;
And, where Rambaldo shrunk, his steps he press'd,
And oft the sword before his face address'd 285

With threatening point ; but chiefly bent his art,
To aim the wounds at every vital part.
His dreadful voice he rais'd at every blow,
And pour'd a furious tempest on the foe : 290

Now here, now there, the foe deceives his eyes,
With sword and shield to ward the danger tries,
And from th' impending steel elusive flies.
Yet not so swift the Pagan can defend,
But swifter far the Christian's strokes descend. 295

Rambaldo's arms were now with blood bedew'd,
His shield was broken, and his helmet hew'd :
While in his heart contending passions strove,
Remorse, and fear, and shame, revenge, and love.
At length, impell'd by fury and despair, 300

To prove the utmost fortune of the war,
His buckler cast aside, with either hand,
He grasp'd his falchion, yet with blood unstain'd ;

Then, instant closing, urg'd the vengeful steel :
 On 'Tancred's thigh the furious weapon fell, 305
 And through the mail infix'd a ghastly wound ;
 His helmet next the Pagan's falchion found ;
 The helmet, struck, return'd a ringing sound.
 The casque sustain'd the stroke, with temper steel'd,
 Beneath the force the staggering warrior reel'd ; 310
 But, soon recovering, gnash'd his teeth with ire,
 While from his eye-balls flash'd avenging fire !

And now Rambaldo durst no longer wage
 The doubtful fight with Tancred's rising rage :
 His startled ear the hissing sword confess'd ; 315
 He deem'd the point already in his breast :
 He sees, he flies, the blow : th' impetuous steel
 With erring force against a column fell
 Beside the flood ; beneath the furious stroke
 The marble in a thousand shivers broke. 320
 Swift to the bridge th' affrighted traitor flies ;
 In swiftness all his hope of safety lies.

Him Tancred chas'd, and step by step impell'd ;
 Now o'er his back the threatening sword he held :
 When lo ! (the trembling Pagan's flight to shield)
 A sudden darkness cover'd all the field : 326
 At once the lamps were vanish'd from the sight,
 At once the moon and stars withdrew their light.
 No more the victor could his foe pursue,

In gloom of friendly night conceal'd from view.
 His eyes in vain explor'd the magic shade, 331
 While unsecure with doubtful feet he stray'd.
 Unconscious where he pass'd, with luckless tread
 He enter'd at a gate, as fortune led ;
 But sudden heard the portal clos'd behind, 335
 And found himself in prison drear confin'd.
 So the mute race from troubled waves retreat,
 To seek in peaceful bays a milder seat,
 And heedless enter in the fatal snare, 339
 Where fishers place their nets with guileful care.

The gallant Tancred, prisoner thus remain'd,
 By strange enchantment in the fort detain'd ;

In vain to force the gate his strength he try'd,
 The stronger gate his utmost pains defy'd:
 And soon a voice was heard—Attempt no more,
 Armida's captive now, t' escape her pow'r! 346
 Here live; nor fear that death should prove thy
 Here, living, sentenc'd to a doleful tomb! [doom,
 Th' indignant knight his rising grief suppress'd,
 Yet groan'd full deeply from his inmost breast; 350
 Accusing Love, from whence his errors rose,
 Himself, his fortune, and his treach'rous foes.
 Thus oft in whispers to himself he mourns:
 To me no more the cheerful sun returns!
 Yet that were little—these unhappy eyes 355
 Must view no more the sun of beauty rise!
 No more behold Clorinda's charms again,
 Whose power alone can ease a lover's pain!
 The destin'd combat then his mind assail'd;
 Too much (he cry'd) my honour here has fail'd: 360
 Well may Argantes now despise my name;
 O stain to glory! O eternal shame!

While thoughts like these distracted Tancred's
 Argantes scorn'd the downy plumes of rest: [breast,
 Discord and strife his cruel soul employ; 365
 Fame all his wish, and slaughter all his joy:
 And ere his wounds are heal'd, he burns to view
 Th' appointed day, the combat to renew.
 The night before the morn for fight design'd,
 The Pagan scarce to sleep his eyes inclin'd: 370
 While yet the skies their sable mantle spread,
 Ere yet a beam disclos'd the mountain's head,
 He rose, and call'd for arms; his squire prepares,
 And to his lord the radiant armour bears;
 Not that he wont to wear; a nobler load, 375
 A costly gift, the monarch this bestow'd.
 Eager he seiz'd, nor gaz'd the present o'er;
 His limbs, with ease, the massy burthen bore.
 He girt the trusty falchion to his side;
 Full well in many a dangerous combat try'd. 380
 As, shaking terrors from his blazing hair,
 A sanguine comet gleams through dusky air,

To ruin states, and dire diseases spread,
 And baleful light on purple tyrants shed :
 So flam'd the chief in arms ; and, sparkling ire, 385
 He roll'd his eyes, suffus'd with blood and fire :
 His dreadful threats the firmest hearts control'd,
 And with a look he wither'd all the bold :
 With horrid shout he shook his naked blade,
 And smote th' impassive air and empty shade. 390

Soon shall the Christian chief (aloud he cries)
 Who dares with me in fight dispute the prize,
 Vanquish'd and bleeding, press th' ensanguin'd land,
 And soil his flowing tresses in the sand !
 Spite of his God, he living shall survey 395
 This hand, unpitying, rend his spoils away.
 Then shall his prayers in vain a grave implore,
 The dogs his mangled carcass shall devour !

So fares a bull whom jealous fires engage,
 Loudly he roars, and calls up all his rage ; 400
 Against a tree his sharpen'd horns he tries,
 To battle vain the passing wind defies ;
 He spurs the yellow sands, and from afar
 His mortal rival dares to deadly war.

These passions swelling in Argantes' breast, 405
 The herald straight he call'd, and thus address'd :
 Haste to the camp, and there the fight proclaim
 With yonder champion of the Christian name.

This said, he seiz'd his steel, nor longer stay'd,
 But from the walls the captive knight convey'd. 410
 He left the city, and impetuous went
 With eager speed along the hill's descent.
 Impatient then his sounding horn he blew,
 And wide around the horrid echo flew ;
 The noise, like thunder, struck th' astonish'd ears,
 And every heart was fill'd with sudden fears. 416

The Christian princes, now conven'd, enclose
 Their prudent chief; to these the herald goes,
 And Tancred first to combat due demands,
 Then dares each leader of the faithful bands. 420

Now Godfrey casts around his heedful sight,
 No champion offers equal to the fight.

The flower of all his warlike train is lost ;
 No news of Tancred yet has reach'd the host :
 Bœmond afar ; and exil'd from the field, 425
 Th' unconquer'd youth who proud Gernando kill'd.
 Beside the ten, by lot of fortune nam'd,
 The heroes of the camp, for valour fam'd,
 Pursu'd the false Armida's guileful flight,
 Conceal'd in covert of the friendly night. 430
 The rest, less firm of soul or brave of hand,
 Around their chief unmov'd and silent stand ;
 Not one in such a risk would seek for fame ;
 In fear of ill was lost the sense of shame.

Well, by their silence and their looks display'd,
 Their secret fears the General soon survey'd, 436
 And, fill'd with noble warmth and high disdain,
 He started from his seat, and thus began.

Ah! how unworthy were this breast of life,
 If now I shun t' attempt the glorious strife ; 440
 Or let yon Pagan foe our name disgrace,
 And tread in dust the glory of our race.
 Here let my camp secure, inactive, lie,
 And view my danger with a distant eye : [thought,
 Haste, bring my arms!—Then, swift as winged
 His ponderous armour to the chief was brought. 446
 But Raymond (in experienc'd wisdom known,
 Whose courage with the first in peril shone ;
 Whose vigorous age the fire of youth confess'd)
 Turn'd to the leader, and these words address'd. 450

Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er the Christian state,
 Thus in their chief should hazard all their fate!
 On thee our empire and our faith depend,
 By thee must Babel's impious kingdom end.
 'Tis thine to rule debates, the sceptre wield ; 455
 Let others boldly prove the sword in field.
 Ev'n I, though bending with the weight of age,
 Refuse not here the danger to engage.
 Let others shun the force of yonder knight,
 No thoughts shall keep me from so brave a fight. 460
 O! could I boast an equal strength of years
 With you who stand dismay'd with heartless fears,

(Whom neither shame nor indignation moves,
While yonder foe your dastard train reproves)
Such as I was, when all Germania view'd 465
Stern Leopold beneath my arms subdu'd!
At mighty Conrade's court my weapon tore
The warrior's breast, and drank his vital gore.
Such was the deed! more noble far to bear
The spoils of such a chief renown'd in war, 470
Than singly here, unarm'd, in flight to chase
A numerous band of this inglorious race.
Had I the vigour now I then possess'd,
This arm had soon the Pagan's pride suppress'd.
But, as I am, this heart undaunted glows, 475
No coward fear this aged bosom knows;
And, should I breathless press the hostile plain,
No easy conquest shall the foe obtain.
Behold, I arm!—this day, with added praise,
Shall crown the lustre of my former days. 480
So spoke the hoary chief; his words inspir'd
Each kindling soul, and sleeping virtue fir'd:
And those whose silence first their fears confess'd,
With voice embolden'd to the combat press'd.
No more a knight is sought; a generous band, 485
By emulation urg'd, the fight demand.
That task Rogero, Guelpho, Baldwin fam'd,
Stephen, Gernier, and either Guido claim'd;
Pyrrhus, whose art the walls of Antioch won,
And gave to Bœmond's hand the conquer'd town.
Brave Eberard the glorious trial warms; 491
Ridolphus and Rosmondo, known in arms:
And, with like thirst to gain a deathless name,
The conflict Edward and Gildippe claim.
But first the venerable warrior stands, 495
And with superior zeal the fight demands.
Already arm'd he darts resplendent fires,
And now his burnish'd helm alone requires:
Him Godfrey thus bespoke—O glorious sage!
Thou lively mirror of a warlike age! 500
From thee our leaders catch the god-like flame,
Thine is the art of war and martial fame!

O! could I now in youthful prowess find
 Ten champions more to match thy dauntless mind,
 Soon should I conquer Babel's haughty towers, 505
 And spread the Cross from Ind to Thule's shores.
 But here forbear: reserve for counsel sage
 The nobler glory of thy virtuous age.
 And let the rest their rival names enclose
 Within a vase, and chance the lots dispose; 510
 Or rather God dispose, whose sovereign will,
 Fortune and Fate, his ministers, fulfils.

He said: but Raymond still asserts his claim;
 And, fearless, with the rest includes his name.
 Then pious Godfrey in his helmet threw 515
 The lots, and shaking round, the first he drew,
 Thoulouse's valiant earl appear'd in view.

With cheerful shouts the Christians hail the name,
 Nor dares a tongue the lot of Fortune blame.
 The hero's looks a sudden vigour warms, 520
 And a new youth his stiffen'd limbs informs.
 So the fierce snake, with spoils renew'd, appears,
 And to the sun his golden circles rears.
 But Godfrey most extoll'd the hoary knight,
 And promis'd fame and conquest in the fight; 525
 Then from his side his trusty falchion took,
 To Raymond this he gave, and thus he spoke:

See here the sword which, drawn in many a field,
 The rebel Saxon once was wont to wield;
 This from his hand I won in glorious strife, 530
 And forc'd a passage for his hated life:
 This sword, that ever did my arm befriend,
 Receive, and equal fortune thine attend!

Thus they: The haughty foe impatient stay'd,
 And with loud threats provok'd the strife delay'd: 535

Unconquer'd nations! Europe's martial bands!
 Behold, a single chief the war demands!
 Why comes not Tancred, once so fam'd in fight,
 If still he dare to trust his boasted might?
 Or, does he chuse, in downy slumber laid, 540
 To wait again the night's auxiliar shade?

If thus he fears, let others prove their force ;
 Come all, united powers of foot and horse !
 Since not your thousands can a warrior yield
 Who dares oppose my might in single field. 545

Lo! there the sepulchre of Mary's son—
 Approach, and pay your offering at the stone.
 Behold the way! what cause detains your hand ?
 Or does some greater deed your sword demand ?

These bitter taunts each Christian's rage provoke,
 But chiefly Raymond kindled as he spoke : 551
 Indignant shame his swelling breast inspires,
 And noble wrath his dauntless courage fires.

He vaults on Aquiline, of matchless speed ;
 The banks of Tagus bred this generous steed : 555
 There the fair mother of the warrior-brood
 (Soon as the kindly spring had fir'd her blood)
 With open mouth, against the breezes held,
 Receiv'd the gales with warmth prolific fili'd :
 And (strange to tell!) inspir'd with genial seed, 560
 Her swelling womb produc'd this wondrous steed.

Along the sand with rapid feet he flies,
 No eye his traces in the dust descries ;
 To right, to left, obedient to the rein,
 He winds the mazes of th' embattled plain. 565

On this the valiant earl to combat press'd,
 And thus to Heaven his pious prayer address'd.
 O thou! that 'gainst Goliath's impious head
 The youthful arms in Terebinthus sped,
 When the proud foe, who scoff'd at Israel's band,
 Fell by the weapon of a stripling's hand : 571

With like example now thy cause maintain,
 And stretch yon Pagan breathless on the plain :
 Let feeble age subdue the mighty's pride,
 Which feeble childhood once so well defy'd! 575

So pray'd the earl; and straight his zealous
 prayers
 Flew, wing'd with faith, to reach the heavenly
 spheres,
 As flames ascend. Th' Eternal Father heard,
 And call'd an angel from th' ethereal guard,

Whose watchful aid the aged chief might shield, 580
 And safe return him from the glorious field.
 Th' angelic power, to whom, decreed by Heaven,
 The care of Raymond from his birth was given,
 Soon as he heard anew his Lord's command,
 Obey'd the charge entrusted to his hand : 585
 He mounts the sacred tower, where, rang'd on high,
 The arms of all the immortal legions lie.
 There shines the spear, by which the serpent driven
 Lies pierc'd with wounds; the fiery bolts of heaven;
 The viewless arrows that in tainted air, 590
 Disease and plagues to frighted mortals bear.
 There, hung aloft, the trident huge is seen,
 The deadliest terror to the race of men,
 What time the solid earth's foundations move,
 And tottering cities tremble from above. 595
 But o'er the rest, on piles of armour, flam'd
 A shield immense, of blazing di'mond fram'd,
 Whose orb could all the realms and lands contain
 That reach, from Caucasus, th' Atlantic main!
 This buckler guards the righteous prince's head; 600
 O'er holy kingdoms this defence is spread :
 With this the angel from his seat descends,
 And near his Raymond, unperceiv'd, attends. [fill'd;
 Meantime, the walls with various throngs were
 And now Clorinda (so the tyrant will'd, 605
 Led from the city's gate an armed band,
 And halted on the hill; the Christians staud
 In rank of battle on a different hand.
 Before the camp, in either army's sight,
 An ample list lay open for the fight. 610
 Argantes seeks his foe, but seeks in vain;
 A knight unknown appears upon the plain.
 Then Raymond thus—The chief thy eyes would find,
 Thy better fate has from our host disjoin'd.
 Yet let not this thy empty pride excite, 615
 Behold me here prepar'd to prove thy might.
 For him I dare with thee the war maintain :
 Nor think the meanest of the Christian train.

The Pagan smil'd, and scornful thus reply'd:
Say, in what part does Tancred then reside? 620

He first with boastful threats all Heaven defies,
Then trembling on his coward feet relies!
But let him fly, and veil his fears in vain
Beneath the central earth, or boundless main:
Not earth profound, nor ocean's whelming wave,
Shall from my hand the recreant warrior save! 626

Falsely thou say'st (the Christian thus replies)
That he, thy better far, the combat flies.

To whom the foe, incens'd.—Then swift prepare,
I shall not here refuse thy proffer'd war: 630
Soon shall we prove, on this contended plain,
How well thy deeds thy senseless boast maintain.

This said, the champions to the combat press'd,
And 'gainst the helm their threatening spears ad-
dress'd.

True to his aim, good Raymond reach'd the foe,
Who, in his seat unmov'd, sustain'd the blow. 636

No less in vain was fierce Argantes' might:
The heavenly guardian, watchful o'er the fight,
The stroke averted from the Christian knight.
The Pagan gnaw'd his lips, with rage he shook, 640
And 'against the plain his lance, blaspheming, broke;
Then drew his sword and swift at Raymond flew,
On closer terms the combat to renew.

Against him full he drove his furious steed;
So butting rams encounter head to head. 645

But Raymond to the right eludes the shock;
And on his front the passing Pagan struck.
Again the stern Circassian seeks the foe:
Again the Christian disappoints the blow:
And every turn observ'd with heedful eyes; 650

He fear'd Argantes' strength and giant size.
By fits he seem'd to fight, by fits to yield,
And round the list in flying circles wheel'd,
As when some chief a tower beleaguers round,
With fens enclos'd, or on a hilly ground; 655

A thousand ways, a thousand arts he proves:
Thus o'er the field the wary Christian moves.

In vain he strives the Pagan's scales to rend,
 That well his ample breast and head defend;
 But where the jointed plates an entrance show'd,
 Thrice with his sword he drew the purple flood, 661
 And stain'd the hostile arms with streaming blood.
 His own, secure, the adverse weapon brav'd;
 Untouch'd, the plumage o'er his helmet wav'd.
 At length, amidst a thousand vainly spent, 665
 A well-aim'd stroke the raging Pagan sent;
 Then, Aquiline! thy speed had prov'd in vain,
 The fatal blow had aged Raymond slain:
 But here he fail'd not heavenly aid to prove;
 The guard invisible, from realms above, 670
 To meet the steel th' ethereal buckler held,
 Whose blazing orb the powerful stroke repell'd.
 The sword broke short, nor could the force with-
 (No earthly temper of a mortal hand [stand;
 Could arms divine, infrangible, sustain) 675
 The brittle weapon shiver'd on the plain.
 The Pagan scarce believes; with wondering eye,
 He sees on earth the glittering fragments lie:
 And still he deem'd against the Christian's shield
 His falchion broken strew'd the dusty field: [Heav'n
 Good Raymond deem'd no less; nor knew, from
 What powerful guardian to his life was given.
 But when disarm'd the hostile hand he view'd,
 Awhile suspended in himself he stood;
 He fear'd such palms would little fame bestow, 685
 With such advantage ravish'd from the foe.
 Go, seek a sword—the chief begins to say,
 But different thoughts his generous purpose stay.
 He fears alike to win the shield with shame;
 He fears alike to risk the general fame. 690
 While doubtful thus he stands, with rage anew
 The hilt Argantes at his helmet threw;
 Then spur'd his steed to grapple with his foe:
 The earl, unmov'd, receives the Pagan's blow, [sway,
 And wounds his arm, that came with threatening
 Fierce as a vulture rushing on its prey! 696

At every turn his sword Argantes found,
 And pierc'd his limbs with many a ghastly wound.
 Whate'er his art or vigour could conspire,
 His former wrath, his now redoubled ire, 700
 At once against the proud Circassian join,
 And Heaven and Fortune in the cause combine.
 But still the foe, with dauntless soul secure,
 Resists, untterrify'd, the Christian's power.
 So seems a stately ship, in billows tost, 705
 Her tackle torn, her mast and canvas lost ;
 With strong ribb'd sides the rushing storm she braves,
 Nor yet despairs amidst the roaring waves.
 Ev'n such, Argantes, was thy dangerous state,
 When Beelzebub prepar'd to ward thy fate : 710
 From hollow clouds he fram'd an empty shade,
 (Wondrous to speak !) in human form array'd :
 To this Clorinda's warlike looks he join'd ;
 Like her the form in radiant armour shin'd :
 He gave it speech and accents like the dame ; 715
 The same the motion, and the mien the same.
 To Oradine its course the phantom took,
 And him, renown'd for archery, bespoke :
 O Oradine ! whose never-failing art
 To every mark directs the distant dart, 720
 Think what a loss Judæa must sustain,
 Should thus the guardian of her walls be slain ;
 Should his rich spoils the haughty foe adorn,
 And he in safety to his train return.
 On yonder robber let thy skill be try'd, 725
 Deep in his blood be now thy arrows dy'd.
 What endless praise were thine ! nor praise alone,
 The king with vast rewards the deeds shall crown.
 The spectre ceas'd, not long the warrior stay'd ;
 The hopes of gain his greedy soul persuade : 730
 From the full quiver, destiu'd for the deed,
 To the tough yew he fits the feather'd reed :
 He bends the bow, loud twangs the trembling string,
 The shaft impatient hisses on the wing ;
 Swift, to the mark the airy passage finds, 735
 Just where the belt the golden buckle binds

The corslet piercing, through the skin it goes ;
 But scarce the wound with purple moisture flows ;
 The guard celestial stops its further course,
 And robs the arrow of its threatening force. 740
 The earl the weapon from his corslet drew,
 And saw the sprinkling drops of sanguine hue ;
 Then on the Pagan turn'd, with fury mov'd,
 And, with loud threats, his breach of faith reprov'd.
 The pious Godfrey now, whose careful look 745
 Was fix'd on Raymond, found the truce was broke :
 With fears he saw his lov'd associate bleed,
 And urg'd his troops t' avenge the treacherous deed.
 Then might you see their ready beavers clos'd,
 Their coursers rein'd, their spears in rest dispos'd.
 At once the squadrons, plac'd on either hand, 451
 Move in their ranks, and thicken o'er the land :
 The field is vanish'd ; clouds of dust arise,
 And roll in sable volumes to the skies.
 They meet, they shock ; the clamours echo round ;
 And helms, and shields, and shiver'd spears resound.
 Here lies a steed, and there (his rider slain)
 Another runs at random o'er the plain.
 Here lies a warrior dead ; in pangs of death,
 There one, with groans, reluctant yields his breath.
 Dire was the conflict : deep the tumult grows ; 761
 And now with all its rage the battle glows.
 Argantes midst them flew with eager pace,
 And from a soldier snatch'd an iron mace ;
 This whirl'd around, with unresisted sway, 765
 Through the thick press he forc'd an ample way :
 Raymond he seeks, on him his arms he turns,
 On him alone his dreadful fury burns ;
 And, like a wolf, with savage wrath endu'd,
 He thirsts insatiate for the Christian's blood. 770
 But now, on every side, the numbers clos'd,
 And thronging warriors his attempts oppos'd :
 Ormano and Rogero (names renown'd!)
 Guido, with either Gerrard, there he found.
 Yet more impetuous still his anger swell'd, 775
 The more these gallant chiefs his force repell'd.

So, pent in narrow space, more dreadful grows
 The blazing fire, and round destruction throws.
 Guido he wounded ; brave Ormano slew ;
 And midst the slain to earth Rogero threw, 780
 Stunn'd with the fall. While here the martial train
 On either hand an equal fight maintain ;
 Thus to his brother Godfrey gave command :
 Now to the fight conduct thy warlike band ;
 And where the battle rages in its force, 785
 There to the left direct thy speedy course.
 He said ; the warrior at his word obey'd,
 And on their flank a sudden onset made.
 Languid and spent the Asian troops appear,
 Nor can the Franks' impetuous vigour bear : [round.
 Their ranks are broke, their standards scatter'd
 And men and steeds lie mingled on the ground.
 The squadrons, on the right, now fled the plain ;
 Alone Argantes dares the shock sustain ;
 Alone he turns, alone the torrent stands : 790
 Not he who brandish'd in his hundred hands
 His fifty swords and fifty shields in fight,
 Could have surpass'd the fierce Argantes' might !
 The mace's sweepy way, the clashing spears,
 Th' impetuous shock of charging steed he bears.
 Alone, he seems for all an equal force : 801
 Now here, now there, by turns he shifts his course :
 His limbs are bruis'd, his shatter'd arms resound :
 The blood and sweat in mingled streams abound,
 Yet whole he seems, and fearless of a wound. 805
 But now so closely press'd the flying crew,
 That in their flight th' unwilling chief they drew :
 Constrain'd he turn'd, nor longer could abide
 The o'erbearing fury of the rapid tide.
 Yet seems he not to fly, his looks declare 810
 His dauntless soul, and still maintain the war ;
 Still in his eyes the glancing terrors glow ;
 And still with threatening voice he dares the foe.
 With every art he tries, but tries in vain,
 To stop the panic of the routed train : 815

No art, no rein, can rule the vulgar fear ;
 Nor earnest prayers, nor loud commands, they hear.
 The pious Godfrey, who, with zeal inspir'd,
 Saw Fortune favouring all his soul desir'd,
 Pursu'd with joy the battle's glorious course, 820
 And to the victors sent auxiliar force.

And, but the fatal hour not yet was come,
 Prefix'd by God in his eternal doom,
 This day, perchance, their arms success had found,
 This day had all their sacred labours crown'd. 825
 But hell's dire crew, who saw the conquering host,
 And in the combat fear'd their empire lost,
 (By Heav'n permitted) spread the changing skies
 With clouds condens'd, and gave the wiuds to rise.
 Infernal horrors darken all the air, 830

Pale livid lightnings thro' the æther glare ;
 The thunder roars ; the mingled hail and rain
 With rattling torrents deluge all the plain :
 The trees are reut ; nor yield the trees alone,
 The rocks and mountains to the tempest groan.
 The wind and rain with force united strove, 835
 And on the Christians' face impetuous drove :
 The sudden storm their eager course repress'd,
 And fatal terrors daunted many a breast : [field,
 While, round their banners, some maintain'd the
 Nor yet the fortune of the day beheld. 841
 But this Clorinda, from afar, descries,
 And swift to seize the wish'd occasion flies.

She spurs her steed, and thus her squadron warms :
 See ! Heaven, my friends ! assists our righteous arms :
 His tempest lights not on our favour'd bands, 846
 But leaves to action free our valiant hands :
 Against th' astonish'd foe his wrath he bends,
 Full in their face his vengeful storm descends :
 They lose the use of arms and light of day : 850
 Haste, let us go where Fortune points the way !

She said, and rouz'd her ardent troops to war,
 And while behind th' infernal storm they bear,
 With dreadful fury on the Franks they turn,
 And mock their vigour, and their weapons scorn :

Meanwhile Argantes on their forces flew, 856
(So lately victors) and with rage o'erthrew :
These, swift retreating from the field, oppose
Their backs against the storm and hostile blows.
Fierce on the rear, the Pagan weapons pour : 860
Fierce on the rear, their wrath the furies shower.
The mingled blood in streaming torrents swell'd,
And purple rivers delug'd all the field.
There, midst the dying and the vulgar slain,
Pyrrhus and good Ridolphus press'd the plain : 865
The fierce Circassian this of life depriv'd ;
From that, Clorinda noble palms deriv'd.

Thus fled the Franks ; while still th' infernal crew
And Syrian bands their eager flight pursue.

Godfrey alone the hostile arms defies, 870

The roaring storm and thunder of the skies ;
With dauntless front amid the tumult moves,
And loud each leader's coward fear reproves.
Against Argantes twice he urg'd his horse,
And bravely twice repell'd the Pagan's course : 875
As oft on high his naked sword he rear'd

Where, thickest join'd, the hostile troops appear'd :
Till, with the rest constrain'd the day to yield,
He gain'd the trenches, and forsook the field.

Back to the walls return'd the pagan band ; 880

The weary Christians in the vale remain'd ;
Nor then could scarce th' increasing tempest bear,
And the wild rage of elemental war.

Now here, now there, the fires more faintly show ;
Loud roar the winds ; the rushing waters flow : 885

The tents are shatter'd, stakes in pieces torn ;
And whole pavilions far to distance borne.

The thunder, rain, and wind, and human cries,
With deafening clamours rend the vaulted skies !



THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Dane arrives at the Christian camp, and informs Godfrey that the band, conducted by Sweno, was attacked in the night, near Palestine, by a numerous army of Arabs commanded by Solyman: that the Danes were cut in pieces, and Sweno killed; and that himself only escaped the general slaughter: to this he adds, that he had received an injunction to present Sweno's sword to Rinaldo. The Christian army, deceived by appearances, suspect Rinaldo to have been assassinated. Argillan, instigated in a dream by Alecto, incites the Italians to revolt; and throw the odium of Rinaldo's supposed murder upon Godfrey. The disaffection spreads through the troops. Godfrey goes himself to quell the tumult; he causes Argillan to be arrested, and restores tranquility to the camp.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW ceas'd the thunder's noise, the storm was
And every blustering wind forgot to roar; [o'er
When the fair Morning, from her radiant seat,
Appear'd with rosy front and golden feet:
But those, whose power the raging tempest brew'd,
Still with new wiles their ruthless hate pursu'd; 6
While one (Astagoras the fiend was nam'd)
Her partner, dire Alecto, thus inflam'd :

Behold yon knight, Alecto ! on his way,
(Nor can our arts his destin'd purpose stay) 10
Who 'scap'd with life, on yonder fatal plain,
The great defender of th' infernal reign.

He to the Franks his comrades' fate shall tell,
And how in fight their daring leader fell.
This great event, among the Christians known, 15
May to the camp recall Bertoldo's son.

Thou know'st too well if this our care may claim,
And challenge every scheme our power can frame.
Then mingle with the Franks to work their woes,
And each adventure to their harms dispose : 20
Go—shed thy venom in their veins, inflame
The Latian, British, and Helvetian name ;
Be every means, be every fraud, apply'd,
And all the camp in civic broils divide.

This task were worthy thee, would crown thy word,
So nobly plighted to our sovereign lord. 26

She spoke; nor needed more her speech employ
The fiend embrac'd th' attempt with horrid joy.

Meantime the knight, whose presence thus they
Arriving, in the Christian camp appear'd: [fear'd
Conducted, soon the leader's tent he sought; 31
(All thronging round to hear the news he brought)
Lowly he bow'd, and kiss'd the glorious hand
That shook the lofty towers of Babel's land.

O chief! (he cry'd) whose wide extended fame
Alone the ocean bounds and starry frame; 36
Would Heaven I here with happier tidings stood!—
This said, he sigh'd, and thus his speech pursu'd.

Sweno, the Danish monarch's only son,
(Pride of his age, and glory of his throne) 40
Impatient, burn'd his oame with theirs to join,
Who, led by thee, in Jesus' cause combine;
Nor toils nor dangers could his thought restrain,
Nor all th' allurements of his future reign;
Not filial duty to his aged sire 45
Could in his bosom quench the glorious fire.
By thy example, and beneath thy care,
He long'd to learn the labours of the war:
Already had he heard Rinaldo's name,
In bloom of youth, resound with deeds of fame; 50
But, far above an earthly frail renown,
His soul aspir'd to Heaven's eternal crown.
Resolv'd to meet in arms the Pagan foes,
The prince a faithful daring squadron chose;
Direct for Thrace, with these his way pursu'd, 55
Till now the Greek's imperial seat he view'd.
The Grecian king the gallant youth caress'd,
And in his court detain'd the royal guest.
There from the camp thy trusty envoy came,
Who told the triumphs of the Christian name: 60
How first you conquer'd Antioch's stately town,
Then 'gainst the foe maintain'd the conquest won,
When Persia brought her numerous sons from far,
And seem'd t' exhaust her spacious realms for war.
On thine, on every leader's deeds he dwells, 65
And last the praise of brave Rinaldo tells:

How the bold youth forsook his native land ;
 What early glory since his arms had gain'd.
 To this he adds, that now the Christian powers
 Had laid the siege to Sion's lofty towers : 70

And urg'd the prince with thee at least to share
 The last great conquest of the sacred war.
 These speeches gave new force to Sweno's zeal ;
 He thirsts in Pagan blood to drench his steel.
 Each warrior's trophy seems his sloth to blame ; 75
 Each valiant deed upbraids his tardy fame.

One thought alone his dauntless soul alarms ;
 He fears to join too late the victor's arms.
 Impell'd by fate, he scarcely deigns to stay
 Till the first blush of dawn renew'd the day. 80

We march'd, intrepid, o'er a length of land
 Beset with various foes on every hand :
 Now rugged ways we prove ; now famine bear ;
 To ambush now expos'd or open war :
 But every labour, fearless, we sustain ; 85
 Our foes were vanquish'd, or in battle slain.

Success in danger every doubt suppress'd,
 Presumptuous hope each swelling heart possess'd.
 At length we pitch'd our tents one fatal day,
 As near the bounds of Palestine we lay : 90

Our scouts were there surpriz'd with loud alarms
 Of barbarous clamours and the din of arms :
 And countless banners they descri'd from far,
 The streaming signals of approaching war.

Our matchless chief unmov'd the tidings heard :
 Firm was his voice, unchang'd his looks appear'd ;
 Though the dire peril start'ed many a breast,
 And many a changing cheek its fears confess'd.
 Then thus he cry'd : Prepare for sure renown,
 The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown ! 100

The first I hope, nor less the last I prize,
 Whence greater merits, equal glories, rise !
 This field, O friends ! shall future honours claim,
 A temple sacred to immortal fame ;

Where distant ages shall our trophies tell, 105
 Or show the spot on which we greatly fell

Thus said the chief, and strait the guard prepares,
Divides the tasks, and every labour shares.

He wills the troops in arms to pass the night,
Nor from his breast removes his corslet bright, 110
But sheath'd in mail expects the threaten'd fight.

When now the silent Night her veil extends,
The peaceful hour that balmy sleep befriends;
The sky with dreadful howling echoes round,
And every cave returns the barbarous sound. 115

To arms, to arms! (each startled soldier cries)
Before the rest impetuous Sweno flies;
He darts his eyes that glow with martial flame,
His looks the ardour of his soul proclaim.
And soon th' invading troops our camp enclose. 120
Thick and more thick the steely circle grows;
Javelins and swords around us form a wood,
And o'er our heads descends an iron cloud.

In this unequal field the war we wag'd,
Where every Christian twenty foes engag'd. 125
Of these, were many wounded midst the gloom:
By random shafts full many met their doom.
But none, amidst the dusky shades, could tell
The wounded warriors, or what numbers fell.

Night o'er our loss her sable mantle threw, 130
And, with our loss, conceal'd our deeds from view.
Yet fierce in arms, and towering o'er the rest,
The gallant Sweno stood to all confess'd;
Ev'n through the dusk they mark his daring course,
And count the actions of his matchless force; 135
His thirsty sword the purple slaughter spread,
And round him rais'd a bulwark of the dead:
Where'er he turus he scatters, through the band,
Fear from his looks and slaughter from his hand.

Thus stood the fight: but when th' ethereal ray
With ruddy streaks proclaim'd the dawning day,
The morn reveal'd the fatal scenes of night,
And Death's dire horrors open'd to our sight;
We saw a field with mangled bodies strown,
And in one combat all our force o'erthrown! 145

A thousand first compos'd our martial band,
And scarce an hundred now alive remain'd!
But when the chief beheld the dreadful plain,
The mangled troops, the dying and the slain,
'Twas doubtful how his soul sustain'd his part, 150
Or what emotions touch'd his mighty heart;
Yet thus aloud he fir'd his fainting crew:
Haste, let us now our slaughter'd friends pursue,
Who, far from Styx and black Avernus' flood,
Have mark'd our happy paths to Heaven in blood.

He said; and, fix'd his glorious fate to close, 156
Undaunted rush'd amidst the thickest foes.

He rives the helmet, and he hews the shield:
The strongest arms before his falchion yield:
With streams of hostile gore he dies the ground,
While all his form is one continu'd wound. 161
His life decays, his courage still remains:
Th' unconquer'd soul its noble pride retains;
With equal force his martial ardour burns;
He wounds for blows, and death for wounds, returns.
When, thundering, near a dreadful warrior came, 166
Of stern demeanour and gigantic frame;
Who, join'd by many, on the hero flew,
And, after long and painful battle, slew. 169

Prone fell the generous youth, (ah! hapless death!)
Nor one had power t' avenge his parting breath.
Be witness yet, and bear me just record,
Ye last dear relicks of my much-lov'd lord!
I sought not then to save my worthless life,
Nor shunn'd a weapon in the dreadful strife. 175
Had Heaven vouchsaf'd to end my mortal state,
I sure by actions well deserv'd my fate!

Alive I fell, and senseless press'd the plain,
Alone preserv'd amidst my comrades slain:
Nor can I further of the Pagans tell, 180
So deep a trance o'er all my senses fell;
But when again I rais'd my feeble sight,
The skies were cover'd o'er with shades of night,
And from afar I saw a glimmering light.

I saw, like one who half in slumber lies, 185
 And opes and shuts by fits his languid eyes.
 But now my limbs a deeper anguish found,
 The pains increas'd in every gaping wound;
 While on the earth I lay, expos'd and bare
 To damps unwholesome and nocturnal air. 190
 Meanwhile, advancing, nearer drew the light
 By slow degrees, and gain'd upon my sight.
 Low whispers then and human sounds I heard;
 Again, with pain, my feeble eyes I rear'd,
 And saw two shapes in sacred robes array'd; 195
 Each in his hand a lighted torch display'd,
 And thus an awful voice distinctly said:
 O son! confide in him whose mercy spares,
 Whose pitying grace prevents our pious prayers.
 Then, with uplifted hands, my wounds he bless'd,
 And many a holy vow to Heaven address'd. 201
 He bade me rise—and sudden from the ground
 I rose; my limbs their former vigour found;
 Fled were my pains, and clos'd was every wound!
 Stupid I stood, all speechless and amaz'd, 205
 And doubtful on the reverend stranger gaz'd.
 O thou of little faith! (the hermit cry'd)
 What thought has led thy troubled sense aside?
 Thou see'st two bodies of terrestrial frame,
 Two servants dedicate to Jesus' name. 210
 From the vain world and all its follies fled,
 In wilds and deserts here our lives are led.
 Lo! I am sent thy safety to ensure,
 By him who rules o'er all with sovereign power;
 Who ne'er disdains by humble means to show 215
 His wondrous works of Providence below;
 Nor here will suffer on the naked plains
 To lie expos'd those honour'd, lov'd, remains,
 That must again th' exalted mind receive,
 And, join'd above, in bliss eternal live. 220
 To Sweno's corse he wills a tomb to raise,
 A tomb as lasting as his deathless praise;
 Which future times with wonder shall survey,
 Where future times shall every honour pay.

B. VIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 201

But lift thy eyes, yon friendly moon behold 225
Through fleecy clouds her silver face unfold,
To guide thy devious footsteps o'er the plain,
To find the body of thy leader slain.

Then from the peaceful region of the night
I saw descend a ray of slanting light: 230
Where on the field the breathless corse was laid,
There full the lunar beam resplendent play'd;
And show'd each limb deform'd with many a wound,
Midst all the mingled scene of carnage round.
He lay not prone, but, as his zealous mind' 235
Still soar'd beyond the views of human kind,
In death he sought above the world to rise,
And claim'd, with upward looks, his kindred skies.
One hand was clos'd, and seem'd the sword to rear;
One press'd his bosom with a suppliant air, 240
As if to Heaven he breath'd his humble prayer.

While o'er his wounds the copious tears I shed,
And, lost in fruitless grief, deplor'd the dead,
His lifeless hand the holy hermit seiz'd,
And from his grasp the fatal steel releas'd; 245
To me then turning: View this sword, (he said)
Whose edge to-day such copious streams has shed,
Still dy'd in gore; thou know'st its virtue well,
No temper'd weapon can its force excel!
But since its lord, in glorious conflict slain, 250
No more shall grasp the mortal sword again,
It must not here be lost; decreed by Heaven,
To noble hands the mighty prize is given;
To hands that longer shall the weapon wield
With equal valour in a happier field: 255
From those the world expects the vengeance due
On him whose fury gallant Sweno slew.
By Solyman has Sweno press'd the plain;
By Sweno's sword must Solyman be slain.
Go then, with this, and seek the tented ground 260
Where Christian powers the hallow'd walls surround;
Nor fear, lest, wandering o'er a foreign land,
The foe again thy purpos'd course withstand.

That Power, who sends thee, shall thy toils survey,
 His hand shall guide thee on the dangerous way :
 He wills that thou (from every peril freed) 266
 Should'st tell the virtues of the hero dead :
 So, fir'd by him, may others learn to dare,
 And on their arms the Cross triumphant bear :
 'That every breast may pant for righteous fame, 270
 And distant ages catch the glorious flame !
 It now remains the champion's name to hear,
 Whose arm must next the fatal weapon rear :
 Rinaldo he, a youth approv'd in fight,
 In valour first of every Christian knight: 275
 Present him this ; inflame his generous ire ;
 Say, Heaven and earth (let this his soul inspire)
 From him alone the great revenge require !

While thus intent the sage's words I heard,
 Where Sweno lay a sepulchre appear'd, 280
 That, rising slow, by miracle dispos'd,
 Within its marble womb the corse enclos'd :
 Grav'd on the monumental stone, were read
 The name and merits of the warrior dead.
 Struck with the sight, I stood, with looks amaz'd,
 And on the words and tomb alternate gaz'd. 286

Then thus the sage : Beside his followers slain
 Thy leader's corse shall here inshrin'd remain ;
 While, in the mansions of the blest above,
 Their happy souls enjoy celestial love. 290
 But thou enough hast mourn'd the noble dead,
 To Nature now her dues of rest be paid ;
 With me reside, till, in the eastern skies,
 Propitious to thy course, the morn arise. [ways,

He ceas'd ; and led me thence through rugged
 Now high, now low, in many a winding maze ; 296
 Till underneath the mountain's pendant shade,
 Beside a hollow cave, our steps we stay'd.
 Here dwelt the sage, amidst the savage brood
 Of wolves and bears (the terrors of the wood !) 300
 Here, with his pupil, liv'd secure from harms :
 More strong than shield or corslet, Virtue arms
 And guards the naked breast in all alarms.

My hunger first suffic'd with sylvan food,
A homely couch my strength with sleep renew'd.
But when, rekindled with the rising day, 306
The radiant morn reveal'd her golden ray;
Each wakeful hermit to his prayers arose,
And, rous'd with them, I left my soft repose:
Then to the holy sage I bade adieu, 310
And turn'd the course directed to pursue.

Here ceas'd the Dane. Then thus the pious chief:
Thou com'st a mournful messenger of grief:
Thy words, O knight! with pain our camp shall
Thy tale shall sadden every breast with woe. [know,
Such gallant friends, by hostile fury crost, 316
From all our hopes, alas! so sudden lost!
Where thy dear leader, like a flashing light,
But just appear'd, and vanish'd from the sight;
Yet blest a death like this, and nobler far 320
Than conquer'd towns and ample spoils of war:
Nor can the capitol examples yield
Of wreaths so glorious, or so brave a field.
In Heaven's high temple now, with honours crown'd,
Immortal laurels every brow surround; 325
Each hero there with conscious transport glows,
And every happy wound exulting shows.
But thou, escap'd from peril, still to know
The toil and warfare of the world below;
This gloom of sorrow from thy brow remove, 330
And learn to triumph in their bliss above.
Seek'st thou Bertoldo's son?—in exile lost,
Unknown he wanders from th' abandon'd host:
Nor think to trace his flight with doubtful feet,
Till certain tidings tell the youth's retreat. 335
These speeches heard, and young Rinaldo's name,
With former love each kindling mind enflame.
Alas! (they cry) amid the Pagan bands
The blooming warrior roves in distant lands!
Each tongue with pleasure on his glory dwells; 340
Each to the wondering Dane his valour tells,
And all his battles, all his deeds, reveals.

While thoughts, like these, in every bosom raise
 The dear remembrance of their hero's praise;
 A band of soldiers, sent to scour the plain, 345
 With plenteous pillage seek the camp again;
 With lowing oxen, and the woolly breed,
 And generous corn to cheer the hungry steed:
 And, join'd with these, a mournful load they bore,
 The good Rinaldo's arms, the vest he wore, 350
 The armour pierc'd, the vesture stain'd with gore.
 The doubtful chance the vulgar herd alarms,
 With grief they throng to view the warrior's arms.
 They see and know too well the dazzling sight,
 The ponderous cuirass, with its beamy light; 355
 The crest, where high the towering eagle shone,
 That proves his offspring in the mid-day sun.
 Oft were they wont, amid th' embattled fray,
 To see them foremost rule the bloody day;
 And now with mingled grief and rage beheld 360
 Those glorious trophies broken on the field.

While whispers fill the camp, and every breath
 Relates by various means the hero's death,
 The pious Godfrey bade the chief be sought
 Who led the squadron that the pillage brought. 365
 Brave Aliprando was the leader nam'd,
 For truth of speech and noble frankness fam'd.
 Declare (cry'd Godfrey) whence these arms ye bear,
 Nor hide a secret from your general's ear.

As far remov'd from hence (he thus reply'd) 370
 As in two days a trusty scout may ride,
 Near Gaza's walls a little plain is found,
 From public ways with hills encompass'd round.
 A riv'let murmurs down the mountain's sides,
 And through the shade with gentle current glides;
 Thick wood and brambles form a horrid shade; 376
 (A place by Nature well for ambush made)
 Here, while we sought for flocks and herds that came
 To crop the mead beside the crystal stream,
 Surpris'd we saw the grass distain'd with blood,
 And on the banks a murder'd warrior view'd:

The arms and vest we knew (oft seen before)
Though now deform'd with dust, and foul with gore.
Then near I drew, the features to survey,
But found the sword had lopt the head away; 385
The right hand sever'd; and the body round,
From back to breast, was pierc'd with many a wound.
Nor far from thence the empty helm was laid,
Where the white eagle stood, with wings display'd.
While some we sought from whom the truth to hear,
We saw a village swain approaching near; 390
Who, having spy'd us, fled with sudden fear.
Him following soon we seize; he trembling stands,
And gives a full reply to our demands.
That he, the former day, conceal'd, had view'd 395
A band of warriors issue from the wood,
Whose mien and arms the Christians' likeness show'd.
One by the golden locks sustain'd a head,
That newly sever'd seem'd, and freshly bled:
The face appear'd a youth's, of semblance fair, 400
The cheeks unconscious of a manly hair.
Soon o'er the head his scarf the soldier flung,
And at the saddle-bow the trophy hung.
This heard, I stripp'd the corse with pitying tears,
My anxious mind perplex'd with secret fears, 405
And hither brought these arms, and orders gave
To yield the limbs the honours of a grave:
But if this trunk is what my thoughts declare,
It claims far other pomp, far other care.
Here Aliprando ceas'd: the leader heard 410
His tale with sighs; he doubted and he fear'd;
By certain signs he wish'd the corse to know,
And learn the hand that gave the murderous blow.
Meantime the Night, with sable pinions spread,
O'er fields of air her brooding darkness shed; 415
And Sleep, the soul's relief, the balm of woes,
Lull'd every mortal sense in sweet repose.
Thou, Argillan! alone, with cares opprest,
Revolv'st dire fancies in thy troubled breast!
No quiet power can close thy wakeful eyes, 420
But from thy couch the downy slumber flies.

This man was bold, of licence unconfin'd,
 Haughty of speech, and turbulent of mind:
 Born on the banks of Trent, his early years
 Were nurs'd in troubles and domestic jars: 425
 Till exil'd thence, he fill'd the hills and strand
 With blood, and ravag'd all the neighbouring land;
 When now to war on Asia's plains he came,
 And there in battle gain'd a nobler fame,
 At length, when morning's dawn began to peep, 430
 He clos'd his eyes, but not in peaceful sleep:
 Alecto o'er him sheds her venom'd breath,
 And chains his senses like the hand of Death:
 In horrid shapes she chills him with affright,
 And brings dire visions to his startled sight: 435
 A headless trunk before him seem'd to stand,
 All pierc'd with wounds, and lopt the better hand:
 Alecto's hand the sever'd visage bore,
 The features grim in death, and soil'd with gore;
 The lips yet seem'd to breathe, and breathing spoke,
 Whence, mix'd with sobs, these dreadful accents
 Fly, Argillan! behold the morning nigh— [broke.
 Fly these dire tents, the impious leader fly!
 Who shall my friends from Godfrey's rage defend,
 And all the frauds that wrought my hapless end?
 Ev'n now thy tyrant burns with canker'd hate, 446
 And plans, alas! like mine, thy threaten'd fate:
 Yet if thy soul aspires to fame so high,
 And dares so firmly on its strength rely,
 Then fly not hence; but let thy reeking blade 450
 Glut with his streaming blood my mournful shade:
 Lo! I will present rise your force to arm,
 To string each nerve, and every bosom warm.
 The vision said; with bellish rage inspir'd,
 His furious breast a sudden madness fir'd: 455
 He starts from sleep; he gazes wild with fear;
 With wrath and venom fill'd his eyes appear:
 Already arm'd, with eager haste he flew,
 And round him soon th' Italian warriors drew:
 High o'er the brave Rinaldo's arms he stood, 460
 And with these words inflam'd the listening crowd.

Shall then a savage race, whose barbarous mind
 No reason governs and no laws can bind,
 Shall these, insatiate still of wealth and blood,
 Lay on our willing necks the servile load? 466
 Such are the sufferings and th' insulting scorn,
 Which seven long years our passive train has borne,
 That distant Rome may blush to hear our shame,
 And future times reproach th' Italian name :
 Why should I here of generous Tancred tell, 470
 When by his gallant arms Cilicia fell ;
 How the base Frank by treason seiz'd the land,
 And fraud usurp'd the prize which valour gain'd ?
 Nor need I tell, when dangerous deeds require
 The boldest hands and claim the warrior's fire, 475
 First in the field the flames and sword we bear,
 And midst a thousand deaths provoke the war :
 The battle o'er, when bloody tumults cease,
 And spoils and laurels crown the soldiers' peace,
 In vain our merits equal share may claim ; 480
 Theirs are the lands, the triumphs, wealth, and fame.
 Their insults once might well our thoughts engage,
 These sufferings justly might demand our rage :
 But now I name those lighter wrongs no more,
 This last dire act surpasses all before. 485
 In vain divine and human laws withstand,
 Behold Rinaldo murder'd by their hand !
 But Heaven's dread thunders seal not yet their doom,
 Nor earth receives them in her opening womb !
 Rinaldo have they slain, the soldiers' boast, 490
 Guard of our faith and buckler of our host !
 And lies he unreveng'd?—to changing skies
 All pale, neglected, unreveng'd he lies !
 Ask ye whose barbarous sword the deed has wrought !
 The deed must open lie to every thought. 495
 All know, that, jealous of our growing fame,
 Godfrey and Baldwin hate the Latian name.
 But wherefore this?—Be Heaven my witness here,
 (That Heaven who hears with wrath the perjurd
 swear)

What time this morn her early beams display'd, 500
 I saw confess'd his wretched wandering shade.
 Ah me! too plain his warning voice reveal'd
 The snares for us in Godfrey's breast conceal'd.
 I saw—'twas not a dream—before my eyes,
 Where'er I turn, the phantom seems to rise! 505
 What course for us remains? Shall he, whose hand
 Is stain'd with murder, rule our noble band?
 Or shall we henee conduct our social train
 Where, distant far, Euphrates laves the plain? 509
 Where, midst a harmless race, in fields of peace,
 He glads such numerous towns with large increase.
 There may we dwell, and happier fate betide,
 Nor shall the Franks with us those realms divide.
 Then let us leave, if such the general mind,
 These honour'd relicks unreveng'd behind!— 515
 But ah! if virtue still may claim a part,
 (That frozen seems in every Latian heart)
 This hateful pest, whose poisonous rage devours
 The grace and glory of th' Italian powers,
 Cut off from life, should pay the forfeit due, 520
 A great example to the tyrant crew!
 Then thus I swear, be now your force display'd,
 Let each that hears me lend his glorious aid,
 This arm to-day shall drive th' avenging sword
 In that fell breast with every treason stor'd! 525
 In words like these his fiery soul express'd,
 With dread commotion fill'd each hearer's breast.
 To arms, to arms! (th' insensate warrior cry'd)
 To arms, to arms! each furious youth reply'd..
 Alecto 'round the torch of discord whirl'd, 530
 And o'er the field her flames infernal hurl'd;
 Disdain and madness rag'd without control,
 And thirst of slaughter fill'd each vengeful soul.
 The growing mischief flew from place to place,
 And soon was spread beyond th' Italian race: 535
 Among th' Helvetians then it rais'd a flame,
 And next diffus'd among the English name.
 Nor public sorrow for Rinaldo slain
 Alone to frenzy fir'd the warrior-train;

B. VIII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 209

But former quarrels, now reviv'd, conspire, 540
And add new fuel to their present fire.

Against the Franks they vent their threats aloud;
No more can Reason rule the madding crowd.

So in a brazen vase the boiling stream
Impetuous foams and bubbles to the brim; 545

Till, swelling o'er the brinks, the frothy tide
Now pours with fury down the vessel's side.

Nor can those few, who still their sense retain,
The folly of the vulgar herd restrain :

Camillus, Tancred, William, thence remov'd, 550
And every other in command approv'd.

Confus'd, and wild, th' unthiinking soldiers swarm;
Through all the camp they run, they haste to arm.

Already warlike clangors echo round :
Seditious trumpets give the warning sound. 555

And now a thousand tongues the tidings bear,
And bid the pious chief for arms prepare.

Then Baldwin first in shining steel appear'd,
And stood by Godfrey's side, a faithful guard !

The chief, accus'd, to Heaven directs his eyes, 560
And on his God, with wonted faith, relies :

O Thou, who know'st my soul with zealous care
Shuns the dire horrors of a civil war ;

From these the veil that dims their sight remove;
Repress their errors, and their rage reprove : 565

To thee reveal'd, my innocence is known,
O let it now before the world be shown !

He ceas'd ; and felt his soul new firmness prove,
With warmth unusual kindled from above :

A sudden confidence inspir'd his mind, 570
While on his visage hope, embolden'd, shin'd.

Then, with his friends, he went, in awful state,
'Gainst those who sought t' avenge Rinaldo's fate.

Not loudest clash of arms his course delay'd,
Nor impious threats his steps intrepid stay'd. 575

His back the cuirass arm'd ; a costly vest
The hero wore, in pomp unusual drest ;

Bare were his hands, his face reveal'd to sight,
His form majestic beam'd celestial light.

The golden sceptre (ensign of command) 580
 He shook, to still the loud rebellious band ;
 Such were his arms : while thus the chief appear'd,
 Sounds more than mortal from his lips were heard.
 What strange tumultuous clamours fill my ears ?
 Who dares disturb the peaceful camp with fears ?
 Thus am I grac'd ? Is thus your leader known, 586
 After such various toils and labours shown ?
 Is there who now with treason blots my name ?
 Or shall suspicion sully Godfrey's fame ?
 Ye hope, perchance, to see me humbly bend, 590
 And with base prayers your servile doom attend :
 Shall then that earth, which witness'd my renown,
 Behold such insults on my glory thrown ?
 This sceptre be my guard, fair Truth my shield,
 And all my deeds in council and in field ! 595
 But Justice shall her ear to mercy lend,
 Nor on th' offender's head the stroke descend.
 Lo ! for your merits I your crime forgive,
 And bid you for your lov'd Rinaldo live.
 Let Argillan alone the victim fall, 600
 And with his blood atone th' offence of all.
 Who, urg'd by light suspicion rais'd, th' alarms,
 And fir'd your erring bands to rebel arms.
 While thus he spoke, his looks with glory beam'd,
 And from his eye the flashing lightning stream'd ;
 Ev'n Argillan himself, surpris'd and quell'd, 606
 With awe the terrors of his face beheld.
 The vulgar throng, so late by madness led,
 Who pour'd their threats and curses on his head ;
 Who grasp'd, as rage supply'd, with ready hand,
 The sword, the javelin, or the flaming brand ; 611
 Soon as they heard his voice, with fear were struck,
 Nor longer durst sustain their sovereign's look ;
 But tamely, while their arms begirt him round,
 Saw Argillan in sudden fetters bound. 615
 So when his shaggy mane a lion shakes,
 And with loud roar his slumbering fury wakes ;
 If chance he views the man, whose soothing art
 First tam'd the fierceness of his lofty heart,

His pride consents th' ignoble yoke to wear ;
He fears the well-known voice and rule severe :
Vain are his claws, his dreadful teeth are vain,
He yields submissive to his keeper's chain.

'Tis said, that, darting from the skies, was seen,
With louring aspect and terrific mien,
A winged warrior with his guardian shield,
Which full before the pious chief he held ;
While, gleaming lightning, in his dreadful hand
He shook a sword with gory crimson stain'd :
Perchance the blood of towns and kingdoms, given
By frequent crimes to feel the wrath of Heaven. 631

The tumult thus appeas'd, and peace restor'd,
Each warrior sheaths again his wrathful sword.
Now, various schemes revolving in his thought,
His tent again the careful Godfrey sought : 635
Resolv'd by storm the city walls t' assail,
Ere the third evening spreads her sable veil ;
And thence he went the timbers hewn to view,
Where towering high to huge machines they grew.



THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



SOLYMAN, incited by Alecto, attacks, with his Arabs, the Christian camp by night, and makes a great slaughter; till Godfrey, encouraging his troops, opposes the sudden incursion. In the mean time, Argantes and Clorinda march with their forces from the city, and join the Arabs. God sends the angel Michael to drive away the demons that assisted the Pagans. The battle is continued with great fury. Clorinda particularly distinguishes herself. Argillan, at day-break, escaping from his prison, rushes amongst the enemy, and kills many, till he himself falls by the hand of Solyman. The fortune of the day still remains doubtful: at length, the Christians receiving an unexpected aid, the victory declares in their favour. The Pagans are defeated, and Solyman himself is obliged to retreat.

THE
NINTH BOOK
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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BUT hell's dire fiend, who saw the tumults cease,
And every vengeful bosom calm'd to peace,
Still unrestrain'd, by Stygian rancour driven,
Oppos'd the laws of Fate and will of Heaven :
She flies, and where she takes her loathsome flight, 5
The fields are parch'd, the sun withdraws his light.
For new attempts she plies her rapid wings,
And other plagues and other furies brings!
She knew her comrades, with industrious care,
Had driven the bravest champions from the war ;
That Tancred and Bertoldo's greater son, 11
Remov'd afar, no more in battle shone.
Then wherefore this delay ? (the fury cries)
Let Solyman th' unguarded foes surprise ;
Fierce on their camp with dread incursion pour, 15
And crush their forces in the midnight hour.
This said she flew where Solyman commands
The roving numbers of Arabia's bands ;
That Solyman, than whom none fiercer rose
Among the race of Heaven's rebellious foes : 20
Nor could a greater rise, though teeming earth,
Again provok'd, had given her giants birth.
O'er Turkey's kingdom late the monarch reign'd,
And then at Nice th' imperial seat maintain'd.
Oppos'd to Greece, the nations own'd his sway, 25
That 'twixt Meander's flood and Sangar lay ;

Where Mysians once, and Phrygians, held their place,
With Lydia, Pontus, and Bithynia's race.

But, 'gainst the Turks and every faithless crew,
Since foreign states their arms to Asia drew, 30

His lands were wasted, and he twice beheld
His numerous army routed in the field;

Till, every chance of war essay'd in vain,
Expell'd, a wanderer from his native reign,

To Egypt's court he fled; nor fail'd to meet 35
A royal welcome, and secure retreat.

With joy the king his valiant guest survey'd;

With greater joy receiv'd his proffer'd aid:

Resolv'd in thought to guard the Syrian lands,
And stop the progress of the Christian bands. 40

But, ere the king would open war declare,
He gives to Solyman th' important care,

With sums of gold to raise th' Arabian bands,
And teach them to obey a chief's commands.

Thus while from Asia and the Moorish reign, 45
Th' Egyptian monarch calls his numerous train,

To Solyman the greedy Arabs throng,
The lawless sons of violence and wrong.

Elected now their chief, Jndæa's plains
He scours around, and various plunder gains: 50

The country wide he wastes, and blocks the way
Between the Latian army and the sea:

And, not forgetful of his ancient hate
And the vast ruins of his falling state,

He mighty vengeance in his breast revolves, 55
And greater schemes, as yet unform'd, resolves.

To him Alecto comes, but first she wears
A warrior's semblance, bent with weight of years;

All wrinkled seem'd her face; her chin was bare;
Her upper lip display'd a tuft of hair; 60

Thick linen folds her hoary head enclose;
Beneath her knees a length of vesture flows;

The sabre at her side; and, stooping low,
Her back the quiver bears, her hand the bow.

Then thus she spoke: While here our wandering
Rove o'er the desert plains and barren sands; [bands

Where nothing worthy can reward our toils,
 Where conquest yields us but ignoble spoils;
 See! Godfrey on th' imperial city falls,
 He shakes the towers, he saps the lofty walls; 70
 And yet we linger (O eternal shame!)

Till there he brings his arms and vengeful flame.
 Are cots destroy'd, or sheep and oxen gain'd,
 The boasted trophies of the Soldan's hand?
 Will this thy realm restore, retrieve thy name, 75
 And on the Franks avenge thy injur'd fame?
 Then rouse thy soul! against the Christian go,
 Now sunk in sleep, and crush the hated foe:
 Thy old Araspes speaks, his counsel hear,
 In peace or exile faithful to thy ear. 80

No fear the unsuspecting chief alarms,
 He scorns the Arabs and their feeble arms;
 Nor deems their tim'rous bands so far can dare,
 In flight and plunder bred, to mix in war:
 Haste, with thy courage rouse thy kindling host, 85
 And triumph o'er their camp, in slumber lost!

Thus said the fiend; and, breathing in his mind
 Her venom'd rage, dissolves to empty wind,
 The warrior lifts his hands, and loud exclaims:
 O thou! whose fury thus my heart inflames! 90
 Whose hidden power a human form bely'd;
 Behold I follow thee, my potent guide:

A mound shall rise, where now appears a plain,
 A dreadful mound of Christian heroes slain:
 The field shall float with blood: O grant thy aid, 95
 And lead my squadron through the dusky shade.

He said; and instant bids the troops appear;
 The weak he heartens, and dispels their fear:
 His warlike transports every breast excite;
 Eager they burn, and hope the promis'd fight. 100
 Allecto sounds the trump; her hand unbinds
 The mighty standard to the sportive winds;
 Swift march the bands like rapid floods of flame,
 And leave behind the tardy wings of fame.

The fury then resumes her airy flight, 105
 And seems a hasty messenger to sight;

And when the world a dubious light invades,
 Between the setting day and rising shades,
 She seeks Jerusalem, and, midst a ring
 Of timid citizens, accosts the king; 110
 Displays the purpose of th' Arabian power,
 The signal for th' attack, and fatal hour.

Now had the night her sable curtain spread,
 And o'er the earth unwholesome vapours shed;
 The ground no cool refreshing moisture knew, 115
 But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew:
 Monsters and prodigies in heaven were seen;
 Dire spectres, shrieking, skim'd along the green:
 A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
 With added terrors from th' infernal shade. 120

Through this dread darkness tow'rd's the tented
 Secure from fear, the fiery Soldan goes: [foes,
 And, when the night had gain'd her middle throne,
 From whence with rapid speed she courses down;
 He came, where near the Christian army lay, 125
 Forgetful of the cares and toils of day.
 Here first the chief refresh'd his troops with food,
 Then thus inflam'd their cruel thirst of blood.

Survey yon camp, an impious band of thieves,
 That more from fortune than desert receives; 130
 That, like a sea, within its ample breast
 Absorbs the shining riches of the east:
 The fates for you these glorious spoils ordain;
 (How small the peril, and how vast the gain!)
 Your uncontested plunder there behold; 135
 Their glittering arms, and coursers deck'd with gold!
 Not this the force that could the Persians quell,
 By whom the powers of Nice in battle fell:
 What numbers from their native country far,
 Have fall'n the victims of a tedious war! 140
 Were now their strength the same they once could
 Thus sunk in sleep, an unresisting host, [boast,
 With ease they must resign their forfeit breath;
 For short the path that leads from sleep to death!
 On then, my friends! this falchion first shall gain
 Your entrance to the camp o'er piles of slain. 146

From mine each sword shall learn to aim the blow :
 From mine the stern demands of vengeance know !
 This happy day the reign of Christ shall end,
 And liberty o'er Asia's climes extend ! 150

He said ; and rouz'd their souls to martial deeds ;
 Then slow and silent on his march proceeds.

Now through the misty shades a gleam of light
 Displays the heedful centry to his sight :
 By this his hopes are lost, to seize secure 155
 The cautious leader of the Christian power.

Soon as the watch their numerous foes espy,
 They take their flight, and raise a fearful cry :
 The nearest guards awake : they catch th' alarms,
 And, rouzing at the tumult, snatch their arms. 160

Th' Arabian troops no longer silent pass,
 But barbarous clangors pour through breathing brass :
 To heaven's high arch the mingled noise proceeds
 Of shouting soldiers and of neighing steeds :

The steepy hills, the hollow vales around, 165
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.
 Alecto shakes on high th' infernal brand,
 And gives the signal from her lofty stand.

First flies the Soldan, and attacks the guard,
 As yet confus'd, and ill for fight prepar'd. 170
 Rapid he moves ; far less impetuous raves
 A tempest bursting from the mountain's caves :

A foaming flood, that trees and cots o'erturns ;
 The lightning's flash, that towers and cities burns ;
 Earthquakes, that fill with horror every age ; 175
 Are but a faint resemblance of his rage :

True to his aim the fatal sword descends ;
 A wound the stroke, and death the wound attends.
 Dauntless he bears the storm of hostile blows,
 And mocks the falchions of the rushing foes : 180

His helm resounded as the weapons fell,
 And fire flash'd dreadful from the batter'd steel.

Now had his arm compell'd, with single might,
 The foremost squadrons of the Franks to flight :
 When, like a flood with numerous rivers swell'd 185
 The nimble Arabs pour along the field :

The Franks no longer can th' attack sustain ;
 But backward turn, and fly with loosen'd rein.
 Pursuers and pursu'd, with equal haste,
 Together mingled, o'er the trenches pass'd : 190
 Then with unbounded wrath the victor storm'd,
 And rage, and woe, and death the camp deform'd.

A dragon on his casque the Soldan wore,
 That, stretching, bends his arching neck before ;
 High on his feet he stands with spreading wings, 195
 And wreaths his forky tail in spiry rings : [shows ;
 Three brandish'd tongues the sculptur'd monster
 He seems to kindle as the combat glows :
 His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
 And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire ! 200

Th' affrighted Christians through the gloomy light
 The Soldan view'd : so mariners by night,
 When ocean's face a driving tempest sweeps,
 By flashing flames behold the troubled deeps.
 Some, by their fears impell'd, for safety fly ; 205
 And some, intrepid, on their swords rely ;
 The night's black shade, adds tumult to the press,
 And by concealing, makes their woes increase.

Amongst the chiefs, whose hearts undaunted
 Latinus, born by Tiber's yellow flood, [glow'd,
 Conspicuous o'er the rest in combat shin'd ; 211
 Nor length of years had damp'd his vig'rous mind :
 Five sons he told ; and equal by his side
 They mov'd, in war his ornament and pride :
 To deeds of early fame their youth he warms, 215
 And sheaths their tender limbs in ponderous arms.
 These, while they strive to emulate their sire,
 And glut with blood their steel and vengeful ire,
 The chief bespeaks : Now prove your valiant hands
 Where yon proud foe insults our shrinking bands ;
 Nor let the bloody samples of his force 221
 Abate your ardour, or detain your course :
 For, O my sons ! the noble mind disdains
 All praise but that which glorious danger gains !

So leads the savage lioness her young, 225
 Ere yet their necks with shaggy manes are hung ;

When scarce their paws the sharpen'd nails disclose,
 Nor teeth have arm'd their mouths in dreadful rows;
 She brings them fearless to the dangerous chace,
 And points their fury on the hunters' race; 230
 That oft were wont to pierce their native wood,
 And oft in flight the weaker prey pursu'd.

Now with the daring band the father goes;
 These six assail, and Solyman enclose.
 At once, directed by one heart and mind, 235
 Six mighty spears against the chief combin'd :
 But, ah ! too bold ! (his javelin cast aside)
 The eldest born a closer conflict try'd ;
 And with his falchion vainly aim'd a blow
 To slay the bounding courser of the foe. 240

But as a rock, whose foot the ocean laves,
 Exalts its stately front above the waves,
 Firm in itself, the winds and seas defies,
 Nor fears the threats and thunders of the skies :
 The fiery Soldan thus unmov'd appears 245
 Amidst the threat'ning swords and missive spears.

Furious he turns on him who struck the steed,
 And 'twixt the cheeks and eyebrows parts his head.
 Swift Aramantes hastes to his relief,
 And in his pious arms supports the chief: 250
 Vain, unavailing piety is shown,
 That to his brother's ruin adds his own !

Full on his arm the Pagan drove the steel ;
 Down the supported and supporter fell ;
 Together fainting in the pangs of death, 255
 They mix their streaming blood and parting breath.
 Then with a stroke he cuts Sabinus' spear,
 With which the youth had gall'd him from afar :

And rushing on the steed with sudden force,
 Th' ill-fated stripling fell beneath his horse. 260
 Now trampled on the ground the warrior lies,
 The mournful spirit from its mansion flies ;
 Unwilling leaves the light of life behind,
 And blooming youth with early pleasure join'd !

But Picus and Laurentes still remain'd ; 265
 (The sole survivors of the filial band)

One day first gave this hapless pair to light,
 Whose likeness oft deceiv'd their parents' sight :
 But these no more with doubt the friends survey'd ;
 A dire distinction hostile fury made : 270

From this the head divided rolls in dust :
 That, in his panting breast receives the thrust.

The wretched father (father now no more !
 His sons all slaughter'd in one deathful hour !)
 View'd, in his offspring breathless on the place, 275
 His fate approaching, and his ruin'd race ! [give,

What power, O muse ! such strength in age could
 That midst these woes he still endures to live,
 Still lives and fights ? Perchance the friendly night
 Conceal'd the horrors from a father's sight : 280

Wild through the ranks his raging course he breaks
 With equal ardour death and conquest seeks :
 Scarce knows he which his wishes would attain,
 To slaughter others, or himself be slain.

Then, rushing on the foe, aloud he cries : 285
 Dost thou so far this feeble hand despise,
 Not all its force can urge thy cruel rage
 To cope with wasting grief and wretched age ?

He ceas'd ; and, ceasing, aim'd a dreadful stroke :
 Through steel and jointed mail the falchion broke :
 The weapon pierc'd th' unwary Paga's side, 291
 And streaming blood his shining armour dy'd.

Rouz'd at the call and wound, at once he turns
 With brandish'd steel ; more fell his fury burns :
 First through his shield he drives, which, seven
 times roll'd, 295

A tough bull-hide secur'd with winding fold ;
 A passage next the corslet's plates afford ;
 Then, in his bowels plung'd, he sheaths the sword.
 Unbless'd Latins sob, and, staggering round,
 Alternate from his mouth and gaping wound 300
 A purple vomit flows, and stains the ground.

As falls a mountain-oak, that, ages past,
 Has borne the western wind and northern blast,
 When, rooted from the place where once it stood,
 It crushes in its fall the neighbouring wood : 305

So sunk the chief, and more than once he drew
 To grace his fate, and ev'n in dying slew :
 Glorious he fell, and in his latest breath
 With dreadful ruin scatter'd fear and death,

While thus his inward hate the Soldan fed, 310
 And glutted his revenge with hills of dead ;
 The Arabs pour impetuous o'er the field :
 The fainting Christians to their fury yield.

Then English Henry, Holiphernes, slain
 By thee, O fierce Dragutes ! press'd the plain. 315
 Gilbert with Philip Ariadenus slew,
 Who on the banks of Rhine their being drew.

Beneath Albazar's mace Ernesto fell,
 And Engerlan by Algazelles' steel.
 But who the various kinds of death can name, 320
 And multitudes that sunk unknown to Fame ?

Meantime the tumults Godfrey's slumber broke ;
 Alarm'd he started, and his couch forsook :
 Now, clad in arms, he call'd a band with speed,
 And forth he mov'd intrepid at their head. 325
 But nearer soon th' increasing clamours drew,
 And a'! the tumults open'd to the view.

He knew the Arabs scour'd the country far,
 Yet never deem'd their insolence would dare
 To storm his trenches with offensive war. 330

Thus while he marches, from the adverse side,
 To arms ! to arms ! a thousand voices cry'd :
 At once a barbarous shout was rais'd on high,
 And dreadful howlings echo'd to the sky.

These were the troops of Aladine, who came 335
 Led by Argantes and the warrior-dame.
 To noble Gue'pho, who his station took
 The next in arms, the Christian leader - poke.

Hark ! what new din of battle, labouring on,
 Swells from the hills and thickens from the town ;
 This claims thy courage, this thy skill demands,
 To meet the onset of the approaching bands.
 Go then, yon quarter from their rage secure ;
 But first divide with me my martial power ;

Myself will on a different hand engage 345
 The daring foe, and check their impious rage.

This having said ; the chiefs divides their force,
 And take, with equal cares, a varied course ;
 Guelpho to reach the hill ; while Godfrey drew
 To where, resistless, rag'd th' Arabian crew 350
 While as he march'd the distant fight to gain,
 Supplies were added to his eager train ;
 Till now a powerful numerous band he led,
 And saw where Solyman the slaughter spread.
 So where the Po first leaves his native hills, 355
 His river scarce the scanty channel fills :
 But as new streams he gathers in his course,
 He swells his waves, and rises in his force ;
 Above the banks his horned front he shows,
 And o'er the level meads triumphant flows ; 360
 Through many currents make his rapid way,
 And carries war, not tribute, to the sea.

Where Godfrey sees his tim'rous bands retreat,
 He thus upbraids them with a generous heat. 364

What fear is this, and whither bends your pace ?
 Oh ! turn and view the foes that give you chace !
 A base degenerate throng, that neither know
 To give, nor take, in fight a manly blow :
 O turn again ! your trusty weapons rear :
 Your locks will freeze their coward souls with fear.

This said : he spur'd his steed, and eager flew
 Where murderous Solyman appear'd in view.
 Through streaming blood and clouds of dust he goes,
 'Through wounds and death amidst surrounding foes ;
 'Through breaking ranks his furious course he guides,
 And the close Phalanx with his sword divides : 370
 No foes, on either hand, the shock sustain ;
 Arms, steeds, and warriors tumble to the plain :
 High o'er the slaughtered heaps, with bounding
 The glorious leader drives his foaming horse. [course,
 'Th' intrepid Soldan sees the storm from far, 381
 Nor turns aside, nor shuns the proffer'd war ;
 But, eager for the strife, his foe defies,
 Whirls his broad sword and to the combat flies.

In these what matchless warriors fortune sends 385
 To prove their force from earth's remotest ends!
 With virtue, fury now the conflict tries
 In little space, the Asia's world the prize!
 What tongue the horrors of the fight can tell, 390
 How gleam'd their falchions and how swift they fell
 I pass the dreadful deeds their arms display'd,
 Which envious night conceal'd in gloomy shade;
 Deeds that might claim the sun and cheerful skies
 And all the world to view with wondering eyes!
 Their courage soon the Christian bands renew, 396
 And their brave leader's daring course pursue:
 Their choicest warriors Solyman enclose,
 And round him thick the steely circle grows.
 Not less the Faithful, than the Pagan band,
 With streaming blood distain the thirsty land; 400
 By turns the victors and the vanquish'd mourn,
 And wound for wound, and death for death return.
 As when, with equal force, and equal rage,
 The north and south in mighty strife engage;
 Nor this, nor that, can rule the seas or skies, 405
 But clouds on clouds and waves on waves arise:
 So far'd the battle in the doubtful field:
 Nor here nor there the firm battalions yield;
 With horrid clangor swords to swords oppos'd
 Shields clash'd with shields, with helmets helmets
 No less in other parts the battle rag'd, [clos'd.
 Nor less the throng of warring chiefs engag'd;
 High o'er the hosts the Stygian fiends repair,
 And hell's black myriads fill the fields of air.
 These vigour to the Pagan troops supply; 415
 None harbour fear, or turn their steps to fly:
 The torch of hell Argantes' soul inspires,
 And adds new fury to his natives fires!
 He scatters soon in flight the guards around,
 And leaps the trenches with an eager bound; 420
 With mangled limbs he strews the sanguine plain,
 And fills th' opposing fosse with heaps of slain.
 Him o'er the level space his troops pursue,
 And dye the foremost tents with purple hue.

Close at his side appears the martial dame, 425
 Whose soul disdains the second place in fame.

Now fled the Franks ; when sudden drew at hand
 The noble Guelpho with his welcome band :
 He stopp'd with generous zeal, their fearful course,
 And turn'd them back to face the Pagan force. 130

While thus on either side the combat stood,
 And streaming gore in equal rivers flow'd,
 The Heavenly Monarch, from his awful height
 Declin'd his eyes, and view'd the dreadful fight.
 There, plac'd aloft, presides th' Omniscient Cause,
 And orders all with just and equal laws, 436
 Above the confines of this earthly scene,
 By ways unsearchable to mortal men.

There, on eternity's unbounded throne,
 With triple light he blazes, Three in One! 440
 Aeneath his footstep Fate and Nature stand :
 And Time and Motion wait his dread command.

There power and riches no distinction find ;
 Nor the frail honours that allure mankind :
 Like dust and smoke they fleet before his eyes ; 445
 He mocks the valiant, and confounds the wise !
 There from the blaze of his effulgent light,
 The purest saints withdraw their dazzled sight ;
 Around th' unnumber'd blest for ever live ;
 And, though unequal, equal bliss receive : 450
 The tuneful choirs repeat their Maker's praise :
 The heavenly realms resound the sacred lays.

Then thus to Michael spoke the Word Divine ;
 (Michael whose arms with lucid di'mond shine)
 See'st thou not yonder from th' infernal coast 455
 What impious bands distress my favour'd host ?
 Go—bid them swift forsake the deathful scene,
 And leave the business of the war to men ;
 Nor longer dare amongst the living rise,
 To blot the lustre of the purer skies ; 460
 But seek the shades of Acheron beneath,
 Th' allotted realms of punishment and death !
 There on the souls accurs'd employ their hate ;
 Thus have I will'd ; and what I will is fate.

He ceas'd : With reverence at the high command
 Low bow'd the leader of the winged band : 466
 His golden pinions he displays, and speeds
 With rapid flight, that mortal thought exceeds.
 The fiery region past, the seats of rest
 He leaves (eternal mansions of the blest!) 470
 From thence he passes through the crystal sphere
 That whirls around with every shining star ;
 Thence to the left, before his piercing eyes,
 With different aspects, Jove and Saturn rise ;
 And every star that mortals wandering call, 475
 Though God's high power alike directs them all.
 Then from the fields that flame with endless day,
 To where the storms are bred, he bends his way ;
 Where elements in mix'd confusion jar,
 And order springs from universal war. 480
 The bright archangel gilds the face of night,
 His heavenly features dart resplendent light :
 So shines the beamy sun through showery skies,
 And paints the fleecy clouds with various dyes :
 So through the liquid regions of the air, 485
 With rapid radiance, shoots a falling star.
 But now arriv'd, where hell's infernal crew
 Their venom'd rage amongst the Pagans threw,
 Hovering in air on pinions strong he stay'd,
 And shook his lance, and awful thus he said. 490
 Your force has prov'd the Sovereign of the World,
 What thunders from his dreadful hand are hurl'd :
 O blind in ill! that no remorse can know,
 In torture proud, and obstinate in woe !
 The sacred Cross shall conquer Sion's wall ; 495
 Her gates must open, and her bulwarks fall :
 And who shall Fate's resistless will withstand,
 Or dare the terrors of th' Almighty's hand ?
 Hence then, ye cursed! to your realms beneath,
 The realms of torment and eternal death! 500
 There on devoted souls employ your rage ;
 Be there your triumphs, there the wars ye wage :
 There, midst the sounding whips, the din of chains,
 And gnashing teeth, laments, and endless pains !

He said; and those that lingering seem'd to move,
Resistless with his fatal lance he drove. 506

With sighs, reluctant, from the field they fly,
And leave the golden stars and upper sky,
And spread their pinions to the realms of woe,
To wreak their fury on the damn'd below. 510

Not o'er the seas in equal numbers fly
The feather'd race, to seek a warmer sky:
Not, when the wood the wintry blast receives,
In equal number Autumn strews her leaves.
Freed from th' infernal train and stygian glooms,
Serene the night her wonted face resumes. 516

But not the less Argantes' fury glows,
Though hell no more her venom'd fire bestows;
He whirls his sword with unresisted rage,
Where, closely press'd, the Christian bands engage:
The high and low his equal prowess feel; 521

The bravest warriors sink beneath his steel.
Alike the carnage fierce Clorinda spread,
And strew'd the field with heaps of mangled dead.
Through Berlinger the fatal sword she guides, 525

And rives his heart where panting life resides:
The pointed steel its furious passage tore,
And issu'd at his back besmear'd with gore.
Albine she wounds, where first the child receives
His food; and Gallus' head asunder cleaves. 530

Then Gernier's better hand, that aim'd a blow,
She sends divided to the plain below:
Yet still the parted nerves some life retain,
The trembling fingers still the falchion strain:
Dissever'd thus a serpent's tail is seen 535

To seek the part divided on the green.
The foe thus maim'd, the dame no longer stay'd,
But 'gainst Achilles ran with trenchant blade:
Between the neck and nape the weapon flew;
The neck it cleft, and cut the nerves in two: 540

First tumbled on the plain the parted head,
With dust obscene the pallid face was spread;
While in the saddle by the steed sustain'd,
Dreadful to view!) the beadless trunk remain'd;

But soon th' ungovern'd courser with a bound 545
Shook the sad barthen to th' ensanguin'd ground.

While thus th' unconquer'd maid such numbers
And the thick squadrons of the west o'erthrew; [slew,
No less Gildippe fair the slaughter led,
And on th' S'racens her fury fed. 550

The same her sex, her dauntless mind the same,
And equal valour shone in either dame.

But these to meet in battle Fate withstands:
Both doom'd to prove the force of greater hands.
Now this, now that essays to pierce the tide, 555
In vain; the throng of troops the pass deny'd.

The noble Guelpho's sword Corinda found,
And in her tender side impress'd a wound,
That ting'd the steel: the maid on vengeance bent,
Betwixt his ribs her cruel answer sent. 560

Guelpho his stroke renew'd, but miss'd the foe;
Osmida, as he pass'd, receiv'd the blow:
Deep in his front the deadly steel he found,
And perish'd by another's destin'd wound.

The numerous troops by Guelpho led, enclose 565
Their valiant chief; more thick the tumult grows;
While various bands from distant parts unite,
And swell the fury of the mingled fight.

Aurora now, in radiant purple drest,
Shone from the portals of the golden east: 570

When, midst the horrid clang and mingled cries,
Intrepid Argillan from prison flies:

The readiest arms he snatch'd with eager haste,
And soon his limbs in shining steel were cas'd:
Eager he comes, t' efface his former shame 575
With glorious actions in the field of fame.

As when, to battie bred, the courser, freed
From plenteous stalls, regains the wonted mead,
There unrestrain'd amid the herds he roves,
Bathes in the stream, and wantons in the groves;

His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders spread, 581
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head:

His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.

So Argillan appears! so fierce he shows, 585
 While in his looks undaunted courage glows:
 He bounds with headlong speed the war to meet,
 And scarcely prints the dust beneath his feet:
 When, midst the foes arriv'd, aloud he cries,
 As one whose fury all their force defies: 590

Refuse of earth! ye vile Arabian bands!
 What boldness now impels your coward hands?
 Your limbs unus'd the arms of men to wield,
 To bear the helmet, or sustain the shield:
 Naked ye come, and fearful to the fight, 595
 Chance guides your blows, your safety lies in flight:
 Nocturnal deeds are all your power can boast,
 When friendly night assists your trembling host:
 What now remains? The beams of day require
 The warrior's weapons and the warrior's fire. 600

Raging he said; and, rushing as he spoke,
 At Algazelles aim'd a mortal stroke;
 His jaws he cleft, and stopt his ready tongue,
 While on his lips imperfect accents hung:
 A sudden darkness shades his swimming eyes; 605
 Through every vein a chilling tremor flies:
 Headlong he falls, and breathes his latest breath,
 And bites the hated soil in pangs of death.
 With fury next on Saladine he flew,
 And Agricaltes and Mulasses slew: 610
 Then Aldiazelles' side his falchion found,
 And cleft him through with one continued wound:
 Through Ariadenus' breast the steel he guides,
 And the fall'n chief with bitter taunts derides;
 The dying warrior lifts his languid eyes, 615
 And to th' insulting victor thus replies.

Not thou, whoe'er thou art, with vaunting breath
 Shalt long enjoy the triumph of my death:
 Like fate attends thee; by a mightier hand
 Thou too must fall, and press with me the sand.

Then Argillan, severely smiling, cry'd: 621
 Let Heaven's high will my future fate decide;
 Die thou! to ravenous dogs and fowls a prey—
 Then with his foot he press'd him as he lay,
 And rent at once the steel and life away. 625

Meanwhile a stripling of the Soldan's train
 Mix'd in the shock of arms and fighting men :
 In his fair cheeks the flower of youth was seen,
 Nor yet the down had fledg'd his tender chin :
 The sweat that trickled on his blooming face, 630
 Like orient pearls, improv'd the blushing grace :
 The dust gave beauty to his flowing hair,
 And wrath was pleasing in a form so fair.
 He rode a courser white as new-fall'n snow
 On hoary Appennine's aspiring brow : 635
 Nor winds nor flames his swiftness could exceed,
 Practis'd to turn, and matchless in his speed :
 Grasp'd in the midst, the youth a javelin bore ;
 A crooked sabre at his side he wore :
 With barbarous pomp (resplendent to behold!) 640
 He shone in purple vestments wrought with gold.

While thus the boy (whom martial fires inflame,
 Pleas'd with the din of arms, and new to fame)
 Now here, now there, o'erthrew the warring band,
 And met with none his fury to withstand ; 645
 Fierce Argilan, advancing, near him drew,
 Then with a sudden stroke his steed he slew,
 And on the tender foe impetuous flew.
 In vain with moving prayers he sues for grace,
 In vain he begs with supplicating face ; 650
 The sword is rais'd against the blooming boy,
 The fairest work of nature to destroy :
 Yet pity seem'd to touch the senseless steel ;
 The edge turn'd, harmless, as the weapon fell :
 But what avail'd it ? when the cruel foe, 655
 With the sharp point, retriev'd his erring blow.

Fierce Solyman, who, thence not distant far,
 By Godfrey press'd, maintain'd a doubtful war ;
 Soon as his favourite's dangerous state he spies,
 Forsakes the fight, and to his rescue flies : 660
 Now with his thundering sword the ways are freed :
 He comes t' avenge, but not prevent the deed.
 He sees, alas ! his dear Læbinus slain,
 Like a young flower that withers on the plain.

His dying eyes a trembling lustre shed ; 665
 On his fair neck declin'd his drooping head ;
 His languid face in mortal paleness charin'd,
 And every breast to soft compassion warm'd :
 Untouch'd before, now melts the marble heart,
 And midst his wrath, the gushing sorrows start. 670
 And weep'st thou Solyman ! at pity's call,
 Who, tearless, saw thy mighty kingdom's fall ?
 But when his eyes the hostile weapon view'd,
 Still warm and reeking in the stripling's blood,
 Th' indignant fury boiling in his breast 675
 Awhile his pity and his tears suppress'd.

On Argillan the rapid steel he drives,
 At once th' opposing shield and helmet rives,
 And cleaves his head beneath the weighty blow :
 A wound well worthy of so great a foe ! 680
 His wrath still unappeas'd, he quits his steed,
 And wreaks his vengeance on the warrior dead.
 So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,
 The mastiff wages unavailing war.
 O ! vain attempt his sorrows to allay, 685
 By rage insensate on the breathless clay !

Meantime the leader of the Christian train,
 Nor spends his anger, nor his blows in vain.
 A thousand Turks against him held the field,
 Arm'd with the jointed mail, the helm, and shield :
 Their limbs robust to hardy toils were bred ; 691
 And skill'd in fight, their souls no danger dread.
 These oft with Solyman in battle stood,
 And midst the deserts late his steps pursu'd ;
 In Araby partook his wandering state, 695
 The faithful partners of his adverse fate :
 These, close collected in one daring band,
 The pressing valour of the Franks withstand.

Here noble Godfrey well his falchion ply'd,
 And pierc'd Corcutes' brow, Rosteno's side ; 700
 Then from the shoulders sever'd Selim's head,
 And lopp'd Rosano's arms with trenchant blade.
 Nor these alone, but numbers more he kill'd,
 And mangled trunks and limbs bestrew'd the field.

While thus he fought against the Turkish band,
 And with intrepid force their rage sustain'd; 706
 While fortune still with equal pinions flew,
 Nor hopes of conquest left the Pagan crew;
 Behold a cloud of rising dust appear,
 Teeming with threatening arms, and big with war;
 And hence a sudden flash of armour bright 711
 Fill'd all the Pagan host with panic fright.

Of purple hue there fifty warriors held
 A Cross triumphant in an argent field.
 Had I an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues, 715
 A voice of iron breath'd from iron lungs,
 I could not all the Pagan numbers tell
 That by this troop's impetuous onset fell:
 The fearful Arab sinks; the Turk in vain
 Resists the storm, and fights but to be slain. 720
 Around the field in various forms appear,
 Rage, horror, cruelty, and abject fear:
 On every side, exulting, death is found,
 And purple torrents deluge all the ground.

Now with a squadron, issuing from the gate, 725
 (Unconscious of the Pagan's woeful state)
 King Aladine appear'd, and from his height
 Beheld the subject plain and doubtful fight:
 Full soon his eyes the scene of slaughter meet,
 And strait he gives command to sound retreat: 730
 And oft the monarch calls, but calls in vain,
 Clorinda and Argantes from the plain:
 The furious couple still reject his prayer,
 With carnage drunk, insatiable of war!
 At length they yield: yet every means they try'd
 Their troops in order from the field to guide, 736
 But who with laws can coward souls restrain?
 The rout is general 'mongst th' affrighted train:
 This casts aside his shield, and that his sword;
 These useless burthens no defence afford. 740


§ vale between the camp and city lies,
 Stretch'd from the western to the southern skies;
 There fled the tim'rous bands, with many a groan,
 And clouds of dust roll'd onward to the town.

The Christian powers pursue their eager chace, 745
 With dreadful slaughter of the Pagan race :
 But when, ascending, near the walls they drew,
 Where with his aid, the king appear'd in view,
 His victor-force the cautious Guelpho stay'd,
 Nor would the dangerous rocky height invade : 750
 While Aladine collects his men with care,
 The scatter'd remnants of successful war.

The Soldan's waining strength can now no more,
 (The utmost stretch essay'd of human power)
 His breath in shorter pantings comes and goes, 755
 And blood with sweat from every member flows.
 His arm grows weak beneath the weighty shield ;
 His weary hand can scarce the falchion wield :
 Feebly he strikes, and scarce can reach the foe,
 While the blunt weapon aims a fruitless blow. 760
 And now he paus'd awhile, immers'd in thought,
 A labouring doubt within his bosom wrought :
 If by his own illustrious hand to bleed,
 Nor leave the foes the glory of the deed ;
 Or if, survivor in the fatal strife, 765
 To quit the field, and save his threaten'd life.
 Fate has subdu'd (at length the leader cry'd)
 My shame shall swell the haughty victor's pride :
 Again th' insulting foe my flight shall view,
 Again my exile with their scorn pursue ; 770
 But soon behold me turn in arms again
 To blast their peace, and shake their tottering reign.
 Nor yield I now—my rage shall burn the same ;
 Eternal wrongs eternal vengeance claim :
 Still will I rise a more inveterate foe, 775
 And, dead, pursue them from the shades below !

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT:



SOLYMAN, in his journey to Gaza, is accosted by Ismeno, who persuades him to return; and conveys him in an enchanted chariot to Jerusalem. The magician conducts the Soldan through a subterraneous cave into the city, and brings him to the council-hall, where he stands, concealed in a cloud, and hears the debates. The speeches of Argantes and Orcanez. Solyman at last discovers himself, and is received with the greatest joy by the king. In the mean time it is known to Godfrey, that the warriors who came to his assistance were those who had followed Armida. One of them relates to the general their adventures. Peter foretells the return and future glory of Rinaldo.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

WHILE thus the Soldan spoke, a steed he spy'd,
That wander'd near, unburthen'd of his guide ;
Then instant, spent with toil and faint with heat,
He seiz'd the reins and press'd the welcome seat :
Fall'n is his crest, that late so dreadful rose, 5
His helm disgrac'd no more its splendor shows ;
His regal vesture strews the dusty plains,
And not a trace of all his pomp remains !

As, from the nightly fold, the wolf pursu'd,
Flies to the shelter of the friendly wood ; 10
Though fill'd with carnage, still he thirsts for more,
And licks his ravenous jaws impure with gore :
So fled the Soldan, from the field compell'd,
Still bent on slaughter, still his rage unquell'd :
Safe from surrounding spears he took his flight, 15
And all the deathful weapons of the fight :
Alone, unseen, the warrior journey'd on,
Through solitary paths, and ways unknown :
His future course revolving in his mind ;
Now here, now there, his doubtful thoughts inclin'd,
At length he fix'd to seek the friendly coast 21
Where Egypt's king collects his powerful host,
And join with him his fortune in the field,
To prove what arms another day would yield.
And, thus resolv'd, the well-known course he bore
That led to ancient Gaza's sandy shore. 26

Though now his weary limbs require repose,
 And every wound with keener anguish glows;
 Yet all the day he fled with eager haste,
 Nor left his cours-er, nor his mail unbrac'd. 30
 But when the dusky gloom perplex'd the sight,
 And objects lost their colour by the night,
 He swath'd his wounds; a palm-tree near him stood
 From this he shook the fruit; (his homely food!)
 His hunger thus appeas'd, the ground he press'd, 35
 And sought to ease his limbs with needful rest;
 On his hard shield his pensive head reclin'd,
 He strove to calm the tumult of his mind.
 Disdain and grief his heart alternate rend,
 And like two vultures in his breast contend. 40
 At length when night had gain'd her midmost way,
 And all the world in peaceful sileuce lay,
 O'ercome with labour, sleep his eyes oppress'd,
 And steep'd his troubles in Lethean rest.
 While thus on earth he lay, a voice severe, 45
 With these upbraidings, thunder'd in his ear.

O! Solyman! regardless chief, awake!—
 In happier hours thy grateful slumber take.
 Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,
 And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend. 50
 Here dost thou sleep; here close thy careless eyes,
 While uninter'd each lov'd associate lies?
 Here, where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,
 Canst thou unthinking, wait the rising morn?

The Soldan wak'd, then rais'd his sight, and view'd
 A sire, of reverend mien, who near him stood: 56
 Feeble he seem'd with age, his steps to guide
 A friendly staff its needful aid supply'd.
 Say, what art thou, who dar'st (the monarch cries)
 Dispel soft slumber from the traveller's eyes? 60
 What part canst thou in all our glory claim,
 And what to thee our vengeance or our shame?

In me behold a friend, (the stranger said)
 To whom in part thy purpose stands display'd:
 And here I proffer, with auxiliar care, 65
 In all thy labours and designs to share.

Forgive my zeal ; reproaches oft inspire
The noble mind, and raise the hero's fire. [strain !
Thou seek'st th' Egyptian king—such thoughts re-
Nor tempt a long and toilsome tract in vain ; 70
Ev'n now the monarch calls his numerous bands,
And moves his camp t' assist Judæa's lands.
Think nor thy worth at Gaza can be shown,
Nor 'gainst our foes can there thy force be known ;
But follow where I lead, and, safe from harms, 75
Within yon wall, begirt by Latian arms,
To place thee, ev'n at noon of day, I swear,
Without the brandish'd sword or lifted spear.
New toils, new dangers there thy arms attend ;
There shall thy force the town besieg'd defend, 80
Till Egypt's host, arriv'd, their succour yield,
And call thy courage to a nobler field.

Thus while he spoke, the listening Turk amaz'd,
Full on the hoary sire in silence gaz'd :
His haughty looks no more their fierceness boast, 85
And all his anger is in wonder lost.

Then thus : O father ! ready to obey,
Behold I follow where thou point'st the way :
But ever best that counsel shall I prize,
Where most of toil, where most of danger lies. 90

The sire his words approv'd ; then search'd with
Each recent wound, annoy'd by chilling air ; [care,
With powerful juice, instill'd, his strength renew'd,
And eas'd the pain, and stanch'd the flowing blood.
Aurora now her rosy wreaths displays, 95
And Phœbus gilds them with his orient rays.
Time calls (he cries) the sun directs our way,
That summons mortals to the toils of day.
Then to a car, that near him ready stood,
He pass'd ; the chief of Nice his steps pursu'd ; 100
They mount the seat, the stranger takes the reins,
Before the lash the coursers scour the plains ;
They foam, they neigh, their smoking nostrils blow,
And the champ'd bits are white with frothy snow.
Then (strange to tell) the air, condens'd in clouds,
With thickest veil the rolling chariot shrouds ; 106

Yet not a mortal sight the mist espy'd,
 Nor could an engine's force the cloud divide:
 While from its secret womb, with piercing eyes,
 They view'd around the plains, the hills, and skies.
 Struck with the sight his brows the Soldan rais'd, 111
 And stedfast on the cloud and chariot gaz'd:
 While on their course with ceaseless speed they flew:
 Well by his looks the sire his wonder knew;
 And, calling on his name, the chief he shook; 115
 When, rousing from his trance, the warrior spoke.

O thou! whoe'er thou art, whose wondrous skill
 Can force the laws of nature to thy will;
 Who, at thy pleasure, view'st with searching eyes
 The human breast, where every secret lies: 120
 If yet thy knowledge (which so far transcends
 All human thought) to future time extends;
 O say! what rest or woe is doom'd by fate
 To all the toils of Asia's broken state?
 But first declare thy name; what hidden art 125
 Can power to work such miracles impart;
 This wild amazement from my soul remove,
 Or vain will all thy future speeches prove.

To whom, with smiles, the ancient sire reply'd:
 In part thy wishes may be satisfy'd: 130
 Behold Ismeno! (no ignoble name)
 In magic lore all Syria owns my fame.
 But that my tongue should distant times relate,
 And trace the annals of mysterious fate,
 A greater power denies; thy thoughts exceed 135
 The narrow bounds to mortal man decreed.
 Let each his valour and his wisdom show,
 To stem the tide of human ills below;
 For oft 'tis seen, that with the brave and wise, 139
 The power to make their prosperous fortune lies.
 Thy conquering arms may prove a happier field;
 Thy force may teach the boastful Franks to yield:
 Think not alone the city to defend,
 On which the Latian foes their fury bend;
 Confide! be bold! for fire and sword prepare; 145
 A happy issue still may crown the war.

Yet to my words attend, while I recite
 What, as through clouds, I view with doubtful light.
 I see, or seem to see, ere many a year
 Th' eternal planet gilds the rolling sphere, 150
 A chief whose rule shall fertile Egypt bless,
 Whose mighty actions Asia shall confess.
 Let this suffice; not only in the field,
 Beneath his force the Christian powers shall yield;
 But from their race his arms shall rend the sway,
 And all their state usurp'd in ruin lay: 156
 Till, fenc'd by seas, within a narrow land
 Groan the sad relicks of the wretched band.
 He from thy blood shall spring—Ismeno said:
 And thus the king his generous answer made; 160
 (His bosom kindling at the hero's fame)
 O happy chief! whose deeds such glory claim!
 For me, let good or ill my life betide,
 And fortune, as prescrib'd above, provide:
 No power shall e'er my vigorous mind control, 165
 Or bend th' unconquer'd temper of my soul:
 First shall the moon and stars their course forsake,
 Ere I my foot remove from glory's track.
 He said; and, while he spoke, with martial ire
 His eyeballs flash'd, his visage seem'd on fire. 170
 Thus commun'd they, till near the chariot drew
 To where the Christian tents appear'd in view:
 A scene of carnage here their eyes survey'd,
 Where death appear'd in various forms display'd.
 Touch'd at the sight, the Soldan's tears o'erflow,
 And all his face is spread with generous woe: 176
 He sees, inflam'd with anger and disdain,
 His mighty standards scatter'd on the plain:
 He sees the Franks exulting o'er the dead,
 And on his dearest friends in triumph tread: 180
 While from the breathless corse the arms they tear,
 And from the field the glorious trophies bear.
 There some he views, whose funeral care attends:
 Th' unbury'd relicks of their Christian friends:
 And others here prepare the blazing pyre, 185
 Where Turks and Arabs feed one common fire.

Deeply he sigh'd, and straight his falchion drew,
 And from the lofty car impetuous flew :
 But soon Ismeno check'd his eager haste,
 And in the seat again the warrior plac'd ; 190
 Then sought the hill, while distant on the plain,
 Behind their course the Christian tents remain.

Then from the car they 'light (at once from view
 Dissolv'd in air, the wondrous car withdrew)
 Still with the cloud inshrin'd, on foot they fare, 195
 And down the mountain to the vale repair ;
 Where Sion's hill, that here begins to rise,
 Turns its broad back against the western skies.
 Th' enchanter stay'd ; and now, advancing nigh,
 Explor'd the steepy side with heedful eye : 200
 A hollow cavern open'd, in the stone,
 A darksome pass, in former ages known,
 But now with weeds and brambles overgrown :
 Through this the sorcerer soon the passage try'd,
 And held his better hand the prince to guide. 205

Then thus the Soldan : Through what darksome
 Must here my steps by stealth inglorious stray ? [way ?
 O rather grant that, with this trusty blade,
 Through scatter'd foes a nobler path be made.
 Let not thy feet disdain (Ismeno said) 210
 To tread the path which Herod wont to tread,
 Whose fame in arms o'er many regions spread.
 This monarch first the hollow cavern fram'd,
 What time his subjects to the yoke he tam'd :
 By this he could with ease the tower ascend, 215
 (Then call'd Antonia from his dearest friend)
 Thence with his troops could leave the town unseen,
 Or there re-enter with supplies of men.
 But now to me reveal'd, to me alone
 Of all mankind, this secret path is known. 220
 'This way shall lead us to the regal seat,
 Where now the wise and brave in synod meet,
 Call'd by the anxious king to high debate,
 Who fears perhaps too far the frowns of fate :
 Awhile in silence all their counsels hear, 225
 Till, breaking in their sight, thou shalt appear
 And pour thy speech in every wondering ear.

He said, and ceas'd; no more the warrior stay'd,
 But enter'd, with his guide, the gloomy shade: 229
 Darkling they far'd through paths conceal'd from
 And, as they pass'd, the cavern wider grew. [view,
 Ismeno now unfolds a secret door;
 They mount by steps long-time disus'd before:
 Here through a narrow vent, from upper day,
 Appears the glimmering of a doubtful ray. 235
 Now from the seats of night their course they bend,
 And sudden to a stately hall ascend;
 Where, with his sceptre, crown'd in awful state,
 Amidst his mournful court the mournful monarch
 The haughty Turk, within the cloud conceal'd, [sate.
 In silence stood, and all that pass'd beheld; 241
 Then heard the monarch in an awful tone
 Address the senate from his lofty throne.

O, faithful peers! behold the turn of fate!
 The last dire day how deadly to our state! 245
 From every former hope of conquest thrown,
 Our safety rests on Egypt's powers alone;
 But these must join us from a distant land,
 When present dangers present aid demand.
 For this I bade you here the council hold, 250
 And each the purport of his thoughts unfold.

He ceas'd: and soon a murmuring sound ensu'd,
 Like zephyrs softly whispering through the wood:
 Till, rising from his seat, with noble pride
 And fearless speech, Argantes thus reply'd. 255

What words are these to damp the martial fire?
 No aid from us thy wisdom can require.
 O! in ourselves our hopes alone must rest,
 If virtue ever guards th' intrepid breast;
 Be that our arms, be that our wish'd supplies, 260
 Nor let us life beyond our glory prize!
 I speak not this because my anxious mind
 Despairs from Egypt certain aid to find:
 Forbid it! that my thoughts, so far misled,
 Should doubt the promise which my king has made.
 But this my ardent soul has long desir'd, 266
 To find a few with dauntless spirits fir'd;

That every chance can view with equal eyes,
Can seek for victory, or death despise.

Orcanes next arose, with plausive grace, 270
Who 'mongst the princes held the noblest place :
Once known in arms amid the field he shin'd ;
But, to a youthful spouse in marriage join'd,
Proud of the husband and the father's name,
In slothful ease he stain'd his former fame. 275

Then thus he spoke : Well pleas'd the words I hear
Which spring, O monarch ! from the soul sincere ;
When the full heart with inbred ardour glows,
And generous threats the hero's warmth disclose.
Should now, transported with a noble rage, 280
The good Circassian's heat too far engage ;
This may we grant to him whose dauntless might
Displays like ardour in the field of fight.

It rests with thee his fury to control,
When youth too far transports his fiery soul. 285
'Tis thine to view, in equal balance weigh'd,
The present danger with the distant aid ;
The hostile power that on our city falls,
Our new-rais'd ramparts and our mouldering walls,
I speak the dictates of a faithful heart : 290
Our town is strong by nature, strong by art ;
Yet, see what mighty schemes the foes intend,
What huge machines against the walls ascend !
Th' event remains unknown—I hope and fear
The various chances of uncertain war. 295

Th' unlook'd-for small supply of herds and corn
That yester-night within the town was borne,
Can ill suffice so vast a city's call,
If long the siege should last before the wall :
And last it must, though by th' appointed day 300
Th' Egyptian forces here their aid display :
But what our fate if longer they delay ?
Yet grant those succours should prevent in speed
Their plighted promise, and our hope exceed :
I see not thence the certain conquest won, 305
Nor from the Christians freed the threaten'd town.

We must, O king! with Godfrey meet in fight,
 Those gallant chiefs, those bands approv'd in might,
 Whose arms so oft have scatter'd o'er the plain
 The Syrian, Persian, and Arabian train. 310

Thou, brave Argantes! oft compell'd to yield,
 Hast prov'd too well their valour in the field:
 Oft hast thou fled the foe with eager haste,
 And in thy nimble feet thy safety plac'd.
 Clorinda and myself have felt their host; 315
 Nor let a warrior o'er his fellows boast.

Free let me speak, and unrestrain'd by fear,
 (Though yonder champion scorns the truth to hear,
 And threatens death) my deep foreboding mind
 Beholds these dreadful foes with fate combin'd: 320
 Nor troops nor ramparts can their force sustain;
 Here shall they fix at last their certain reign.

Heaven witness! what I speak the time requires,
 Love for my country and my king inspires!
 How wise the king of Tripoli! who gain'd 325

Peace from the Christians, and his realms retain'd;
 While the proud Soldan, on the naked plains
 Now breathless lies, or wears ignoble chains;
 Or hid in exile, trembling from the strife,
 Prolongs in distant lands his wretched life; 330

Who, yielding part, with gifts and tribute paid,
 Had still the rest in peace and safety sway'd.

He said; and thus his coward-thoughts disclos'd,
 With artful words in doubtful phrase compos'd;
 Yet durst not plainly his advice declare, 335
 To sue for peace, a foreign yoke to wear.

But, at his speeches fir'd with just disdain,
 No more the Soldan could his wrath restrain.
 To whom Ismeno—Can thy generous ear
 Without concern these vile reproaches hear? 340

Unwilling have I stay'd, (the chief returns)
 My conscious soul with just resentment burns.

Scarce had he ended, when the mist, that threw
 Its friendly veil around, at once withdrew;
 Dissolv'd in air was lost the fleecy clond, 345
 And, left in open light, the monarch stood;

Full in the midst his dreadful front he rears,
And sudden thus accosts their wondering ears.

Lo! here the man you name, the Soldan stands;
No timorous exile fled to distant lands! 350

This arm shall yonder dastard's lies disprove,
And show what fears his trembling bosom move.

I, who of Christian blood such torrents shed,
And pil'd the plain with mountains of the dead!
Left in the vale, by foes begirt in fight 355

All succours lost! am I accus'd of flight?

But should this wretch, or any such, again,
False to his country, to his faith a stain,
Dare, with his words, to shameful peace betray,
(Do thou, O monarch! give my justice way) 360

This falchion shall avenge the hateful part,
And stab the treason lurking in his heart.
First in one fold shall wolves and lambs remain,
One nest the serpent and the dove contain,
Ere with the Franks one land behold our state, 365
On any terms but everlasting hate!

While haughty thus he spoke, with threatening
His dreadful hand upon his sword was seen. [mien,

Struck with his presence, with his words amaz'd
The pale assistants mute and trembling gaz'd. 370

Then, with a soften'd air and milder look,
To Aladine he turn'd, and thus he spoke:

We trust, O monarch! welcome aid we bring,
When Solyman appears t' assist the king!

Then Aladine, who near to meet him drew: 375
How glows my heart a friend like thee to view!

No more I feel my slaughter'd legions lost,
No more my soul with anxious fears is tost,
Thou shalt my reign secure, and soon restore
(If Heaven permit) thy own subverted power. 380

This said, around his neck his arms he cast,
And with an eager joy his friend embrac'd.
Judæa's sovereign then, this greeting done,
Gave to the mighty chief his regal throne:
Himself, beside him, to the left he plac'd, 385
Ismeno next with equal honours grac'd.

And while, enquiring every chance of fate,
 In converse with the sire the monarch sate,
 To honour Solyman the warrior-dame
 Approach'd ; then all, by her example, came. 390
 Among the rest, Ormusses rose, whose care
 Preserv'd his faithful Arabs from the war :
 These, while the hosts with mutual fury fought,
 By night in safety to the walls he brought ;
 And, with supplies of herds and corn convey'd, 395
 Gave to the famish'd town a needful aid.

Alone, with louring front and gloomy state,
 In silence wrapt, the fierce Circassian sate :
 So seems a lion, couching on the ground,
 Who sullen rolls his glaring eyes around : 400
 While low his head declin'd with pensive air,
 The Soldan's looks Orcaes could not bear.

In council thus Judæa's tyrant sate,
 The king of Nice and nobles of the state.
 But pious Godfrey, victor of the day, 405
 Had chas'd his foes, and clear'd each guarded way :
 And now he paid his warriors, slain in fight,
 The last due honours of the funeral rite ;
 Then bade the rest prepare (his mandate known)
 The second day in arms t' assault the town ; 410
 And threaten'd, with machines of every kind,
 The rude barbarians in their walls confin'd.

The leader soon the timely squadron knew,
 That brought him aid against the faithless crew :
 In this the prime of all his friends he view'd, 415
 Who once the fraudulent damsel's track pursu'd :
 Here Tancred came, who late, by wiles restrain'd,
 A prisoner in Armida's fort remain'd.
 For thee, to meet beneath his lofty teat,
 Before the hermit and his chiefs, he sent. 420

Then thus he said : Let some, O warriors ! tell
 Th' adventures that your wandering course befel ;
 And how you came, by fortune thus convey'd,
 In need so great to give such welcome aid. 424

He ceas'd ; when, conscious of his secret blame :
 Each hung his head depress'd with generous shame

At length the British monarch's dearest son,
The silence broke, and thus sincere begun.

We went (whose names, undrawn, the urn con-
Nor each to each his close design reveal'd, [ceal'd)
The darksome paths of treacherous love to trace, 431
Lur'd by the features of a guileful face :

Her words and looks (too late I own the shame)
Increas'd our mutual hate, our mutual flame :
At length we drew to where, in dreadful ire. 435

Heaven rain'd on earth of old a storm of fire,
T' avenge the wrongs, which nature's laws endur'd,
On that dire race to wicked deeds innur'd ;

Where once were fertile lauds and meadows green,
Now a deep lake with sulphurous waves was seen :
Hence noisome vapours, baleful steams arise, 441
That breathe contagion to the distant skies.

In this each ponderous mass is thrown in vain,
The sluggish waters every weight sustain :
In this a castle stood, from which there lay 445

A narrow bridge t' invite the wanderer's way :
We enter'd here ; and wondering, saw within
Each part present a lovely sylvan scene ;

Soft was the air, the skies serene and mild,
With flowers adorn'd the hills and vallies smil'd :
A fountain, 'midst a bower of myrtle shade, 451

With lucid streams in sweet meanders stray'd :
On the soft herbage downy slumbers lay ;
Through whispering leaves the fanning breezes play ;
And cheerful songsters warble on the spray. 455

I pass the domes our eyes beheld amaz'd,
Of costly gold and polish'd marble rais'd.

There on the turf, with shade o'er-arching grac'd,
Near purling rills the dame a banquet plac'd ;
Where sculptur'd vases deck'd the costly board, 460
With viands choice of every flavour stor'd :

Whate'er to different climes and suns we owe,
Which earth, or air, or ocean can bestow ;
With all that art improves! and while we sate,
An hundred beauteous nymphs in order wait. 465

With gentle speech and soft enticing smiles,
 She tempers other food and fatal wiles;
 While every guest receives the deadly flame,
 And quaffs a long oblivion of his fame.

She left us now, but soon resum'd her place, 470
 When anger seem'd to kindle in her face.
 Within her better hand a wand she bore;
 Her left sustain'd a book of magic power:
 Th' enchantress read, and mutter'd secret charms,
 When, lo! a sudden change my breast alarms! 475
 Strange fancies soon my troubled thoughts pursu'd,
 Sudden I plung'd amid the crystal flood!
 My legs sbrunk up, their former function leave;
 To either side my arms begin to cleave;
 A scaly covering o'er my skin is grown, 480
 And in the fish no more the man is known!
 An equal change with me the rest partook,
 And swam, transform'd, within the limpid brook.
 Oft as my mind recalls th' event, I seem
 Lost in th' illusion of an idle dream! 485

At length her art our former shape restor'd,
 But fear and wonder check'd each issuing word,
 As thus amaz'd we stood, with angry brows
 She threaten'd added pains and future woes.

Behold (she cry'd) what power is in my hand!
 I rule your fates with uncontrol'd command: 491
 My will can keep you from th' ethereal light,
 The hapless prisoners of eternal night;
 Can bid you range among the feather'd kind,
 Or, chang'd to trees, with rooted fibres bind; 495
 Can fix in rocks, dissolve in limpid streams,
 Or turn to brutal form the human limbs.
 It rests on you t' avert my vengeful ire:
 Consent t' obey what my commands require:
 Embrace the Pagan faith, my realms defend, 500
 And your keen swords on impious Godfrey bend.

She said: the proffer'd terms our souls disdain'd,
 Her words alone the false Rambaldo gain'd.
 Us (no defence avail'd) she straight constrains
 In loathsome dungeons and coercive chains. 505

Thither was Tancred led, by fortune crost,
 Where, join'd with us, his liberty he lost.
 But little time, confin'd within the tower,
 The false enchantress kept us in her power.

'Twas said an envoy from Damascus came, 510
 To gain her prisoners from the impious dame ;
 And thence, disarm'd, in fetters bound, to bring,
 A welcome present to th' Egyptian king.

We went, surrounded by a numerous guard,
 When Heaven's high will unhop'd for aid prepar'd.
 The good Rinaldo, who, with deeds of fame, 516
 Adds every moment to his former name,
 Our course impeding, on our leaders fell,
 And prov'd that valour, often prov'd so well.
 He slew, he vanquis'd all beneath his sword, 520
 And soon again our former arms restor'd.

To me, to all confess'd the youth appear'd :
 We grasp'd his hand, his well known voice we heard.
 Here vulgar tongues fallacious tales proclaim :
 The hero still survives to life and fame. 525

Three days are past since parting from our band,
 He with a pilgrim travell'd o'er the land,
 To Antioch bound : but first he cast aside
 His shatter'd arms with streaming crimson dy'd.

Here ceas'd the knight : Meanwhile his ardent
 The hermit fix'd devoutly on the skies ; [eyes
 His looks, his colour chang'd ; a nobler grace
 Shone in his mien, and kindled in his face ;
 Full of the Deity, his raptur'd mind

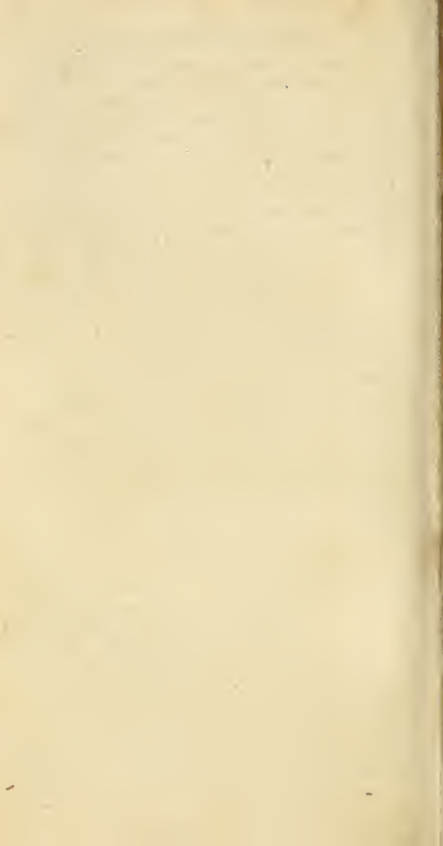
With angels seem'd in hallow'd converse join'd : 535
 He reads in future time's eternal page,
 And sees th' events of many a distant age.

He spoke ; while all intent and silent gaz'd,
 Much at his looks and awful voice amaz'd :
 He lives ! Rinaldo lives ! (aloud he cries) 540

Then heed not empty arts or female lies !
 He lives ! and Heaven, whose care his youth defends,
 For greater praise his valued life extends !
 These are but light forerunners of his name,
 (These deeds that now o'er Asia spread his name)

Lo! after rolling years, I plainly view 546
His arms shall many an impious power subdue!
His eagle guards, with silver wings display'd
The church and Rome beneath its friendly shade.
Succeeding sons with equal virtue shine, 550
And children's children crown his glorious line!
To pull the mighty down, exalt the low;
To punish vice, on virtue aid bestow;
These be their arts! and thus his dazzling way
The bird of Esté soars beyond the solar rays: 555
To guard celestial truth his flight he bends,
And with his thunders Peter's cause defends:
Where zeal for Christ each holy warrior brings,
He spreads, triumphant, his victorious wings:
The chief recall'd, must here his task resume, 560
Such is the will of fate, and such th' eternal doom!

Here ceas'd the sage: his words each doubt ap-
And every fear for young Rinaldo eas'd. [peas'd,
All, fill'd with transport, spoke their joys aloud;
While, fix'd in thought, the pensive Godfrey stood.
Now had the night her sable mantle cast 565
O'er darken'd air, and earth around embrac'd:
The rest, retiring, sink in soft repose;
But, lost in cares, no sleep the leader knows.



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans, Solyman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the mean time, Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.



THE Christian leader now, with cares oppress'd,
The near assault revolv'd within his breast :
But, while he hastes his vast machines to frame,
Before his presence reverend Peter came ;
The hermit sage, apart the hero took, 5
And thus sedate with awful words bespoke.

You, mighty Prince! terrestrial arms prepare,
But first another duty claims your care. [paid
To Heaven your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be
And call the angels and the saints to aid : 10
With public prayers their succour seek to gain,
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.
Then let the priesthood in procession move,
And humbly supplicate the Powers above :
And you, O chiefs ! the vulgar herd inspire, 15
And kindle in their souls devotion's fire.

Severely thus the holy hermit said :
Th' observant leader his advice obey'd.
O servant lov'd of Jesus (he replied)
Well pleas'd I follow where thy counsels guide.
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,
William and Ademar, a reverend pair !
T' adjust the sacred pomp be thine the care.

Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose,* 25
 The hermit with the priests assembled goes,
 Where in a vale, to worship sacred made,
 The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.
 Robes, white as snow, the priestly band enfold ?
 The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold, 30
 That hung divided on their breasts before,
 And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.

First Peter leads, and waves aloft in air
 The sign, which saints in Paradise revere :
 Next in two ranks, with solemn steps and slow, 35
 The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go :
 Then, side by side, the holy chiefs appear,
 William and Ademar, and close the rear :
 Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,
 Alone and foremost of his martial band. 40
 By two and two the field the leaders tread ;
 Then sheath'd in arms, the warrior host succeed.
 Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
 Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain ;
 Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet sound is heard, 45
 But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.

Thee, Father ! first omnipotent, they sung,
 Thee, Son, coequal ! from the Father sprung !
 Thee Spirit ! in whose influence both combine ;
 Thee, Virgin-mother of the man divine ! 50
 And you, ye leaders ! who in Heaven above, †
 Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move :
 And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God
 With the pure stream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.

* *Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose.*] History relates that, before the general assault, the Litany was chanted with a solemn religious procession. I have elsewhere observed, and I believe the reader will agree with me, that the following passage, for solemnity of description, is equal to any part of the poem.

† *And you, ye leaders!--*] The angelical orders thus classed by the theological writers of that time, seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers ; virtues, angels, and arch-angels. Thus Milton :

Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers !

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Thee, Peter! too, they hail in songs of praise, 55
The rock on which Heaven fix'd his church to raise;
Where now thy great descendant holds the place,
T' unclothe the gates of pardon and of grace:

And all the nunciates of th' ethereal reign,
Who testified the glorious death of man; 60
With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood
To seal the precious doctrine with their blood:
And those, whose words or writings taught the way
To the lost regions of eternal day:

And her, the damsel true, of Christ belov'd, 65
Whose pious choice the better life approv'd:
The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,
By mystic nuptial rites to Heaven espous'd:
With every other name in torments tried,
Whose zeal the nations and their kings defied: 70

Thus chanting hymns devout, the numerous train,
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:

Their pensive march to Olivet they frame,*
Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name;
Eastward it rises from the sacred town, 75
A mount by fame through every region known.

So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply. 80

Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the Pagan band†
All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand;
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.

But when their wonder ceas'd th' ungodly crew 85
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw:
With barbarous shouts they shake the bulwarks
The hills and vallies to the noise resound! [round;
But not their course the Christian powers refrain,
Nor cease the ritual or melodious strain; 90

* *Their pensive march to Olivet they frame,*

† *-----the Pagan band*

All hush'd and silent---] All these circumstances are taken from the history.

Fearless they march, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd
A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd ;
On either side, refulgent to behold, 95

A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold !
There William now, in costlier robes array'd,
His reverend homage at the altar paid ;
There with low voice, his humble suit prefers,
And supplicates with vows and holy prayers. 100

Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand ;
With eyes intent behold the distant band.
But when complete the mystic rites were ceas'd,
The sacred gire th' attending train dismiss'd,
And with his priestly hand the squadrons bless'd.

The pious troops return (this duty o'er) 106

And tread the path their feet had trod before :
'Till at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke ;
When to the tents his way the hero took :
With smiles he parted from the vulgar band, 110

But there the captains of his host detain'd
To due repast ; and full before him plac'd
Thoulouse's valiant earl with honours grac'd,
The call of thirst and hunger now repress,
The chief of chiefs his leaders thus address'd. 115

Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,
Rise all in arms t' assault Judæa's town :
Be that the day t' invade our impious foe ;
The present hours to needful tasks bestow. 119

This said, the chiefs depart : with trumpet's sound
Th' obedient heralds send their mandates round :
And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,
Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.
In different works the tedious day they waste,
And various thoughts revolve in every breast, 125
Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.

Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams ;

No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear, 130
 No watchful shepherds to the meads repair ?
 Each bird secure his peaceful slumber takes :
 Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes :
 When now the trumpet's echoes rouse the morn,
 To arms ! to arms ! the vaulted skies return : 135
 To arms ! to arms ! with universal cry,
 A hundred legions to the notes reply.
 First Godfrey rose, but now neglects to bear
 His pond'rous cuirass, oft approv'd in war :
 A slight defence the fearless hero chose, 140
 And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws ;
 Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name :
 When aged Raymond to his presence came.
 Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
 What deed the leader's secret soul design'd. 145
 Where is thy corslet's massy weight, he cry'd,
 Where all thy other arms of temper try'd ?
 What dost thou seek ? a private palm to gain,
 To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train ?
 Think not this task a general's sword demands : 150
 Such dangers leave to less important hands.
 Resume thy arms ; regard thy safety most,
 And save a life, the spirit of our host.

He ceas'd. The gen'rous leader thus reply'd :
 When holy Urban girded to my side* 155
 This sword in Clarmont ; and when first 'twas giv'n
 To Godfrey's hand, to wage the wars of Heav'n,
 To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,
 A private warrior in the dang'rous field.
 Since I have ev'ry duty now display'd 160
 As fits a chief by whom the host is led,
 It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)
 To march in equal arms t' assault the tow'n.

* *When holy Urban girded to my side*
This sword in Clarmont---] Pope Urban went in person
 to the council of Clarmout, a city of France, where he ap-
 pointed numbers to the crusade, and among the first, God-
 frey ; giving to each adventurer the sacred badge of the ex-
 pedition.

Thus shall I keep the faith to Heav'n I gave : 164
His hand shall lead me, and his power shall save.

This said, his brethren soon th' example took :

Each knight of France his heavy arms forsook ;
The other chiefs less cumb'rous harness chose,
And boldly march'd on foot t' invade the foes.
Alike prepar'd, the Pagan troops ascend 170

Where tow'rd's the north the crooked ramparts bend ;
And where the west surveys the rising towers,
Of least defence against th' invading powers :
For, well secur'd on ev'ry part beside,
The town th' attempts of all their host defy'd. 175

Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care
Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war :
But, summon'd in this utmost risque of state,
Old age and childhood share the toils of fate.
These to the brave supply (as time requires) 180

Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.
With vast machines and arms, the walls they stow,
Whose rising height commands the plains below :
There from aloft, the Soldan strikes the eyes,
In form a giant of stupendous size ! 185

There, on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce Argantes tow'rs with threat'ning air :
And where the highest fort its summit rears,
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the rest appears,
And, stor'd with darts, her deadly quiver bears. 190

Already in her hand the bow she tries,
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.
Eager to strike, the lovely archer stands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.
So feign'd of old, from Heaven's ethereal height 195
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.

The hoary king, forgetful of his state,
Within the city moves from gate to gate ;
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all ; 200
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides
Fresh stores of arms, and o'er the whole presides.

But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,
And seek their fabled god with fruitless prayer.

O! hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,
And sudden break the Christian robber's lance!
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!

While thus the city bends her different cares,
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares: 210
And first he leads the foot, a numerous train,
In skilful order marshall'd on the plain:

Then in two squadrons he divides his powers
T' attack, on either side, the hostile towers.
The huge balistæ in the midst appear, 215
And every dreadful implement of war;

Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
Enormous darts, and crags of ponderous stone.
The heavy arm'd the weaker foot sustain;
The lighter horse are sent to scour the plain. 220

At length the word is given, the signals sound;
The bows are bent, the slings are whirl'd around:
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
And gall the Pagans with a rocky shower:
Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall, 225
And thinn'd appear'd the ranks that guard the wall.

The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,
More near the walls advance with eager course.
Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,
Above their heads an ample covering made: 230

And some, beneath machines, in safety move,
A sure defence from falling stones above.
And now the fosse th' advancing soldiers gain,
And seek the depth to level with the plain:

The bottom firm a safe foundation show'd, 235
This soon they fill'd, a late impervious road!
Adrastus foremost of the troop appears,
And 'gainst the wall a scaling-ladder rears:

Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
The stones and sulphur in a mingled shower: 240
The fierce Helvetian wond'ring crowds survey,
Who now had finish'd half his airy way:

When lo ! with fury sent, a rugged stone,
 With rapid force as from an engine thrown,
 (Sent by the vigour of Circassia's knight) 245
 Struck on his helm and hurl'd him from his height.
 Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,
 Yet proue he tumbl'd, senseless with the shock.
 Then thus Argantes with a threatening cry :
 Fall'n is the first : who dares the second try 250
 Behold, I fearless stand before your sight,
 Why, warriors ! draw ye not to open fight ?
 Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,
 For you, like beasts shall in your caves be slain !

He said : yet not for this the Christians stay ; 255
 But in their coverts still pursue their way :
 While others on their fencing bucklers bear
 The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.
 Now to the walls the battering rams drew nigh,
 Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye ! 260
 Strong iron plates their massy heads compose :
 The gates and ramparts fear th' approaching blows.
 'Gainst these a hundred hands their force apply,
 And roll vast beams and ruins from on high ;
 The pond'rous fragments thunder on the fields ; 265
 At once they break the well-compacted shields,
 And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields !
 The plain is strewn with arms, and covered o'er
 With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore !

The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight, 270
 Forth from their covert rush'd to open light :
 Some place their ladders, and the height ascend ;
 Against the ramparts some their engines bend,
 The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall,
 The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall ! 275
 But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
 Each various method of defensive war :
 And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
 A mass of wool, suspended from above, [blows)
 (Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful
 The wary Pagans 'gainst the storm oppose. 281

While thus with dauntless hearts, the warrior
 Against the walls the bold attack maintain; [train
 Seven times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,
 As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew; 255
 And every shaft that to the plain she sped,
 Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.
 The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,
 She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.

The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war, 290
 Felt her keen darts, was England's youngest care:
 Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
 When wing'd with speed, the vengeful arrow flew:
 Swift thro' his better hand it held its course,
 Nor could the steely gauntlet stop the force. 295
 Disabled thus; with grief he left the plain,
 And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.
 'Then, near the fosse, the earl of Amboise fell:
 Clotharius mounting found the deadly steel.
 That, pierc'd from back to breast, reluctant died:
 This headlong fell, transfix'd from side to side. 301
 The Flemish chief the battering engine heav'd,
 When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd:
 He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,
 But left the steel within the wounded part. 305
 To reverend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,
 Uncautious stood to view the raging war,
 The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found;
 He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound;
 Another dart, with equal fury sent, 310
 'Transfix'd his hand, and thro' his visage went.

He fell, and falliug, pour'd a purple flood,
 And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.
 As Palamede to scale the bulwarks strove,
 In his right eye the fatal arrow drove, 315
 Through all the optic nerves its passage tore.
 And issu'd at his nape besmear'd with gore:
 At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,
 And dies beneath the well contested wall!

While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows,
 With new devices Godfrey press'd his foes: 321

Aside he brought against a portal near,
 The largest of his huge machines of war ;
 A tower of wood, stupendous to the sight,
 Whose top might mate the lofty ramparts height :
 Its ample womb could arms and men contain,
 And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
 Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,
 While from within the darts and javelins flew.
 But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes 330
 With spears and stones th' advancing pile oppose :
 Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,
 And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.
 So thick, on either side, the javelins pour,
 The air is darken'd with the missile shower : 335
 Cloud meet with cloud ; and clashing in the sky,
 Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.
 As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,
 What time the grove the stormy hail receives,
 As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls : 340
 So fell the Pagans from the lofty walls ;
 While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay,
 Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.
 Not so the Soldan : fearless he remain'd,
 And with him many on the height detain'd. 345
 Then fierce Argantes thither bent his course,
 And seiz'd a beam t' oppose the hostile course,
 Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,
 By this his mighty strength the tower repell'd
 And kept aloof. With these the martial fair* 350
 Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.
 Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the Franks divide
 The cords to which the woolly fence is tied ;
 No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,
 And undefended leaves the threatened walls. 355
 Now from the Christian tower more fierce below,
 The thundering ram redoubles every blow.
 A breach is made : when fir'd with martial fame,
 The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came :
 His body cover'd with his amplest shield, 360
 (A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)

* Clorinda.

He saw, as round he cast his careful view,
 Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew,
 And swift to guard the dangerous passage flew;
 While still Clorinda and Circassia's knight 365
 Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.

He sees, and instant from Sigero's hands
 A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
 Myself (he cries) will first the deed essay
 Thro' yon disjointed stones to force the way : 370
 'Tis time to show some act that merits praise,
 That may to either host our glory raise.

Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had
 When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled : [said,
 The destin'd passage in his leg it found, 375
 Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.

The deadly shaft from thee, Clorinda! came,
 To thee alone the world ascribes the fame :
 This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,
 Thy Pagan friends to thee their safety owe. 380

But still his troops the dauntless leader fires,
 Still o'er the works his daring foot aspires :
 'Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains ;
 No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains ;
 To noble Guelpho then a sign he made : 385

Behold compell'd I leave the field (he said)
 Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,
 And, in my absence, head my social train.
 Soon will I turn, the combat to renew—
 He said, and on a courser thence withdrew, 390
 Yet not unnoted by the Pagan crew.

Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his post,
 And with him fortune quits the Christian host :
 While on the adverse side their force increas'd,
 And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in every breast. 395
 In every Christian heart new terrors rose,
 And chilling fears their former ardour froze :
 Already flew their weapons slow to wound,
 And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.

Now on the ramparts height again appear 400
 The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.

Incited by Clorinda's glorious fires,
 Their country's love the female train inspires :
 Eager they run to prove the tasks of war,
 With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair : 405
 They hurl the dart ; nor fear, where danger calls,
 T' expose their bosom for their native walls.

But that which most the Franks with doubts op-
 And banish'd fear from every Pagan breast, [press'd,
 The mighty Guelpho, 'midst the rage of fight, 410
 Fell by a wound, in either army's sight :

Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
 Sent from afar he felt the missile stone.
 Another stone alike on Raymond flew,
 And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw. 415

While in the fosse the brave Enstatius stood,
 A weapon deeply drank his generous blood,
 This hour (ill fated for the Christian train)
 No Pagan weapon flies, that flies in vain.
 Fir'd with success, and swell'd to loftier pride, 420
 The fierce Circassian rais'd his voice and cried.

Not Antioch this ; nor now the shades extend,
 The shades of night that Christian frauds befriend :
 A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
 Far other forms, far other tasks of fight ! 425

No sparks of glory now your soul inflame,
 No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame ;
 Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain ?
 O ! less than women, in the shape of men !

He spoke, and scorn'd, in narrow walls confin'd,
 To hide the fury of his daring mind : 431

With eager bounds he seeks the wall below,
 Where gaping stones a dangerous passage show,
 While dauntless there to guard the pass he flies,
 To Solyman, who stood beside, he cries. 435

Lo ! Solyman, the place, the destin'd hour,
 In danger's field to prove our martial power :
 Why this delay ? O ! rouse thy noble fire ;
 Who prizes fame must here to fame aspire.

He said : and either warrior's ardour grows : 440
 At once they issue where the combat glows,
 And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.

Beneath their arms what numbers press'd the ground,
 What broken shields and helms are scatter'd round?
 What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall, 445
 And raise new ramparts for the shatter'd wall!

Now those, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
 Can scarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
 At length they yield, and to the furious pair
 Resign their engines and machines of war. 450
 The Pagan chiefs, as native fury sway'd,
 With dreadful shouts invoke the city's aid:
 Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,
 And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands;
 Then on the tower with headlong speed they bend:
 So from the black Tartarian gates ascend 456
 Pluto's dire ministers, (tremendous names!)
 With hissing serpents and infernal flames!

Tancred, no less with thirst of fame inspir'd,
 In other parts his hardy Latians fir'd. 460
 When now the spreading carnage he beheld,
 And saw the torches blazing o'er the field,
 He left the walls, and turn'd his rapid course
 T' oppose the Saracens' impetuous force:
 He comes, he turns the scale of victory; 465
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly!

Thus stood the war, while from the martial band
 His lofty tent the wounded leader gain'd.
 Baldwin and good Sigero near him stood,
 And round of mourni'g friends a pensive crowd.
 He strove to draw the shaft with eager speed, 471
 And broke within the flesh the feather'd reed:
 Then swift he bade explore the wounded part.
 And bare a passage for the barbed dart.
 Restore me swift to arms (the hero cries) 475
 Ere rising night th' unfinish'd strife surprise.
 Now old Erotimus t' assist him stood,
 Who drew his birth by Po's imperial flood;
 Who well the power of healing simples knew,
 The force of plants and every virtuous dew; 480
 Dear to the muse: but pleas'd with lowly fame,
 He gain'd by private arts an humbler name.

His skill could mortals from the grave relieve;
His verse could bid their names for ever live.

All unconcern'd the godlike chief appears, 485
While every pale assistant melts in tears.

The sage physician for the task prepares,
He girds his vesture, and his arms he bares;
With lenient med'cine bathes th' afflicted part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart; 490

With pincers next the stubborn steel he strains,
Yet fix'd it stands, and mocks his utmost pains.
What means shall next his baffled art devise,
Since fortune thus her favouring aid denies?

Full soon the chief th' increasing anguish found, 495
And fleeting life seem'd doubtful in the wound.

But now the guardian angel, touch'd with grief,
From Ida's summit brought the wish'd relief:

A branch of dittany, of wondrous power,
Whose downy foliage bears a purple flower: 500

By nature taught (th' instructress of their kind)
The mountain goats its secret virtue find,

What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded sides the arrow bear.

With this, tho' distant thence the region lies, 505
The pitying angel in a moment flies:

Unseen, with this, the vase prepar'd he fills,
And odoriferous panacy distills.

The leech anoints the part, and, (strange to tell!)

Loos'd from the wound, the shaft spontaneous fell:

The blood forbore to flow, the anguish ceas'd, 511

And strength, return'd, in every nerve increas'd.

Then thus Erotimus with wonder cries:

No skill of mine thy sudden cure supplies:

A greater power his timely aid extends, 515

Some guardian angel from his heaven descends:

I see celestial hands!—To arms! to arms!

Return, and rouze again the war's alarms!

He said; and Godfrey, eager for the fight,

Soon o'er his thighs dispos'd the cuishes bright; 520

He shook his ponderous lance, his helmet lac'd,

And his forsaken shield again embrac'd.

He moves: a thousand on his steps attend;
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend:
With clouds of dust the face of heaven is spread, 525
Wide shakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.
The foes behold the squadron drawing near,
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd;
Full well the welcome sound his people heard; 530
The sound that oft was wont to cheer the fight;
Then, fir'd anew, they rouse their fainting might.
Still at the walls, the haughty Pagan pair,
Plac'd in the breach, support the dangerous war;
Firm in the pass a bold defence maintain, 535
'Gainst noble Tancred and his valiant train.

Now sheath'd in arms, the glorious chief drew nigh,
Disdain and anger flashing from his eye:
On fierce Argantes all his force he bends,
And 'gainst the foe his lance impatient sends. 540
Not with more noise some stone enormous flies,
Sent by an engine through th' affrighted skies;
'Through sounding air its course the javelin held;
Argantes, fearless, lifts th' opposing shield:
The riven target to the force gives way, 545
Nor can the corslet's plates the fury stay:
'Through shatter'd armour flies the missive wood,
And dips its thirsty point in Pagan blood.
Swift from his side the lance Argantes drew,
And to its lord again the weapon threw; 550
Receive thine own, he cried—but, stooping low,
The wary Christian disappoints the foe:
The deadly point the good Sigero found,
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound:
Yet with a secret joy he sunk in death, 555
Pleas'd in his sovereign's stead to yield his breath.

A craggy flint the raging Soldan threw;
Resistless on the Norman chief it flew;
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,
Then sudden tumbled headlong to the ground. 560
No longer Godfrey now his wrath repell'd,
Grasp'd in his hand the flaming sword he held;

And now to nearer fight his foes defied :
 What deeds had soon been wrought on either side !
 But night, to check their rage, her veil display'd, 565
 And wrapt the warring world in peaceful shade :
 Then Godfrey ceasing, left th' unfinish'd fray,
 So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day !

But, ere the chief retir'd, with pious care,
 He bade the wounded from the field to bear ; 570
 Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
 His warlike engines to the foes resign'd.
 Safe from the walls he drew the loftiest tower,
 Tho' broke and crush'd with many a horrid shower.
 So seems a ship from seas and tempests borue, 575
 Her planks all shatter'd and her canvass torn,
 When, 'scap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
 Within the port she scarce securely rides.
 The broken wheels no more the tower sustain,
 Heavy and slow it drags along the plain, 580
 The weight supported by th' assisting train.
 And now the workmen haste, with ready care,
 To search the pile, and every breach repair :
 So Godfrey bade, who will'd that morning light
 Should view the wonderous tower renew'd for fight.
 On every side his watchful thoughts he cast, 586
 And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
 But, from the walls, their speech the Pagans hear,
 And strokes of hammers breaking on the ear :
 A thousand torches gild the dusky air, 590
 And all their purpose and their toils declare.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



ARGANTES and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. Arsetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to dissuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the story of her birth. The two adventurers sally from the town, and set fire to the tower: the Christians take arms: Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in safety; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left amongst the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is slain, but, before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

'TWAS uight; but neither host, with cares op-
Forgot their labours yet in balmy rest: [press'd,
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The Christians now repair'd their batter'd tower;
And there the Pagans, press'd with equal care, 5
Review'd their bulwarks tottering from the war,
And propp'd the walls. Alike on either side,
The warrior's wound each skilful leech employ'd.
These tasks perform'd, the Franks and faithless train,
O'erwatch'd at length, from further toil refrain; 10
Till deeper darkness brooded on the ground,
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound:
But not in slumber sunk the * martial dame,
Whose generous bosom ever pants for fame:
With her Argantes join'd the watch partook; 15
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke.

What wondrous praise has Solyman obtain'd!
What, by his deeds to-day, Argantes gain'd!
Alone, amidst yon numerous host to go,
And crush the engines of the Christian foe! 20
While I (how poor the vaunted fame I share!)
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war:
'Tis true my shafts may boast successful aim:
And is this all a woman's hand can claim?

* Clorinda.
N. 5

'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chase 25
 And pierce with darts remote the savage race,
 Than here, when manly valour braves the field,
 Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.

She said; and now revolving in her breast
 Heroic deeds, Argantes thus address'd. 30

Long has my soul unusual ardour prov'd,
 And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd :
 I know not whether God th' attempt inspires,
 Or man can form a God of his desires.
 See! from yon vale the Christian's glimmering light ;
 My mind impels me, this auspicious night, 36
 To burn their tower; at least the deed be tried,
 And for th' event let Heaven alone provide.

But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)
 Yon foes forbid me to regain the town ; 40
 I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,
 And one that loves me with a father's love :
 Protect them, chief! and safe to Egypt send
 My mourning virgins, and my aged friend :
 O grant my prayer!—This duty from thy hands 45
 Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.

With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame,
 And caught the kindling sparks of generous flame.
 Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
 Despis'd (he cried) among th' ignoble kind? 50
 Think'st thou that I secure with joyful eyes,
 Shall view afar the curling flames arise ?
 No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy side,
 Let me this night thy doubtful chance divide ;
 I too can boast a heart despising death, 55
 That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath !

O generous chief! (reply'd the fearless maid)
 In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd :
 Yet here permit me to depart alone,
 A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town : 60
 But (Heaven avert the omen !) should'st thou fall,
 What hand shall longer guard Judæa's wall ?

In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)
 For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind :

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 215

Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead, 65
But if refus'd, myself will dare the deed.

This said, they sought the careful king who sate
In nightly council for the public state :

There midst the brave and wise (an awful train)
They came, and first Clorinda thus began. 70

Vouchsafe awhile, O king! to bend thine ear,
And what we proffer with acceptance hear :
Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the power)
With vengeful flames to burn yon hostile tower :
Myself will aid—our course alone we stay, 75
Till added toils the foes in slumber lay.

To heaven his trembling hands the monarch rears,
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears :
All praise to thee, O guardian power! (he cries)
Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes! 80
Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,
When souls like these the town's defence maintain.
For you, ye pair! what praises can I find?
What gifts to equal your heroic mind?
Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,
And earth aloud repeat each glorious name. 86
Your deed be your reward—to this receive
Such recompense as fits a king to give.

Thus Aladine; and as he spoke, he press'd,
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast. 90
No more the listening Soldan could control
The generous emulation in his soul:
Think not (he cried) in vain this sword I wear,
This hand with you shall every labour bear.
Then let us issue all (the maid rejoin'd) 95
Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind?
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,
Argantes his consent had here denied;
But straight the word Judæa's monarch took,
And mildly thus the chief of Nice bespoke. 100

Intrepid warrior! whom no dangers fright,
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight :
Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show :

But much unmeet it seems, that, parting all, 105
 None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.
 Nor would I these permit th' attempt to dare,
 (So high their safety and their lives I bear)
 Were this a work of less important kind,
 Or meaner hands could act the part design'd, 110
 But since, so well 'gainst every chance dispos'd,
 The lofty tower is round with guards enclos'd,
 No little force can hope the pass to gain;
 Nor must we issue with a numerous train;
 Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair, 115
 Oft prov'd before in every risk of war,
 Let these alone depart, in happy hour,
 Whose strength is equal to a legion's power;
 While thou, as best befits thy regal state,
 Here with the rest remain within the gate. 120
 And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)
 These shall return, and wide have spread the flame,
 If chance a hostile band pursue their course,
 Then haste and guard them from superior force.
 So spoke the king; nor aught the Turk rejoind',
 Though discontent lay rankling in his mind. 126
 Then thus Ismeno: You who boldly dare
 Th' adventurous task, awhile th' attempt forbear;
 'Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,
 To burn the hostile tower with fiercer flame, 130
 Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,
 May then be lost, in friendly slumbers drown'd.
 To this they yield: and each, apart retir'd,
 Expects the season for the deed desir'd.
 And now Clorinda threw her vest aside, 135
 With silver wrought; her helmet's crested pride:
 For these (ill omen!) sable arms she wore,
 And sabled casque that no plum'd honours bore.
 She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,
 And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe. 140
 The eunuch, old Arsetes, near her stay'd,
 Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid;
 Who all her steps with faithful age pursu'd,
 And near her now a trusty guardian stood.

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 277

He saw the virgin change her wonted arms; 145
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms :
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest prayers,
By his long service, by his silver hairs,
By the dear memory of his former pains,
To cease th' attempt ; but she unmov'd remains.
To whom he said : Since, bent on future ill, 151
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfil ;
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor prayers, can change thy dire design,
Attend—my tongue shall wond'rous things reveal,
Nor longer now thy former state conceal. 156
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake ;
Resume thy purpose, or my counsel take.
He said ; with eyes intent the virgin stood,
While thus the hoary sire his speech pursu'd. 160
In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd,
(And still perchance he rules the happy land)
Who kept the precepts given by Mary's Son,
Where yet the sable race his doctrines own.
There I, a Pagan liv'd, remov'd from man, 165
The Queen's attendant midst the female train.
Though native gloom was o'er her features spread,
Her beauty triumph'd through the dusky shade.
Her husband lov'd—but ah ! was doom'd to prove
At once th' extremes of jealousy and love : 170
He kept her close, secluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep recess confin'd ;
While the sage matron mild submission paid,
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.
Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,* 175
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows :
There, white as snow, appears a beauteous maid,
And near a dragon's hideous form display'd.

* ----- a sacred story shows,] This alludes to the fabulous legend of Saint George, to which the poet here seems to give a mystical sense. Thus Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, Canto xv. speaking of the spurs given by Sansonetto to Astolpho,
Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed. Ver. 716.

A champion through the heast a javelin sends,
 And in his blood the mouster's bulk extends. 150

Here oft the Queen her secret faults confess'd,
 And prostrate here her humble vows address'd.
 At length her womb disburthen'd gave to view
 (Her offspring thou) a child of snowy hue.*
 Struck with th' unusual birth, with looks amaz'd,
 As on some strange portent, the matrou gaz'd: 156
 She knew what fears possess'd her husband's mind,
 And hence to hide thee from his sight design'd,
 And, as her own, expose to public view
 A new-born infant like herself in hue: 190

And since the tower, in which she then remain'd
 Alone her damsels and myself contain'd;
 To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
 Her infant charge she unbaptiz'd consign'd,†
 With tears and sighs she gave thee to my care, 195
 Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear!
 What tongues her sorrows and her plaints can tell,
 How oft she press'd thee with a last farewell!
 With streaming tears each tender kiss is drown'd,
 While frequent sighs her faltering words confound;
 At length with lifted eyes—O God! (she cried)
 By whom the secrets of my breast are tried;
 If still my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
 And still my heart its constancy maintain'd;
 (Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace, 205
 A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!)
 O! keep this harmless babe, to whom, distress'd,
 A mother thus denies her kindly breast:

* ----- a child of snowy hue.] This fiction is apparently taken from the famous romance of Heliodorus, called Theagenes and Chariclea, where Persina, lying with her husband in a chamber painted with the story of Perseus delivering Andromeda from the monster, was delivered of a daughter of white complexion, afterwards called Chariclea, which, fearful of incurring the jealousy of her husband, she exposed in the same manner as is here related of the mother of Cloriada.

† -----unbaptiz'd--] According to the custom of that country, the males could not be baptized till the age of fourteen, and the females till the age of sixteen.

B. XII. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 279

Give her from me her spotless life to frame,
But copy in her fate some happier name! 210
Thou, heavenly chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd,
And from his ravenous jaws the virgin sav'd :
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incense at thy shrine;
For her I pray, that she, thy faithful maid, 215
On thee, in every chance may call for aid.

She ceas'd; her heart convulsive anguish wrung,
And on her face a mortal sorrow hung.

With tears I took thee, and with care bestow'd
Within a chest, with leaves and flowers o'erstrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd, a pleasing load! 221
At length remote, my lonely footsteps stray'd
Amidst a forest thick with horrid shade;
When lo! a tygress drawing near I view'd,
Her threatening eyes suffus'd with rage and blood :
Wild with affright I left thee on the ground, 226
And climb'd a tree, and thence my safety found :
The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,
And thee deserted on the herbage spy'd :
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew, 230
'Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew :
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play,
And lick'd your infant members as you lay ;
While you secure the savage form caress'd,
And strok'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest.
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view !)
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew.
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A sight so new, that all belief excell'd.
Soon as she found thee sated with the food, 240
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then hastening down to where on earth you lay,
I with my charge resum'd my former way.
'Till midst a village my retreat I made ;
In secret there thy infancy was bred : 245
And there I dwelt, 'till coursing round, the moon
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shown ;

'Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,
 And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.
 But sinking now, as middle life declin'd, 250
 To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
 Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand
 The Queen had given me when I left the land,
 I loath'd this irksome life, with wandering tir'd,
 And to review my native soil desir'd; 255
 There midst my friends to pass my latter days,
 And cheer my eveings with a social blaze.
 To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,
 And thee the partner of my journey bore.
 When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves enclose 260
 My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.
 What should I do, reluctant to forego
 My dearest charge, or trust the barbarous foe?
 I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
 And one sustains thee while I plough the waves. 265
 Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course,
 A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force:
 There round and round, with giddy motion tost,
 Sudden I sunk, in depth of waters lost;
 Thee soon I miss'd, but thee the waters bore, 270
 And winds propitious wafted to the shore.
 Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land,
 And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.
 But now what time to dusky shade consign'd,
 Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind, 275
 Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,
 And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd,
 Hear my command! (he cry'd with threatening air)
 What once a mother trusted to thy care;
 Thy infant charge with sacred rites baptize; 280
 Belov'd of Heaven, with me her safety lies:
 For her, to ravenous beasts I pity gave,
 And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.
 O! wretched thou! if, such a warning given,
 Thou dar'st to slight the messenger of Heaven! 285
 He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then resum'd my way,
 Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.

But, partial to my faith, I kept thee still,
Nor would thy mother's last commands fulfil :
I heeded not the visions of the night, 290
But bred by youth in every Pagan rite.
Mature in years now shone thy dauntless mind
Above thy sex the rival of mankind !
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won ;
Thy fortune since full well to thee is known. 295
In me thou still hast prov'd, in peace or war,
A servant's duty and a parent's care.

As yester-morn my mind, with thought oppress'd,
Lay senseless in a deep, a death-like rest,
The phantom warrior came with fiercer look, 300
And dreadful with a louder accent spoke.
Lo, wretch ! the appointed hour at hand (he cry'd)
That must Clorinda from this life divide.
In thy despite the virgin shall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguish I resign. 305

He said ; and vanish'd swift to fleeting air :
Then hear, my best belov'd ! my tenderest care !
For thee these threatening visions Heaven has sent ;
To thee, alas ! foretels some dire event !
Perchance displeas'd by me to see thee train'd 310
In rites unpractis'd in thy natal land ;
Remote perhaps from truth.—O yet forbear :
Consent, no longer now those arms to wear :
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care.

He ceas'd, and wept In deep suspense he stay'd,
A dream, like his, her troubled soul dismay'd : 316
At length her looks she clear'd, and thus reply'd :
That faith I deem the truth, be still my guide ;
That faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou seeks't to shake with causeless
fears :

Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain) 321
Forego these arms, or from th' attempt refrain ;
Though death, in every shape that mortals fear,
Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear.

So spoke the generous maid, and gently strove
To calm his anguish and his doubts remove. 326

Now came the season for the deed design'd,
 When parting thence th' expecting *knight she
 join'd ;

Ismeno there t' inflame each breast conspir'd
 With goading speech, that neither breast requir'd,
 And to their hands two sulphurous balls consign'd,
 With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd. [bend,

Now through the night their silent march they
 Now leave the city, and the hill descend :

'Till near the place arriv'd, where towering high,
 The hostile structure rises to the sky : 336

Their daring souls can scarcely now restrain
 The warmth that breathes in every glowing vein :
 Their cautious tread the watchful guard alarms ;
 The signal these demand, and call aloud to arms.

No more conceal'd remain the generous pair, 341
 But boldly rushing on provoke the war.

As missile stones from battering engines fly,
 As forky thunders rend the troubled sky ;
 One instant sees them, with resistless hand, 345

Attack, and pierce, and scatter wide the band.
 'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they fiew,

And unrepuls'd their glorious task pursue :
 Now, held in sight, the ready fires they raise :

Now near the pile the threatening vapours blaze :
 'Till on the tower the dreadful pest they bend : 351

On every side the curling flames ascend :
 Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,
 And shade with sable clouds the starry skies :

Flash follows flash, the mingled blaze aspires, 355
 'Till all the ether glows with ruddy fires !

Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows :
 Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes,

And one short hour the wondrous work o'erthrows !
 Meawhile with speed two Christian squadrons
 came,

Who from the field had seen the rising flame : 361

To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd
 To quench the burning ruins with their blood :
 Yet, with Clorinda join'd, retreating still, 364
 By slow degrees he gain'd the neighbouring hill ;
 While, like a flood by sounding rains increas'd,
 Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd.

Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands
 The king, surrounded by his numerous bands,
 To welcome back (if fate th' attempt succeed) 370
 The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.

Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
 And swift behind, the troop of Franks pursue ;
 These Solyman dispers'd : the portal clos'd,
 But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd ; 375

Alone expos'd ; for while the hasty bands
 Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,
 She follow'd Arimon, by fury driven,
 T' avenge the wound his luckless hand had given :

His life she took & nor yet Argantes knew 380
 That she, ill-fated ! from the walls withdrew.

All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight
 Amaz'd the senses midst the gloom of night.
 At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,
 The maid at leisure all her peril view'd : 385

The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,
 She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.

But when she finds no Christian eye descries
 The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,
 New schemes of safety in her mind arise, 390
 Herself securely midst the ranks she throws,
 And undiscovered mingles with the foes.

Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,
 And seeks the shelter of the distant wood ;
 So, favour'd by the tumult of the night, 395

The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying sight.
 Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
 Some Pagau foe as near the place he drew.

He came what time she Arimon had slain,
 Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain :

Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight, 401
 Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,
 Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went
 A winding way along the hills ascent :
 Impetuous he pursu'd, but ere he came, 405
 His clashing armour rous'd th' unwary dame.
 Then turning swift—What brings't thou here ? (she
 cry'd)

Lo ! war and death I bring ! (the chief reply'd)
 Then war and death (the virgin said) I give ; 409
 What thou to me would'st bring, from me receive !
 Intrepid then she stay'd ; the night drew near ;
 But when he saw the foe on foot appear,
 He left his steed to meet in equal war. [wage :

Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to
 With fury thus two jealous bulls engage. 415

What glorious deeds on either part were done,
 That claim'd an open field and conscious sun !
 Thou, night ! whose envious veil with dark disguise,
 Conceal'd the warrior's acts from human eyes,
 Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame, 420
 And give to future times each mighty name :
 So shall they shine, from age to age display'd,
 For glories won beneath thy sable shade !

All art in fight the dusky hour denies,
 And fury now the place of skill supplies. 425

The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound :
 Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground :
 Alternate furies either breast inflame,
 Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.

No pause, no rest, th' impatient warriors know, 430
 But rage to rage, and blow succeed to blow :

Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
 That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice ;
 Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,
 And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose. 435

Thrice in his nervous arm he held the maid ;
 And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.
 Again with threat'ning swords resum'd they stood,
 And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood :

Till, spent with labour, each alike retir'd, 440
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.

Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day :
Each views the foe ; while bending on the plain
The swords revers'd their sinking bulk sustain. 445
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,
But sees his own with less effusion flow,
He sees with joy :—O ! mortals blind to fate,
Too soon with Fortune's favouring gale elate !
Ah ! wretch ! rejoice not—Thou too soon shalt
mourn ! 450

Thy boast and triumph must to sorrow turn !
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood,
For all those purple drops of precious blood !

Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,
And speechless each the other's wounds survey'd,
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke, 456
Besought her name and mildly thus bespoke.

Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkness veils our deeds from every sight :
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise, 460
And not a witness here our strife surveys ;
If prayers from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name :
So shall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.

Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)
To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.
Yet, one of those thou see'st (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boasted tower to feed the flame.

At this with rage indignant Tancred burn'd : 470
In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd)
Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,
And either, wretch ! my arm to vengeance moves.

With rest refresh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew
Again transported to the fight they flew. 475
What dreadful wounds on either side are given !
Through arms and flesh the ruthless swords are
driven.

Though faint with blood effus'd from every vein,
 Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sus-
 tain.

Yet still they live, and still maintain the strife, 490
 Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.
 So seems th' Egean sea, the tempest past,
 That here and there its troubled waters cast,
 It still preserves the fury gain'd before,
 And rolls the sounding billows to the shore. 455

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
 In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.
 Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword ;
 The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd :
 The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red 490
 Th' embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.
 She feels approaching death in every vein ;
 Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain :
 But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,
 And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe.
 She, as she fell, with moving voice address'd 496
 The prince, and thus preferr'd her dear request ;
 Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,
 Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire !
 On the fair rebel, Heaven such grace bestow'd 500
 And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.

'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the
 stroke—

O ! let me pardon too from thee invoke !—
 Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
 For this I know no fear, and ask no care : 505
 No, for my soul alone I pity crave ;
 O ! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave ?

Feebly she spoke ; the mournful sounds impart
 A tender feeling to the victor's heart ;
 His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise, 510
 And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
 Not distant far, adown the mossy hill
 In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill :
 There in his casque the limpid stream he took ;
 Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook. 515

His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
 Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd;— [knight!
 He sees!—he knows?—and senseless stands the
 O fatal knowledge—O distracting sight!

Yet still he lives, and rous'd with holy zeal, 520
 Prepares the last sad duty to fulfil.

While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
 A smile of transport brighten'd in her face :
 Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,
 And bade for Heaven the empty world farewell. 525

A lovely paleness o'er her features flew ;
 As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.
 Her eyes to Heaven the dying virgin rais'd ;
 The Heavens and sun with kindly pity gaz'd :
 Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
 She gave the chief; her lips their music cease. 531
 So life departing left her lovely breast ;
 So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest!

Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,
 His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead. 535
 Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
 To raging grief he now resigns the rein.
 No more the spirits fortify the heart;
 A mortal coldness freezes every part.

Speechless and pale like her the warrior lay, 540
 And look'd a bloody corse of lifeless clay!

Then bad his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair,
 Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air :
 But here it chanc'd a band of Christians came
 In search of waters from the crystal stream : 545

Full soon their leader with a distant view,
 Well by his arms the Latian hero knew :
 With him the breathless virgin he beheld,
 And wept the fortune of so dire a field :
 Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of Pagan kind)
 Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd : 551

But either burthen, on their shoulders laid,
 To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.
 Thus step by step their gentle march they took,
 Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke : 555

Yet oft he groan'd, and show'd that fleeting life
 Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife:
 While hush'd and motionless, the damsel show'd
 Her spirit parted from its mortal load.
 Thus either body to the camp they bear, 560
 And there apart dispose with pious care.

With every duteous rite, on either hand
 Around the wounded prince th' assistants stand.
 And now by slow degrees he lifts his sight,
 Before his eyes appears a glimmering light: 565
 He feels the leech's hand, his ear receives
 The sound of speech, but doubts if yet he lives:
 Amaz'd he gaz'd around: at length he knows
 The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes.

And do I live!—and do I yet survey 570
 The hated beams of this unhappy day!
 Ah! coward hand! to righteous vengeance slow!
 Though deeply vers'd in every murderous blow!
 Dar'st thou not, impious minister of death!
 Transfix this heart, and stop this guilty breath?
 But haply us'd to deeds of horrid strain, 576
 Thou deem'st it mercy to conclude my pain.
 Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
 A dire example of disastrous love!

While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest, 580
 And raging furies haunt my conscious breast;
 The lonely shades with terror must I view,
 The shades shall every dreadful thought renew:
 The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
 The sun that first the dire event reveal'd! 585
 Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
 And seek, though vainly, from myself to fly!—
 But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
 Of that ill-fated fair the chaste remains?

All that escap'd my rage, my brutal power, 590
 Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!
 Ah! hapless maid! 'gainst whom alike conspire
 The woodland savage and the hostile ire!
 O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
 (If still her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain) 595

Me too those greedy jaws alike shall tear,
 Me too the monster in his paunch shall bear.
 O! happy envied hour! (if such my doom)
 That gives us both in death an equal tomb.

And now he heard that near his tent was laid 600
 The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.

At this awhile his mournful look he clears:
 So through the clouds a transient gleam appears,
 And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.
 With faltering steps he thither bends his way, 605
 Where plac'd apart the hapless virgin lay:
 But when arriv'd he saw the wound impress'd,
 With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast;
 And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's shade,
 Beheld her face, with every rose decay'd; 610

His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load,
 But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd,
 Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud:
 O! sight! that e'en to death can sweetness give,
 But cannot now, alas! my woes relieve! 615

O! thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,
 The pledge of amity and peace confess'd;
 What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death!
 And what am I, that still prolong my breath!
 Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid, 620
 The dreadful work my impious rage has made!

This hand, these eyes alike are cruel found;
 That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound!
 Tearless survey!—since tears are here denied,
 My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide; 625

He ceas'd; and groaning with his inmost breath,
 Fix'd in despair and resolute on death,
 Each bandage straight with frantic passion tore:
 Forth gush'd from every wound the spouting gore:
 But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd, 630
 His senses fetter'd, and his life repriev'd.

Then to his bed again the knight was borne:
 His spirits to their hated home return;
 And soon around, the tongues of fame relate,
 The hero's sorrow, and his hapless fate. 635

Now Godfrey sought his tent, and with him came
 Each noble chief, a friend to Tancred's name.
 But no reproof nor soothing yields relief,
 And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
 So when some limb a mortal wound receives, 640
 Each probing hand increasing anguish gives.
 But reverend Peter's care the rest transcends,
 (A shepherd thus his sickly charge attends)
 With awful words the lover's breast he moves,
 And wisely thus his wandering thought reproves.

Unhappy prince! why thus indulge thy shame,
 Why thus forgetful of thy former fame?
 Why thus obscure thine eye, and deaf thine ear?—
 View honour's charms, and virtue's summons hear.
 Thy lord recalls thee to thy former post, 650
 And shows the path thy erring feet have lost!
 New tasks await thee in the field of fight,
 The glorious station of a Christian knight!
 Which thou hast left, by fatal love betray'd,
 Lost in wild passion for a Pagan maid! 655
 To thee this chastening is in mercy given,
 And thou, dost thou reject the grace of Heaven?
 Think where thy errors tend! thy state survey,
 'To senseless sorrow a regardless prey!
 Thy feet are tottering on the brink of death, 660
 Behold th' eternal gulph that gapes beneath!
 Think, Tancred, think! this impious grief control,
 That in a twofold death involves thy soul.

He ceas'd; not here in vain the youth assail'd:
 The fear of second death o'er all prevail'd. 665
 His yielding heart confess'd the kind relief;
 Returning reason calm'd his raging grief:
 Yet still the frequent sighs his sorrow speak;
 Still from his tongue the mournful accents break:
 With tender sound his lips invoke the fair, 670
 Who lent perchance from heaven a pitying ear.
 On her, when sets the sun, and when returns,
 He calls incessant, and incessant mourns.
 So fares the nightingale, with anguish stung,
 When some rude swain purloins her callow young,

Torn from the nest; all helpless and alone, 676
Each night she fills the woods with plaintive moan.
At length one morn, as sleep his eyes oppress'd,
And o'er his sorrows shed the dews of rest;
Lo! in a dream, with starry robes array'd, 680
With heavenly charms appear'd the warrior-maid:
She seem'd to view him with a pitying look,
And dried his tears, and gently thus bespoke.

Behold what glories round my person shine!
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief resign: 685
Such as I am, to thee my state I owe,
Who freed me from this vale of sin below:
Who made me worthy, midst the saints above,
To dwell with God in realms of endless love.
There wrapt in heavenly bliss, and crown'd with
grace, 690

My hopes prepare for thee an equal place:
Where thou shalt stand before th' eternal throne,
Partake my glories, and enjoy thy own:
Unless thyself reject the mercy given,
Or sensual follies spurn the grace of Heaven: 695
Then live!—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move.

So speaking, from her eyes the lightning came:
And all her features glow'd with holy flame:
Then, lost in rays, she vanish'd from his sight, 700
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
Consol'd he wak'd; and with a temperate mind
To skilful hand: his wounded limbs consign'd.
And next he bade t' inhume, with pious care,
The last dear relics of the breathless fair. 705
Though for the tomb no costly marbles came,
Nor hand Dædalean wrought the sculptur'd frame:
Yet, as the time allow'd, the stone they chose,
And o'er the grave the figur'd structure rose. 709
With funeral pomp the troops the corse convey'd,
While torches round their solemn light display'd:
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,
And every rite the martial virgin grac'd.

Now Tancred sought the tomb, his vows to pay,
 Where, cold in death, her precious relics lay: 715
 Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which, enshrin'd,
 Repos'd the treasure of his tortured mind;
 All pale and speechless for a time he stood,
 Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd:
 At length releas'd, the gushing torrents broke, 720
 He drew a length of sighs, and thus he spoke:

O tomb rever'd! where all my hopes are fled;
 O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed;
 Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame,
 There love still dwells, and lights his wonted flame!
 Still, still, that form ador'd my breast inspires, 726
 With not less ardent, but more painful fires;
 O! give these kisses. give these mournful sighs
 To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies.
 Should e'er her spirit deign a look to turn, 730
 Where sleep these relics in the silent urn;
 Would she thy pity or my tears reprove?
 Can hate or anger touch the blest above?
 Ah? may she then my hapless crime forgive
 In that dear hope my soul consents to live: 735
 She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
 My heart was guiltless of so dire a thought,
 Nor will she scorn that he who owns his flame,
 Should still, while life endures, adore her name;
 Till death shall bid me here no longer rove, 740
 But join us both in mutual peace above.
 Then in one tomb our mortals parts may rest!
 And in one heaven our spirits may be blest.
 So shall I dead enjoy what life denied,
 O happy change! if fate such bliss provide! 745

Thus he: but now the dreadful tidings flew,
 And spread in whispers thro' the hostile crew:
 At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
 With cries and female shrieks the walls resound:
 As if the foes had every fortress won, 750
 And one vast blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.

But chief Arsetes every eye demands:
 He o'er the rest in grief superior stands;

No tears from him, like common sorrows flow,
 Too deep his bosom feels the frantic woe. 755
 With sordid dust he soils his hoary hairs,
 He strikes his aged breast, his cheeks he tears.
 While fix'd on him the vulgar held their look,
 Thus in the midst the fierce Argantes spoke.

When first I heard the city gates were clos'd,
 And midst the foes the glorious dame expos'd, 761
 Fain would I then have issued to her aid,
 And shar'd one fortune with the hapless maid!
 In vain I pray'd!—the king's command restrain'd,
 And me reluctant in the town detain'd. 765

O! had I issu'd then, this faithful sword
 Had safe the virgin to these walls restor'd:
 Or where her blood now stains the purple ground,
 My days had run their race, with glory crown'd!
 What could I more? what means remain'd untried?
 But men and Gods alike my suit denied! 771

Pale lies she now, in fatal conflict slain;
 Then hear what duties for this arm remain!
 Hear, all Jerusalem! my purpose hear!
 And conscious Heaven be witness whilst I swear!
 I vow dire vengeance on the Christian's head: 776
 And if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed!

The task be mine the murderer's life to take;
 Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake,
 'Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way, 780
 And leaves his corse to ravenous fowls a prey!

He spoke: well pleas'd his speech the Syrians,
 And loud applauses rend the sounding air. [hear,
 The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
 Each calms his sorrow, and forgets to grieve. 785

O empty words! O Heaven in vain adjur'd!
 Far other end disposing fate ensur'd!
 For soon subdu'd the Pagan boaster dies [lies!
 By him who now in thought beneath his prowess

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



ISMENO, by his enchantments, raises the Demons, and appoints them to guard the wood which supplied the Christians with timbers to carry on the siege. The workmen being sent to fell the trees are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the chiefs successively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illusions. The Christian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmost extremity. A disaffection spreads amongst the troops, several of whom withdraw themselves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the assistance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a seasonable shower.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BUT scarce consum'd in smouldering ashes falls
Th' enormous pile that shook the Pagan walls ;
When other schemes Ismeno's arts compose,
To save the ramparts from the invading foes : 4
He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade,
From which the Franks their mighty beams cou-
vey'd ;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor Sion more the threatening fury fear. [bands,
Not far from where encamp'd the Christian
Midst lonely vales, an aged forest stands : 10
Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
The branches scarce admit a gloomy light ;
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
Or the faint glimmerings of departing day.
But when the sun beneath the earth descends, 15
Here mournful night her deeper veil extends ;
Infernal darkness broods o'er every sight,
And chilling terrors every breast affright.
No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives ;
No village swain, with lowly herd, arrives : 20
No pilgrim dares approach ; but each dismay'd
In distant prospect shows the dreary shade.
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on fitting clouds through yielding air :

While one a dragon's fiery image bears, 25
 And one a goat's mislapp'd likeness wears ;
 And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
 The feasts profane and orgies of the night.
 Thus went the fame : untouch'd the forest stood,
 No hand presum'd to violate the wood ; 30
 Till now the fearless Franks its trees invade,
 From these alone their vast machines they made.

The sorcerer hither came ; the hour he chose,
 When night around her deepest silence throws ;
 Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest, 35
 Then form'd his circle, and his signs impress'd :
 With one foot bare, amidst the magic round
 He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.
 Thrice turning to the east his face was shewn ;
 Thrice to the regions of the setting sun ; 40
 And thrice he shock the wand, whose wondrous
 Could from the tomb recall the buried corpse : [force
 As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,
 Then thus aloud in dreadful accents spoke. 44
 Hear you ! who once by vengeful lightning driven,
 Fell headlong from the starry plains of heaven !
 Ye powers who guide the storms and wintry war,
 The wandering rulers of the middle air !
 And you, the ministers of endless woe
 To sinful spirits in the shades below, 50
 Inhabitants of hell ! your aid I claim,
 And thine, dire Monarch of the realms of flame !
 Attend my will ; these woods in charge receive ;
 To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.
 As human bodies human souls contain, 55
 So you inshrind within these trees remain.
 Thus shall the Christians fly, at least forbear
 To fell this forest, and your anger dare.

He said ; and added many an impious spell,
 Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell. 60
 While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
 The affrighted stars withdrew their glittering light ;
 The moon, disturb'd no more her beams reveal'd,
 But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.

Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again :
 Why are ye thus, ye fiends ! invoc'd in vain ? 66
 Why this delay ? or do you wait to hear
 More potent words, and accents more severe ?
 Though long disus'd, my memory yet retains
 Each deeper art that every power constrains : 70
 These lips can sound that name with terror heard,
 That awful name by every demon fear'd ;
 The name that startles hell's tremendous reign,
 And calls forth Pluto from his own domain.
 Hear ! and attend !—no more th' enchanter said, 75
 The spell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.

Unnumber'd spirits to the grove repair,
 Of those that wander through the fields of air ;
 Of those that deep in earth's foundations lie,
 In seats far distant from the cheerful sky. 80
 Still in their mind they bear the high command,
 That late, from fields of fight, their host restrain'd :
 Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,
 Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath the leaves.

The sorc'rer now, his impious purpose wrought,
 With secret joy the Monarch's presence sought 86
 O king ! confirm thy hope, thy doubts give o'er,
 Behold secur'd, thy throne and regal power !
 No more the Christians, as their thoughts intend,
 Can bid their towers against the town ascend. 90
 He said ; and to th' attentive prince disclos'd
 The various spells by magic power compos'd ;
 Then thus pursu'd—To what my lips have told,
 As grateful tidings let me now unfold.

Know Mars and Sol will soon their force combine,
 To dart their mutual beams from Leo's sign : 96
 No faucing winds shall cool the burning ray,
 No showers or dews refresh the sultry day,
 But happy we such season here may bear,
 Reliev'd with pleasing shade and gentle air : 100
 This city shelter yields and plenteous streams.
 And cooling gales to check the scorching beams :
 While on the barren earth the Franks shall lie,
 And feel the fury of th' inclement sky.

Thus, first subdu'd by Heaven, th' Egyptian train
 Shall o'er their host an easy conquest gain. 106
 So shall the foes, without thy labour, yield :
 Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
 But if too high Argantes' courage glows,
 To bear, what prudence wills, a short repose : 110
 If, still, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
 The care be thine to curb th' impetuous knight :
 For soon will Heaven on thee its peace bestow,
 And whelm in ruin yon flagitious foe.

With joy the king these welcome tidings heard,
 The engines of the foes no longer fear'd : 116
 But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care,
 The walls to view, and every breach repair :
 Alike the citizens the toils divide,
 And various throngs the works incessant ply'd. 120

Meanwhile the pious chief, their labours knowu,
 Resolv'd no more t' attempt the sacred town,
 Till once again his lofty tower be rear'd,
 And every engine for th' attack prepar'd.
 Where midst the wood the living timbers grew, 125
 The workmen swift he sent the trees to hew ;
 These reach'd, at early dawn, the gloomy shade,
 But sudden fears their trembling souls dismay'd.

As simple children dread the hours of night, 129
 When fabled spectres fill their mind with fright :
 So these were seiz'd with dread : yet scarce they
 knew

From what new cause th' unwonted terrors grew.
 But fancy form'd perhaps a numerous train
 Of empty sphinxes, and chimeras vain ? [sought,
 Back from the wood, with speed the camp they
 And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought. 136
 The Christian warriors scorn'd their dastard fears,
 And heard their words with unbelieving ears,
 Then Godfrey next dispatch'd a squadron try'd
 A valiant troop, that every chance defy'd, 140
 To succour those, and urge their fainting hands
 To act with courage what their chief commands.

Now near they came, where midst the horrid shade
The fiends conceal'd, their impious dwelling made.
Soon as their eyes the dreary seats behold, 145
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldness hide
Th' ignoble thoughts that every breast divide.
Arriv'd at length within the vale they stood, 149
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood.
Wheu sudden issu'd forth a rumbling sound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground :
A hollow noise, like murmuring winds, they hear,
Or dashing billows breaking on their ear :
There serpents seem to hiss, and lions roar, 155
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tusky boar :
The trumpet's clangor sounds, the thunders roll,
And mingled clamours echo to the pole! [play'd ;
At once their bloodless cheeks their thoughts dis-
A thousand signs their timorous hearts betray'd : 160
No more could discipline their ranks sustain,
A secret power dismay'd the routed train ;
At length they fled : when one, with looks confus'd,
To pious Godfrey thus their flight excus'd :

No more we boast, O chief! those woods to fell,
Impervious woods, secur'd by hidden spell! 166
Infernal furies midst the gloom resort,
And Pluto there has fix'd his horrid court !
Of triple adamant his heart is made,
Who unappall'd beholds the fatal shade : 170
And more than mortal he, who free from fear,
Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.

He said ; and while he thus his tale pursu'd,
Among the listening chiefs Alcastus stood ;
A man of courage rash, whose daring mind 175
Scorn'd every monster dreadful to mankind ;
Nor storms, nor earthquakes, could his fear excite,
Nor aught that fills the world with pale affright.

He shook his head, and smiling thus reply'd :
By me this arduous task shall soon be try'd ! 180
Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,
Where visionary shapes and terrors dwell.

No ghastly spectres shall this hand restrain,
 And fiends shall howl, and thunders roar in vain :
 Behold my soul each threatening power defies, 185
 Though hell's dire passage gape before my eyes!

Boastful he spoke : the leader gave consent :
 From thence with daring steps the warrior went.
 At length the forest to his sight appear'd,
 And from within the mingled noise was heard. 190
 But still the knight pursu'd his course unmov'd ;
 No terrors yet his dauntless bosom prov'd.
 Now had his feet the soil forbidden trod,
 When lo ! a rising fire his steps withstood :
 Wide and more wide it spread, and seem'd to frame
 Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame ! 196
 The wondrous fence around the wood extends,
 And from the sounding axe its trees defends.

What monsters arm'd upon the ramparts stand !
 What horrid forms compose the griesly band ! 200
 With threatening eyes some view him from afar,
 And some, with clashing arms, the champion dare.
 At length he flies, but with a tardy flight ;
 So parts a lion yielding in the fight.

Surpris'd his conscious heart the doubts confess'd,
 And own'd the fears that struggled in his breast.
 Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride,
 From every eye he sought the shame to hide :
 No longer durst, his face with grief o'erspread,
 Among the warriors lift his haughty head. 210

By Godfrey summon'd now, awhile he stay'd,
 And with excuses vain the time delay'd :
 Slowly at length he came, unwilling spoke,
 And from his lips imperfect accents broke.
 Full well the leader saw his troubled mind, 215
 And, by his looks, the boaster's flight divin'd. [tend ?

What may (he cries) these strange events portend ?
 What tales are these that nature's laws transcend ?
 Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
 Dares yet explore the forest's dark retreat ? 220
 Now let his courage yonder seats invade,
 Or bring more certain tidings from the shade.

So spoke the chief: and three succeeding days
 The boldest warriors, urg'd by thirst of praise, 224
 Assay'd the dreary wood: but struck with dread,
 Each knight by turns the threatening terrors fled.

Now in her tomb has noble Tancred laid
 The honour'd relics of h's much-lov'd maid:
 Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
 Too weak the cuirass or the shield to bear. 230

But, since the Christian cause his sword requires,
 Nor toil nor danger damps his generous fires;
 Heroic ardours all his soul inflame,
 And give new vigour to his feeble frame.

With native firmness arm'd, he hastes to prove 235
 The secret perils of the magic grove.

Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy shade behold:
 In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd:
 At first a transient doubt assail'd his breast,
 But each unworthy thought was soon repress'd. 240

Still on he pass'd, till full before his eyes
 The burning walls and flaming ramparts rise.

At this awhile his hasty course he stay'd:
 What here can arms avail? (the warrior said)
 Shall I where yon devouring furies wait, 245
 Amidst the flames attempt a desperate fate?

Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's strife,
 When fame, when public good, demands my life.
 From useless perils yet the brave refrain;

The warriors courage here was spent in vain: 250
 Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?

What other forest can their want relieve?
 By Godfrey then the task will sure be try'd:

These fires perhaps may vanish when defy'd.
 But be it as it may! th' attempt I claim! 255

He said, and fearless rush'd amidst the flame:
 At once he leapt, and press'd unhurt the ground,

Nor fire nor heat th' intrepid hero found:
 At once the visionary flames were fled,
 And all around a dismal darkness spread: 260

Tempests and clouds arose: but soon anew
 The storms were vanish'd, and the clouds withdrew!

Surpris'd, but dauntless, noble Tancred stood,
 And when the skies thus clear'd the warrior view'd,
 With steps secure he pierc'd th' unhallow'd glade,
 And trac'd each secret winding of the shade. 266
 No wondrous phantoms now his course oppos'd ;
 No burning towers the guarded wood enclos'd :
 But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd;
 Perplex'd his passage, and his sight confin'd. 270
 At length a silvan theatre he found ;
 Nor plant nor tree within the verdant round ;
 Save in the midst a stately cypress rose,
 And high in air advanc'd its spreading boughs. 274
 To this the knight his wandering steps address'd,
 And saw the trunk with various marks impress'd :
 Like those (ere men were vers'd in scriptur'd lore)
 Mysterious Egypt us'd in days of yore.

Amidst the signs unknown he chanc'd to find
 These words engrav'd conspicuous on the rind. 280

O ! valiant knight ! whose feet have dar'd to tread
 These mansions sacred to the silent dead :
 If pity e'er thy dauntless breast could move,
 Forbear to violate this fatal grove.
 Revere the souls depriv'd of vital air, 285
 Nor with the dead an impious war declare.

These lines the knight perus'd, and lost in thought
 He long in vain the secret meaning sought.
 Now through the leaves a whispering breeze he hears,
 And human voices murmuring in his ears ; 290
 That various passions in his heart instil :
 Soft pity, grief, and awe, his bosom fill.

At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,
 And struck the tree, when (dreadful to his view !)
 The wounded bark a sanguine current shed 295
 And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.
 With horror chill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,
 Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow :
 When from the trunk was heard a human groan,
 And plaintive accents in a female tone. 300

Too much on me before thy rage was bent,
 O ! cruel Tancred ! cease !—at last relent !

By thee from life's delightful seat I fell,
 Driven from the breast where once I us'd to dwell.
 Why do'st thou still pursue with ruthless hate, 305
 This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
 Ah! cruel—shall not death th' unhappy save?
 And would'st thou reach thy foes within the grave!
 Clorinda once was I!—nor here confin'd,
 My soul alone informs a rugged rind: 310
 The like mysterious fortune waits on all
 Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;
 By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)
 They find in silvan forms a living tomb:
 These trunks and branches human sense endows, 315
 Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs.

As one distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes
 A dragon or chimera seems to rise,
 Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes
 The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives: 320
 So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard;
 Yet, midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
 A thousand tender thoughts his bosom pain'd,
 No more his trembling hand the sword retain'd.
 Now in his mind he views th' offended fair, 325
 With all the sighs and tumults of despair:
 Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,
 To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful
 Thus he, whose courage every deed had try'd, [cries!
 And all the various forms of death defy'd, 330
 Submits his reason to delusive charms,
 And love's all-powerful name his breast alarms.

A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,
 Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.
 The warrior, thus subdu'd, no longer strove, 335
 But left th' attempt, and issu'd from the grove.
 His sword regaining, to the chief he came,
 And thus at length began his tale to frame.

Unthought-of truths, O prince! I shall reveal,
 Wondrous to know, incredible to tell! 340
 I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd
 That, sudden rising, in my passage stood;

Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,
 Where armed monsters for defence appear'd.
 Yet free from heat I pass'd the burning towers, 345
 Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile powers :
 To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night,
 But soon again return'd the cheerful light.
 More shall I speak?—A human spirit lives
 In every tree, and sense and reason gives 350
 To every plant—deep groans assail'd mine ear,
 And still I seem'd the mournful sounds to hear.
 Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,
 Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb!
 I own myself subdu'd—no more I dare 355
 A branch dissever, or a sapling tear.

While Tancred thus his wondrous tidings brought,
 The leader waver'd, lost in anxious thought :
 Uncertain if himself th' attempt to prove,
 And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove ; 360
 Or seek what other distant wood might yield
 The planks to frame his engines for the field ;
 But from his doubts the hermit soon relieves
 The pensive chief, and thus his counsel gives :
 Forego thy thoughts, nor yonder wood invade, 365
 Another hand must pierce the fatal shade.
 Now, now, the vessel gains the distant strand,
 She furls her sails, she cuts the yielding sand !
 See! where at length th' expected hero breaks
 His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes ! 370
 Full soon will Heaven yon towering walls o'erthrow.
 And quell the numbers of th' Egyptian foe !

While thus he spoke, inflam'd his looks appear'd ;
 With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.

The pious Godfrey, still with cares oppress'd, 375
 New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.
 But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign,*
 The sun, with scorching rays, began to shine :

* *But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign.*] This drought with which the Christian army was afflicted, is mentioned in the history. In the particulars of the description the poet has made great use of Lucretius.

A direful drought succeeds; the martial train
 No more the labours of the field sustain. 380
 Each gentle star has quench'd its kiudly beam :
 From sullen skies malignant planets gleam ;
 Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,
 And wide through air, infectious vapours spread.
 To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds, 385
 And each new morn increasing terror breeds.
 The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,
 But sanguine spots distain his sacred light :
 Pale hovering mists around his forehead play,
 The sad forerunners of a fatal day ; 390
 His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
 Denouncing greater woes at his return :
 And adds new horrors to the present doom,
 By certain fear of evils yet to come !
 All nature pants beneath the burning sky : 395
 The earth is cleft, the lessening streams are dry :
 The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,
 Dispers'd and broken through the sultry void.
 No cheerful object for the fight remains ;
 Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains ; 400
 Alone the wind from Libya's sands respire,
 And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.
 Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,
 Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare !
 No pleasing moisture nature's face renews : 405
 The moon no longer sheds her pearly dews
 To cheer the mourning earth ; the plants and flowers
 In vain require the soft and vital showers.
 Sweet slumber flies from every restless night,
 In vain would men his balmy power invite ; 410
 Sleepless they lie : but, far above the rest,
 The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd :
 For, vers'd in guile, Judæa's impious king
 With poisonous juice had tainted every spring ;
 Whose currents now with dire pollution flow, 415
 Like Styx and Acheron in realms below.
 The slender stream, where Siloa's gentle wave
 Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,

Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yields their fainting host a small supply. 420

But not the Po, when most his waters swell,
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell :
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the seven-mouth'd Nile,
That with his deluge glads th' Egyptian soil.

If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood : 426

Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,
Or through soft herbage purl the limpid rills :
Such flattering scenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to increase their flame, 430

Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns :
But still the fever rages in their veins !

Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,
Whose limbs robust could every toil defy :

Inur'd the weight of ponderous arms to bear, 435
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare :

Deep in their flesh the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away,

The courser, late with generous pride indu'd,
Now loaths the grass, his once delighted food : 440

With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.

No memory now of ancient fame remains,
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains :

The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,
His joy so late, are now a painful load ! 446

Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord !

Out stretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,
Receives at every gasp new draughts of death. 450

In vain has Nature's law the air assign'd
T' allay the inward heat of human kind :

What here, alas ! can air mankind avail,
When fevers float on every burning gale !

Thus droop'd the earth, and every glory lost, 455
Dire prospects terrified the faithful host :

Complaints aloud resound from every band,
And words, like these, are heard on either hand.

What next can Godfrey hope? Why longer stay
 Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away? 460
 Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain,
 What force is left, what engines now remain?
 And sees not he, of all the host alone,
 The wrath of God by every signal shown?
 A thousand signs and prodigies declare 465
 His will oppos'd against this fatal war.
 What scorching rays the sickening land invade!
 Nor Ind nor Libya asks a cooler shade!
 Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,
 And views us as a vile, a worthless name! 470
 That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,
 So he may still th' imperial sceptre wield!
 Behold! the boasted chief, the pious nam'd,
 For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,
 Forgets his people's weal, his power to raise, 475
 And on their ruin build destructive praise!
 While thus we mourn each spring and fountain dry'd,
 From Jordan's stream his thirst is well supply'd;
 Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,
 And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines. 480
 Thus said the Franks; but louder far complain'd
 The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's sway disdain'd;
 Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd:
 Why should I tamely perish here? (he said)
 And why with me on mine shall ruin wait? 485
 If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,
 On him and on his Franks th' event be thrown,
 Nor let us fall for follies not our own.
 Thus said the chief; nor bade the host adieu,
 But with his train, at evening's close withdrew.*
 Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled, 491
 On other troops the quick contagion spread.

* -----with his train, at evening's close withdrew.] History mentions, that in the famine which the Christians suffered before Antioch, the Grecian commander departed, under pretence of seeking assistance from the emperor at Constantinople, and that he returned no more. The poet feigns this circumstance to have happened before the walls of Jerusalem.

Those that in battle Ademar obey'd,
 And brave Clothareus, now in silence laid,
 (Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands
 That held them subject to their lords' commands) 496
 Already meditate their secret flight ;
 And some depart beneath the favouring night.

All this full well observant Godfrey knew,
 Nor yet his soul would rigorous means pursue 500
 T' oppose the ill ; resolv'd the faith to prove
 That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove ;
 The Ruler of the world with prayers implore
 The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.
 With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,
 He thus aloud invok'd th' eternal name, 506

O King ! and Father ! if thy pitying hand
 E'er shed thy manna in the desert land ;
 If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,
 From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave ; 510
 Be now for these thy wondrous power display'd :
 But if their merits little claim thine aid,
 O ! let thy grace, to veil their faults, be given,
 Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heaven !

These righteous prayers, in humble words ex-
 press'd,
 On eagle-wings to heaven their flight address'd ; 516
 There full before the throne of God appear'd :
 Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard :
 His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,
 And view'd the labours of his faithful bands : 520
 He saw their sufferings with a gracious look,
 Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke.

Lo ! to this hour, on earth my camp below'd,
 Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd !
 The world, in arms, resist their glorious toils, 525
 And hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.
 Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends :
 From favouring clouds the friendly shower descends
 Their matchless hero comes t' exalt their name,
 And Egypt's host arrives to crown their fame. 530

Th' Almighty ceas'd : heaven trembled as he spoke ;
 The stars and every wandering planet shook ;

The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,
And every hill and cave its awe confess'd.
Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd; 535
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.
The troops transported view the lowering skies,
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.
Now thickening clouds their gloomy veil extend :
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend 540
By Phæbus' warmth ; but heaven the deluge pours,
And opens all the sluices of its stores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the skies ;
Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.
As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain ; 546
Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,
And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs :
The Christians thus salute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky. 550
These on their locks or vests the stream receive ;
From helms or vases those their thirst relieve :
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave ;
Their faces some, and some their temples lave :
While earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd, 555
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,
Receives and ministers the vital showers
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees, and flowers :
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her bosom burns ; 560
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil,
Again renew'd, her hills and vallies smile.

Now ceas'd the rain ; the sun restor'd the day,
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray :
As when his beams benign their influence bring 565
T' unlock, with genial power, the welcome spring.
O wondrous faith ! that, trusting Heaven above,
Can purge the air, and every ill remove ;
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,
Subdue the stars, and stop impending fate ! 570


THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



GODFREY is admonished in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the messengers for that purpose; these, by the directions of Peter, proceed to Ascalon, where they are entertained by a Christian magician, who shows them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was ensnared by Armida, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantress.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.



NOW from her mother's ancient lap arose
Indulgent night, befriending sweet repose;
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew:
The fluttering Zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind, 5
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.

Now, every thought forgot, the peaceful host
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost:
But, ever watchful o'er his creatures' state,
In light eternal Heaven's Almighty sate: 10
His looks he turn'd, and view'd from upper skies,
The Christian leader with benignant eyes:
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,
To speak the purpose of the will supreme.
Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray, 15
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.
From this the dreams arise, which heavenly power
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour: 20
From this to Godfrey's tent the vision fled,
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions spread.
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd,
As now the hero in a trance survey'd;
That brought the starry mansions to his eyes, 25
And open'd all the secrets of the skies:

Then full reflected to his sense was shown
The happy state, by righteous spirits known.

He seem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd, 29
Where beams on beams with mingled lustre blaz'd.
There, while he wondering view'd the seats around,
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound,
Begirt with rays, and cloath'd with lambent flame,
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.

His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below, 35
And from his lips these gentle accents flow :

Then will not Godfrey own his face again,
And is thy friend, thy Hugo, seen in vain ?
To whom the chief reply'd . That form divine,
Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine, 40
So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,

That scarcely yet my memory stands assur'd,
He said ; and thrice with eager arms essay'd
With pious love to clasp the friendly shade :
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care, 45
And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.

Think not (the vision cry'd) thine eyes behold
A mortal substance of terrestrial mould :
A naked spirit stands before thy sight,
A citizen of this celestial light. 50

Behold God's temple ! here his warriors rest,
With thee shalt thou reside, for ever blest.
When comes that happy hour ? (the chief replies)
Ah ! now release my soul from earthly ties !

Soon shalt thou (Hugo thus return'd again) 55
Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train :

But first thy warfare claims new toils below :
In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.
'Tis thine to free from impious Pagan bands
The sacred empire of Judæa's lands ; 60

And, firmly fix'd, the Christian throne to place,
The seat thy brother is decreed to grace.

But, that thy breast may feel a holier fire,¹
And purer pleasures purer thoughts inspire :
Contemplate well this place, these starry rays, 65
Where Heaven's Almighty pours the boundless
blaze !

Hark! how th' angelic choir their hymns prolong,
 And warble to the lyre celestial song!
 Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below,
 See! all that earth on mortals can bestow! 70
 Behold, what vileness there obscures mankind:
 Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find.

A naked solitude, a narrow space
 Confines the senseless pride of human race.
 Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd 75
 Survey yon sea, the mighty and the vast!
 Which here can no such glorious titles claim,
 A pool unnoted, and a worthless name!

He said; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
 And view'd the earth with pity and surprize: 80
 He smil'd to see the numerous nation's boast,
 Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom lost:
 Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,
 Should there immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd
 Pursue vain empire, and an airy name, [fame.
 Nor heed the call of Heaven, and virtue's lasting

Then thus he said: Since 'tis not God's decree,
 From mortal prison yet my soul to free;
 O! be my guide! Vouchsafe the path to show,
 Amidst the errors of the world below. 90

The path before thee (Hugo then reply'd)
 Pursue, nor from the track remove aside.
 This only counsel from thy friend receive;
 From exile brave Bertoldo's son reprieve.
 For if to thee th' Almighty King of Heaven 95
 The sovereign guidance of the host has given;
 'Tis his decree no less, th' intrepid knight
 Should execute thy high commands in fight:
 'Tis thine the foremost duties to sustain,
 To him the second honours must remain: 100
 To him alone 'tis given the woods to fell,
 So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell;
 From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,
 Their numbers weaken'd and their courage lost;
 That inly meditate a shameful flight. 105
 Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight:

So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,
And rout the eastern armies in the field.

He said, and ceas'd ; when Godfrey made reply :
The knight's return would fill my breast with joy :
Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought cans't
That in my soul he meets a brother's love. [prove]
But say, what offers must I make ? and where
To seek him shall the messengers repair ?
How suits it with my state, the youth to greet, 115
T' exact obedience, or with prayer entreat ?

To whom the shade : Th' Eternal King, whose
To thee has given on earth a leader's place, [grace
Decrees that those o'er whom he gave the sway,
To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay :
Request not then—(thou can'st not, void of blame,
With servile prayers debase a general's name)—
But when thy friends beseech, thine ears incline ;
The part be theirs t' entreat, to yield be thine :
To thee inspir'd by Heaven, shall Guelpho plead,
And ask forgiveness for Rinaldo's deed. 126
Though now far distant from th' abandon'd host,
He lives in love and ease inglorious lost ;
A few short days will bring the youth again,
To shine in arms amidst his social train : 130
For holy Peter can thy envoys send
Where certain tidings shall their search attend :
They shall be taught the arts, and given the power,
The knight to free, and to the camp restore.
Thus all thy wandering partners of the war 135
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.

Yet ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill :
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace ! 140

He ended here ; and pass'd like smoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.
Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast
At once with wonder and with joy possess'd.
The pious chief th' advancing morn survey'd, 145
And straight his limbs in weighty arms array'd.

Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,
 In daily council where conven'd they sate;
 There every future act they weigh with care,
 And every labour of the war prepare. [taught,

Then noble Guelpho,* who, as Heaven had
 New plans revolv'd within his careful thought,
 First turn'd to Godfrey midst the warrior-train:

O! prince! for mercy fam'd (he thus began) 154

I come t' implore thy grace; thy grace dispense,
 Though rash the deed, though recent be th' offence:
 Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,
 And immaturely urge the fond demand.

But when I think to Godfrey's friendly ear,
 For brave Rinaldo I my suit prefer: 160

Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,
 That intercedes thy favouring grace to gain:

I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,
 Which all will here receive with equal joy.

Ah! let the youth return, retrieve his name, 165
 And lave, in fields of blood, his sullied fame.

What hand but his, intrepid shall invade
 The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade?

Who more adventurous in the field to dare,
 Despising death, amidst the ranks of war? 170

Behold he shakes the wall, the gate o'erthrows,
 Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes!

Restore him to the camp!—O chief! restore
 The hope of battle, and the soldier's power.

Restore to me a nephew well-belov'd, 175
 A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd:

Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,
 But give him to his rank and fame again:

Thy conquering banners let him still pursue,
 So may the gazing world his virtues view: 180

Great deeds he then shall show in open light,
 While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight.

* *Then noble Guelpho--*] The poet here, as in the fifth book, admirably preserves the decorum of Godfrey's character, by making the request for his recall come from Guelpho.

He ended here: and, while his suit he press'd,
 All join'd, with favouring murmurs, his request :
 And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)
 Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield. 186

Can I (he cry'd) refuse the grace requir'd,
 By all expected, and by all desir'd ?
 Here rigour ends—enough your counsel moves ;
 Then be it as the public voice approves. 190

Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,
 But learn henceforth his anger to restrain :
 May he, with actions equal to your praise,
 Fulfil your wishes, and his glory raise !
 Him to recall, O Guelpho ! be thy care : 195

(And grateful sure the tidings to his ear !)
 'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,
 And where the youth resides, his steps direct.

He ceas'd ; when, rising, thus the Dane began :
 An envoy if you seek, behold the man ! 200
 Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
 To him this honour'd weapon to resign.

So spoke the knight, with generous ardour mov'd,
 And noble Guelpho his desire approv'd :
 And join'd with him, the labours to divide : 205
 Ubald, in every art of wisdom try'd.

Ubald, in youth, had many regions seen,
 Explor'd the customs and the ways of men :
 And wander'd long, with unremitted toil,
 From polar cold to Libya's burning soil ; 210
 From different nations different arts he drew ;
 Their laws, their manners, and their speech he knew :
 In age mature, him Guelpho now caress'd,
 His much-lov'd friend, and partner of his breast.

Such were the men, selected midst the host, 215
 From exile to recall the champion lost :
 These Guelpho now instructs their course to bend
 Where mighty Bæmond's regal walls ascend :
 Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)
 Had fix'd the knights retreat in Antioch's town : 220
 But here the word the reverend hermit took,
 And interposing, on their converse broke.

Ye warriors brave! attend my words (he said)
 Nor be my voice of vulgar fame misled;
 But haste to Ascalon, and seek the shores 225
 Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours:
 There shall a sage, the Christians' friend, appear;
 Attend his dictates, and his counsel hear:
 Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,
 Of this your journey, fix'd by God's decree: 230
 'Tis his your steps to guide; from him receive
 Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.

The hermit said: and, as his words requir'd,
 The ready knights obey'd what Heaven inspir'd:
 Direct to Ascalon they bent their way,* 235
 Where breaks against the land the neighbouring sea,
 Their ears perceive not yet the hollow roar
 Of dashing billows sounding on the shore:
 When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld, 239
 With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd:
 The banks no more confine its headlong course;
 Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.
 While in suspense they stand, a sage appears,
 Of reverend aspect and experienc'd years,
 An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows; 245
 In lengthen'd folds his snowy vesture flows;
 A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,
 And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.

So, near the freezing pole, the village swains
 (When winter binds the floods in icy chains) 250
 Oft o'er the Rhine in fearless numbers glide
 With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.

Now came the sage to where, in deep surprise,
 On him the silent warriors fix'd their eyes;
 Then thus: O friends! you tempt an arduous task,
 Your high designs uncommon guidance ask. 256

* *Direct to Ascalon they bent their way,*] Here begins the narrative of the wonders met with by these knights, in their embassy to recall Rinaldo, and the description of the enchantments of Armida; and I have little doubt, notwithstanding the severity, and perhaps pedantry, of classical criticism, but every poetical reader will call these the finest passages, of the *Jerusalem*. The reader will see what use our admirable Spenser has made of these xivth, xvth, and xvith books.

What toils, what dangers still attend your way,
 What seas to pass, what regions to survey!
 Far must you search, where other suns ascend,
 Beyond the limits of our world extend. 260

But first vouchsafe to view my homely cell,
 The hidden mansion where retir'd I dwell:
 There shall my lips such wondrous truths declare,
 As well befits your purpose now to hear.

He ceas'd; and bade the stream a passage yield;
 Th' obedient stream a sudden path reveal'd; 266
 Full in the midst the parting waves divide,
 A liquid mountain rose on either side.

Then by the hand he seiz'd the knights, and led
 Within the winding river's secret bed. 270

There doubtful day scarce glimmers to their sight:
 As when pale Cynthia through the groves, by night,
 Sheds from her slender horns a trembling light.

There caverns huge they view; from these arise
 The watery stores that yield the earth supplies, 275
 To run in rills, in gushing springs ascend,
 To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.

There might they see whence Po and Ister came,
 Hydaspes, Ganges, and Euphrates' stream:
 Whence mighty Tanais first derives his course; 280
 And Nilus there reveals his secret source.

Deep underneath they next a flood behold,
 Where sulphur, mix'd with living silver, roll'd:
 Till these, by Sol's enlivening rays refin'd,
 In solid gold or lucid crystal shin'd. 285

Along the banks they saw, on either side,
 Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide:
 From these by fits, a flashing splendor play'd,
 And chas'd the horrors of the dusky shade.

There shines the sapphire gay with azure bright,
 And there the jacinth gives a pleasing light: 291
 There flames the ruby; there the diamond beams:
 And milder there the verdant emerald gleams!

The warriors still pursu'd their reverend guide;
 These wonderous scenes in deep amazement ty'd 295

Each various sense ; till prudent Ubald broke
 The silence first, and thus the sage bespoke.
 Say, Father! what the place we now behold?
 Where do'st thou lead? and what thy state, unfold?
 Scarce can I tell, bewildered with surprise 300
 If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes!

Then he: Lo! here the spacious womb of earth,
 Where all productions first receive their birth:
 Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,
 Without my guidance and superior power: 305
 Now to my palace I your steps convey
 (My palace shining with resplendent day.)
 A Pagan was I born, but gracious Heaven
 A second life by cleansing streams has given.
 Think not these wonders, that confound your thought,
 By influence of the Stygian angels wrought. 311
 Heaven shield I should invoke Cocytus' shore,
 Or Phlegethon with impious arts implore:
 But well my knowledge from its source reveals
 The virtue every plant or spring conceals: 315
 I meditate the stars, explore the cause
 Of Nature's works, and trace her secret laws.
 Yet deem not, ever distant from the skies,
 In subterranean seats my dwelling lies.
 For oft on Lebanon or Carmel's brow 320
 I make abode, and view the world below.
 There Mars and Venus to my searching eyes,
 Without a cloud, in all their aspects rise.
 Each star I know, of swift or lingering course,
 Of mild appearance, or malignant force: 325
 Beneath my feet the vapours I survey,
 Now, dark, and now with Iris' colours gay.
 What exhalations rains and dews compose
 I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows:
 What fires the lightning, how the bolt descends, 330
 And through the air a dreadful passage rends.
 There, near at hand, I see the meteors stream,
 And wandering comets dart a fiery gleam!
 Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could soar
 To every height, and fathom heavenly pow'r. 335

But when your Peter, in the sacred flood,
 With mystic rites my sinful soul renew'd;
 I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wisdom's boast,
 Without a guide divine, in darkness lost!
 The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray, 340
 Appear like birds of night before the day.
 Inly I smil'd my follies past to view,
 From which so late my empty pride I drew:
 Yet (so your pious hermit gave command)
 I still my former magic arts retain'd: 345
 But all my knowledge now obeys his word,
 'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord!
 He now vouchsafes with me (a worthless name!)
 T' entrust a task more righteous hands might claim:
 To me he gives to call from distant lands 350
 Th' unconquer'd hero to his social bands:
 Long have I stay'd, your coming to behold;
 For this event the holy sage foretold.

Thus spoke the sire; and now the knights he show'd
 Where in the lonely rock he made abode: 355
 The mansion like an ample cave was seen,
 And halls and stately rooms appear'd within.
 There shone what'er th' all-breeding earth contains
 Of riches nourish'd in her fruitful veins:
 There native splendor dwells in every part, 360
 And nature rises o'er the works of art!
 An hundred duteous slaves obsequious stand
 T' attend the guests, and wait their lord's command;
 Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
 With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd. 365
 At length the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
 The wise magician to the warriors said,

'Tis time, what most imports should now be shown;
 To you in part Armida's arts are known:
 How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd 370
 The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.
 Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd,
 Th' insidious dame within her tower detain'd;
 And sent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,
 When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band. 375

It now remains for me th' events to tell
(As yet unknown) which since that time befell.

Soon as th' enchantress saw her prisoners lost,
Her schemes defeated, and her labours crost;
Oppress'd with sudden grief, her hands she wrung,
And thus exclaim'd, with raging fury stung: 381

Then shall he live to boast th' audacious deed,
My guards defeated, and my captives freed!
No—if his arms to others freedom give,
Let him in pains and shameful bondage live: 385
Nor he alone my just revenge shall claim,
My rage shall burst on all the Christian name!

Furious she spoke, and as she spoke design'd
A new device within her fraudulent mind:
She sought the plain, where late Rinaldo's might
Her warriors vanquish'd, and dispers'd in fight: 391

The battle o'er, his mail the chief embrac'd,
And on his limbs a Pagan's armour lac'd.
Perchance he sought to veil his glorious name,
Conceal'd in humbler dress unknown to fame. 395

His arms th' enchantress took,* in these enclos'd
A headless trunk, and near a stream expos'd;
Here well she knew that, charg'd with daily care,
A band of Franks would from the camp repair.
And fast beside she station'd in the shade 400

A crafty slave in shepherd's garb array'd,
Instructed well suspicion's bane to spread:
He first among your troops th' infection shed;
That, wide diffusing, scatter'd discord far,
And threaten'd direful rage and civil war. 405

Thus, as her arts design'd, the Christian train
Believ'd by Godfrey brave Rinaldo slain.
Till soon to all confess'd the truth appear'd,
And jealous doubts from every breast were clear'd.

Behold the first device Armida tried; 410
Now mark, what next her wily thoughts employ'd.

* *His arms th' enchantress took---*] The following passage explains fully the account given in the viiith book to Godfrey by Aliprando of the supposed death of Rinaldo. See ver. 343 of that book.

The sorc'ress stay'd by fam'd Orontes' stream,
 Till near the banks the young Rinaldo came ;
 Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,
 And forms an island in the limpid tides. 415

There by the shore a little bark appear'd ;
 A marble pillar close beside was rear'd ;
 On this, as in suspense, awhile he stood,
 Engrav'd in gold these words the hero view'd. 419

“ O thou ! whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
 “ By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread ;
 “ No greater wonders east and west can boast,
 “ Than yon small island on its pleasing coast.
 “ If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
 “ This current pass, and seek the further shore,”

Th' uncautious warrior with th' advice comply'd,
 And curious turn'd, resolv'd to cross the tide ;
 But, for the bark could only one contain,
 Alone he pass'd, and bade his squires remain.

Now, to the land th' impatient hero brought, 430
 With eager looks, the promis'd wonders sought ;
 Yet nought beheld save meadows deck'd with
 flowers,

Clear waters, cooling caves, and leafy bowers.
 Th' enticing scenes awhile the youth delay'd ; 434
 He stretch'd his weary limbs beneath the shade ;
 'Then from the massy helm his brows reliev'd,
 And in his face the freshening breeze receiv'd. [noise.

But soon he heard the stream, with bubbling
 Remurmuring soft, and thither turn'd his eyes :
 When midst the flood the circling waves he spy'd,
 That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide : 441

Whence, rising slow, disbevell'd locks appear'd,
 And female features o'er the water rear'd ;
 The snowy neck, and gently swelling breast ;
 A crystal veil beneath conceal'd the rest, 445
 So from the parting stage is seen to rise
 A nymph or goddess to the gazer's eyes.

This, though her form a Syren's charms display'd,
 Was but a semblance and delusive shade ;

Yet one of those she seem'd, who wont of yore,
 In faithless seas, t' infest the Tyrrhene shore. 451
 Sweet as her looks, so sweet her tuneful voice ;
 And thus she sings, while winds and skies rejoice.

O happy man ! when youth reigns o'er your hours
 And strows the paths of life with smiling flowers :
 Ah ! let not virtue with fallacious ray, 456
 Or glory, lead your tender mind astray ;
 Who learns the fruit each season yields to prize,
 Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise. 459

Know, this is nature's voice :—Will you withstand
 Her sacred laws, and slight her high command ?
 Insensate he who wastes his bloomy prime,
 Nor takes the transient gifts of fleeting time.
 Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem !
 Is but a phantom, and delusive dream ! 465

Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,
 Whose charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enslave ?
 An echo—or a shade—to none confin'd ;
 A shifting cloud, dispers'd with every wind !
 Then rest secure ; in every offer'd joy 470

Indulge your senses, and your soul employ.
 Past woes forget ; nor antedate your doom
 By vain presage of evils yet to come.
 Let thunders roll, and nimble lightnings fly :
 Yet heed not you the terrors of the sky. 475

This, this is wisdom : hence each blessing flows ;
 This nature bids, and this the path she shows.

Thus impious she : The soothing accents creep,
 And lull the listening knight to balmy sleep :
 In vain the thunder's noise had rent the skies. 480
 So deep entranc'd in death-like rest he lies.

Now fir'd with vengeance, issuing from the wood,
 The false enchantress o'er the warrior stood :
 But, when she view'd intent his manly face,
 His features glowing with celestial grace, 485
 Rapt in suspense, beside the youth she sate,
 And as she view'd, forgot her former hate.

Low-bending o'er his charms* she hangs amaz'd ;
 So once Narcissus in the fountain gaz'd.
 Now from his cheeks she wipes the dews away : 490
 Now bids the fanning breeze around him play :
 Now thro' the meads, that smil'd with various
 flowers,
 She stray'd, and wanton cropt the fragrant stores ;
 The rose and lily, with her artful hands
 Together join'd, she form'd in pleasing bands : 495
 With these the warrlor's arms and legs enfolds,
 And gently thus in flowery fetters holds.
 Then, while in soft repose he senseless lies,
 She lays him on her car, and cuts the skies.
 Nor seeks she to regain Damascus' lands, 500
 Or where, with waves enclos'd her castle stands ;
 But, jealous of her prize, and fill'd with shame,
 In ocean's vast profound she bides her flame,
 Where from our coast no bark the billow ploughs :
 There midst circumfluent tides an isle she chose ;
 Then to a mountain's lofty summit flies, 506
 Forlorn and wild, expos'd to stormy skies :
 She clothes the foot and sides with dreary snows,
 While on the brow eternal verdure grows.
 There, rear'd by spells, and more than mortal hands,
 Beside a lake her spacious palace stands ; 511
 Where, in unfailling spring, and shameful ease,
 Th' imprison'd champion wastes his amorous days.
 'Tis your's the jealous sorc'ress' guards to quell,
 That watch th' ascent, and near the palace dwell.
 Nor shall you want a guide your course to lead ;
 Nor arms t' assist you in th' adventurous deed.
 Soon as you quit my stream, your eyes shall view
 A dame, though old in years, of youthful hue ;

* *Low-bending o'er his charms*---] See the passage in Spenser where Acrasia is described with the knight in the bower of bliss.

And all the while right over him she hong,
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
 As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
 Or greedily depasturing delight, &c.

Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play, 520
 And changeful robes, with various colours gay.

'Tis her's to guide you to the task decreed,
 With more than eagle's wings or lightning's speed ;
 'Tis her's to waft you o'er the watery plain,
 And safe return you from the roaring main. 525

The mount ascending, on whose towering height
 Th' enchantress dwells, remote from human sight
 Your eyes shall numerous savage forms behold :
 There Pythons hiss, in dreadful volumes roll'd :
 With horrid bristles stands the foaming boar : 530
 With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar !

Theu sudden shake this potent wand* around,
 And all with fear shall fly the hissing sound.
 But when your feet the steepy summit gain,
 Yet greater perils in your way remain : 535

A fountain rises there, whose streams invite
 Th' admiring stranger,† and the thirst excite ;

* -----this potent wand---] The palmer that accompaues
 Sir Guyon in Spenser, has a staff of the like virtue. Speaking
 of the wild beast that attacked Sir Guyon and his guide
 on their coming to the bower of Acrasia, the poet thus beau-
 tifully enlarges on the fiction of the Italian author.

But soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,
 The palmer over them his staff' npheld ;
 His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat :
 Eftsoons their stubborn courages are quell'd,
 And high advanced crest down meekly fell'd :
 Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear.
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld :
 Such wondrous power did in that staff appear,
 All monsters to subdue to him that bid it bear !

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
 Of which Caduceus whilom was made ;
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
 With which he wonts the Stygian realms invade.
 Through ghastly horror and eternal shade
 Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
 And rule the Furies, when they most do rage :
 Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

Fairy Queen. B. ii. c. 12. st. 40.

† A fountain rises there, whose streams invite

Th' admiring stranger,---] Pomponius Mela writes thus
 of such a fountain in the Fortunate Islands : " Contra fortu-
 natæ insulæ abundant sua sponte genitis et subinde aliis su-
 per aliis innascentibus nihil ; sollicitos alunt beatius quam aliæ
 arbes excultæ. Una singulari duorum fontium ingenio maxi-

But, deep within, th' alluring crystal hides
 A secret venom in its treacherous tides :
 One fatal draught can strange effects dispense, 540
 And fill with dire delight the madding sense :
 Unbidden laughter swells the panting breath,
 Till lo! the dread convulsion ends in death!
 Then far! ah, distant far with speed remove,
 Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove : 545
 Nor let the banks with tasteful viands grac'd,
 Invite your senses to the rich repast :
 Nor heed th' enticing dames, whose voice decoys,
 Whose beauty poisons, and whose smile destroys ;
 O! fly their looks, their guileful words despise; 550
 And enter where the lofty gates arise.
 Within, high walls with winding paths surround
 The secret dwelling, and the search confound :
 Maze within maze distracts the doubtful sight:
 A map shall guide your wandering steps aright. 555
 Amidst the lybyrinth lies the magic grove,
 Where every leaf impregnate seems with love.
 There shall you view, beneath the embowering
 shade,
 Th' enamour'd champion and the damsel laid.
 But when awhile th' enchantress shall depart, 560
 And leave behind the partuer of her heart ;
 Then sudden issue forth, to sight reveal'd,
 And show the knight my adamantine shield :
 There shall he see, reflected to his eyes,
 His own resemblance, and obscure disguise : 565
 Th' ignoble sight his generous wrath shall move,
 And banish from his breast inglorious love.
 No more remains to tell ; 'tis yours alone,
 To take secure the path my words have shown ;

me insignis, alterum qui potavere risu solvuntur in mortem." Petrarch likewise speaks of two fountains in the Fortunate Islands.

Fuor tutti i nostri lidi
 Nel' isole famose di fortuna
 Due fonti ha, chi dell' una
 Bce muor ridendo.

B. XIV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 331

Safe through the winding maze to bend your course,
Nor fear th' opposing spells of magic force: 571
Not ev'n Armida (such is Heaven's decree)
Can your arrival, by her arts, foresee.
Nor less, returning from the enchanted seat,
Propitious powers shall favour your retreat. 575
But now the wasting hours to sleep invite;
The morn must see you rise with dawning light.

Thus spoke the reverend sage; and speaking led
The knights to slumber on a downy bed:
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either guest 580
He left: and thence himself retir'd to rest.



THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



THE two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark in a vessel steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the straits, and proceed to the Fortunate Islands. Their conversation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the island of Armida, where the knights land, who overcome all the obstacles they meet with in ascending the mountain, and afterwards withstand all the various allurements of pleasure offered to their senses.

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW rose the ruddy morn with gladsome ray
And waken'd mortals to the toils of day;
When to the knights the sage the buckler bore,
The map and golden wand of wondrous power :
Prepare t' attempt your arduous way (he cries) 5
Ere yonder sun advances o'er the skies.

These are my promis'd gifts, and these your arms,
To quell th' enchantress, and dissolve her charms.

At once the warriors rose, and eager round
Their limbs robust the shining armour bound. 10

Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way
Through paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day ;
Again their former steps returning tread :

But, when they reach'd the river's sacred bed,
I now dismiss you from my care (he cry'd) : 15
Farewell! and prosperous fortune be your guide!

Soon as they came where still the parted flood
On either side a crystal mountain stood,
The waters clos'd and from the depth upbore
The knights, and left them on the flowery shore. 20
So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.

Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.

Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd, 25
A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd :

Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,
 And mild benevolence her looks display :
 Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,
 And heavenly glories blaze around her head. 30
 Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,
 Now flames with red, and now with azure glows :
 At every turn it shifts the transient light,
 And cheats with momentary hues the sight !
 Such various grace the billing dove assumes, 35
 Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes ;
 For ever new the varied feathers play,
 Reflecting every tint of every ray ;
 While, as they move, successive beauties rise,
 And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes ! 40

Favour'd of Heaven ! ascend this bark (she cry'd)
 In which secure I plough the swelling tide :
 The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,
 While safe in this each freight may pass the main :
 From him, whose sovereign mercies wide extend, 45
 I come at once your pilot and your friend.

So spoke the dame ; and hastening to the land,
 The crooked keel divides the yielding strand,
 Soon as her bark the noble pair receives,
 She quits the shore, and swift the water cleaves ; 50
 Then gives the spreading canvass to the wind,
 And guides the vessel from the helm behind.
 So wide, so deep, the river swells its tide,
 That lofty ships might there securely ride ;
 Though now a shallow stream could well suffice, 55
 So light the pinnacle o'er the surface flies !
 Now, rising from the land, th' inspiring gales
 With prosperous breath distend the bellying sails :
 The foaming stream is white with froth before,
 Behind the stern the parted waters roar. 60
 At length they came where, midst its mightier waves
 The sea's vast gulph the river's stores receives.

Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides,
 The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides :
 The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow, 65
 That threaten'd tempests to the world below :

Light zephyrs only brush along the main,
And scarcely curl the smooth Cerulean plain.

By Ascalon they pass'd; to left they veer'd,
And tow'rd the west the rapid vessel steer'd. 70

Then gliding swift, to Gaza next they came,
An ancient harbour, not unknown to fame,
But now, from many a neighbouring ruin great,
An ample city, and a potent state.

The warriors, from the bark, beheld the shore 75

With tents of various nations cover'd o'er:

There horse and foot, along the crowded way,
Swarm thick between the city and the sea.

There loaded camels move in solemn state,
And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight. 80

Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,
Or floating loose, or at their anchors ty'd.

Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep
With level strokes, the surface of the deep.

Then thus the guiding maid---Though here we view
The thronging numbers of this impious crew; 86

Yet these, that fill the seas and line the shore,
Compose not all the mighty tyrant's power.

These Egypt and the neighbouring lands supply:
But other aids he waits, that distant lie. 90

Far to the east extends his ample sway,

To realms that burn beneath the southern ray;

And hence I trust our swift return to make,

Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake.

While thus she spoke, as through th' aerial space
An eagle towers above the feather'd race; 96

Ill, soaring in the sun, the sharpest eye

No more can trace his progress through the sky:

No midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,

And far behind the lessening navy leaves. 100

Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they sail,*

The town that first Egyptian pilots hail

* Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they sail.] I have elsewhere observed, in my notes to Ariosto, that this voyage of Charles and Ubald through the Mediterranean, seems to be imitated from the voyage of Astolpho from the Indies to the Persian Gulph.

On Syria's land) then near the shore they fly,
 And Rhinocera's barren sands espy.
 Not distant far a mountain, crown'd with wood, 105
 Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood;
 Around its rocky foot the billows rave;
 There hapless Pompey's bones obtain'd a grave.
 Fair Damiaata next the eye surveys,
 Where ancient Nile his sacred tribute pays 110
 Through seven wide mouths, and many a stream be-
 His waters mingling with the briny tide. [side,
 They pass the city rais'd by him,* whose name
 To latest times shall bear the Grecian fame.
 By Pharos then they glide, an isle no more, 115
 An isthmus now projecting from the shore.
 Nor Rhodes, nor Crete, they to the north survey,
 But near the climes of Afric speed their way.
 Fruitful her coast: but, more remote, her lands
 Are fill'd with monsters dire, and burning sands. 120
 By Marmarique they steer'd, and now they pass'd
 Where five fair cities fam'd Cyrene grac'd.
 Here Ptolemais stands, and here they view
 Whence his slow stream the fabled Lethe drew.
 The greater Syrtes next (the sailor's fear) 125
 They leave aloof, and far to seaward veer:
 And now Judeca's cape behind them stood;
 And now they left the mouth of Magra's flood;
 Now Tripoli's high rising towers espy'd,
 Now Malta scarcely o'er the waves descry'd. 130
 The Syrtes past; Alzerbé they beheld,
 Where once the race that fed on Lotos dwell'd.
 Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,
 With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay:
 Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame, 135
 No Libyan city boasts a greater name.
 Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread;
 There Lilybæum rears its lofty head.
 Now to the knights the pilot-damsel show'd
 The spot where once imperial Carthage stood. 140

* Alexander the Great.

Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,
 A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
 Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
 The world's unstable glories fade away!
 Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain; 145
 O impious folly of presuming man!

From thence they see Biserta's spires arise;
 Far to the right Sardini's island lies:
 They view, where once the rude Numidian swain
 Pursu'd a wandering life from plain to plain, 150
 Algiers and Bugia then they reach, the seat
 Of impious corsairs: next Oran they greet;
 And now by Mauritani's strand proceed,
 Where elephants and hungry lions breed:
 Morocco here and Fez their cities rear: 155
 To these oppos'd Granada's lands appear.

At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,
 Between the capes, the boiling deep resounds.
 'Tis feign'd, that first Alcides forc'd a way,
 And gave this passage to the indignant sea. 160

And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land
 With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd,
 But now the furious main, with rushing tides,
 From towering Calpè, Abyla divides;
 A strait 'twixt Libya now and Spain appears, 165
 Such is the force of time and change of years!

Four times the east had seen the rising sun,
 Since first the vessel had its course begun:
 Nor sheltering bays, nor ports its speed delay,
 It shoots the strait, and leaves the midland sea. 170
 But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,
 Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround?

Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost
 The fertile Gades, and each neighbouring coast.
 Behind, the lessening shores retreating fly; 175
 Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

Then Ubald thus began: Say, thou! whose power
 Gives us these endless waters to explore;

Did ever prow before these seas divide,
 Do mortals here in distant worlds reside? 180
 He ceas'd; the virgin-pilot thus reply'd.

When great Alcides had the monsters slain,
 That wasted Libya and the realms of Spain;
 Your lands subdu'd, at yonder strait he stay'd;
 Nor durst old Ocean's surgy gulphs invade. 185
 He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd
 To curb the searching spirit of mankind:
 Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,
 Ulysses scorn'd the confines of the shore:
 He pass'd the bound'ry loosening to the gales, 190
 Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails:
 But all his skill in naval arts was vain,
 He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main:
 And those, by tempests forc'd amidst the waves,
 Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves. 195
 Hence undiscover'd still the seas remain,
 That numerous isles and mighty states contain.
 Inhabitants abound on many a coast;
 The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast;
 Where, not ungrateful to the labourer's toil, 200
 The sun prolific warms the pregnant soil.
 Then Ubald---Of those climes remov'd afar,
 The manners and religious rites declare.

Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd)
 Their speech, their customs, are of various kind:
 Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar power; 206
 And earth, the common parent, some adore.
 There are who stain their feasts with human blood,
 And load their dreadful board with horrid food:
 And every land, from Calpè's towering heights, 210
 Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!

Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)
 Who came with heavenly truths mankind to guide,
 Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,
 So large a portion of the world in night? 251

O no! the faith of Christ shall there be spread,
 (She cry'd) and science rear her laurell'd head.

Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide
 Shall from your future search those climes divide:
 The time shall come, when sailors, yet unborn, 220
 Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn:
 Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,
 Shall then through all your realms extend their fame:
 Perils untry'd succeeding ships shall brave,
 And cut, with daring course, the distant wave; 225
 Through all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
 Gird the vast globe, and emulate the sun.
 From fair Liguria see th' adventurer rise,
 Whose courage first the threatening passage tries.
 Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost, 230
 Nor doubtful prospects of th' uncertain coast,
 Shall, in the straits of Abyla confin'd,
 Detain the ardour of his dauntless mind!
 'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
 Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the surges roll; 235
 While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,
 Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!
 Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praise,
 Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise:
 Thy deeds shall last in storied annals long, 240
 The copious subject of some poet's song.

She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,
 Then gently tow'rd's the south her sails inclin'd.
 Now in their front they see the sun descend,
 And now the morn behind her beams extend: 245
 But when Aurora, from her radiant head,
 Had all around her pearly moisture shed;
 Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
 That midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.
 Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew,
 And like a pyramid it show'd to view; 251
 From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise;
 As where 'tis feign'd th' Ætnean * giant lies
 Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies.

* Enceladus.

By day thick vapours from the mouth expire, 255
By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other islands midst the main they 'spy'd,
And lands less steepy rising o'er the tide.
Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date
And styl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate. 260
'Twas said, that Heaven to these such grace allow'd,
No shining share the sable furrows plough'd.
The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce;
And vines, unprun'd, supply nectareous juice.
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green; 265
From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.
The rivers murmuring from the hills above,
With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove,
No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day;
Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray. 270
And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,
Th' Elysian seats of everlasting rest.

To these her course the damsel-pilot bore:
Behold, (she cry'd) our destin'd voyage o'er:
The Isles of Fortune to your sight appear, 275
Whose fame, though doubtful, yet has reach'd your
Fair is their soil; but fame each wonder swells, [ear:
And every truth, with added fiction tells.
While thus she spoke, along the main they flew,
Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew. 280
Then Charles began---O ever-sacred dame!
If this the cause permits for which we came:
Grant that our feet a while may tread the shore,
To view a race and land unknown before;
T' observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wise: 286
So shall our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime.

Your suit demands my praise, (the maid replies)
But Heaven's decree the bold request denies. 290
The time arrives not yet, by God design'd,
To give the great discovery to mankind:
Nor must you, back, from ocean's bosom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.

B. XV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 343

To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis given 295
To pass these billows, by the will of Heaven ;
To rouse your champion from his fatal sleep,
And safe convey him o'er the watery deep :
Let this suffice---with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate. 300

Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,
And soon the second gain'd upon the view :
She shew'd the warriors how the islands lay,
In order rang'd against the rising day.
The lands with equal space the sea divides, 305
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.
In seven are seen the marks of human care,
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear :
But three a barren desert soil reveal,
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.

Amidst these isles a lone recess they found, 311
Where circling shores the subject flood resound,
And, far within, a spacious bay enclose ;
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose :
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise, 315
A welcome sign to future sailors' eyes :
Within, the waves repose in peace serene ;
Black forests nod above, a silvan scene !
A grotto opens in the living stone,
With verdant moss and ivy-leaves o'ergrown ; 320
The grateful shades a gentle murmur fill,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables need the floating ships secure,
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.

To this retreat her course the pilot bore, 325
And, entering, furl'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.

Behold (she cry'd) where yonder structure stands
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands !
There, lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,
Slumbers the champion of the Christian host. 330
'Tis yours, when next the sun forsakes the deep,
With labouring feet t' ascend the threatening steep :
Meanwhile this short delay with ease be borne ;
All times are luckless save the hour of morn :

But to the mountain's foot pursue your way, 335
While yet remains the light of parting day.

Thus she; the word th' impatient warriors took,
And leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.
With ready steps a pleasing road they cross'd,
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost. 340

At length th' expected hill's broad base they gain,
(The sun yet hovering o'er the western main)
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,
The pendent ruins and the rocky way.

Inclement frost the mountain's side deforms, 345
And all around is white with wintry storms.

The lofty summit yields a milder scene,
With budding flowers and groves for ever green!
There ends the frozen clime! there lilies blow,
There roses blush upon the bordering snow. 350

There youthful spring, and hoary winter here;
Such power has magic o'er the changing year!

Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd,
And slept secure beneath a cavern's shade,
But when the sun (eternal fount of day!) 355

Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray:
At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,
And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.

When lo! a serpent,* rushing from his cell,
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell! 360

Aloft his head and squalid breast he held
Bestreak'd with gold; his neck with anger swell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.

* *When lo! a serpent,-----*] Virgil and Milton have both excelled in describing the motion of this animal.

-----*Rapit orbes per humum. Virgil.*

-----*He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles----- Milton.*

But the commentator on Milton thinks that Tasso has surpassed both in the above passage, the beauty of which can scarcely be rendered into English.

*Hor ricentra in se stessa, hor le nodose
Ruote distende e se dopo se tira.*

B. XV. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 345

Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound ; 365
Now trail'd his opening curls along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies
T' assail the snake, when sudden Ubald cries : 370
Forbear ! can arms like these our foes repel ?
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell ?

He said ; and shook the golden wand around ;
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.
The knights proceed ; a lion fierce descends, 375
And, roaring loud, the dangerous pass defends ;
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears ;
His lashing tail his slumbering wrath awakes :
But, when his potent rod the warrior shakes, 380
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprise,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies !

Still on they pass'd ; but soon a numerous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage crost.
In various shapes the ghastly troops appear, 385
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant Nilus to the Libyan lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Lyrcania's wood, or deep Hircinia's gloom ! 390
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain ;
The powerful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past ; the conquering pair ascend ;
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend ;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows 395
And slippery ice awhile their course oppose.
But when at length they reach'd the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight,
Where youthful spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Infading verdure, and a gladsome sky ; 400
Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in every balmy gale ;
No irksome change th' unvaried climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows :

A genial power the tender herbage feeds, 405
 And decks with every sweet the smiling meads ;
 Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,
 And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower :
 There, rear'd aloft, a stately palace stands,
 Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

The warriors, weary with the steep ascent 411
 More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went ;
 Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
 Now paus'd awhile, and now their course pursu'd.
 When sudden, falling from the rocky heights, 415
 A copious stream the traveller's thirst excites ;
 From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,
 And trickle through the grassy vale below :
 At length, uniting all their different tides,
 In verdant banks a gentle river glides, 420
 With murmuring sound a bowery gloom pervades,
 And rolls its sable waves through pendent shades :
 A cool retreat! the flowery border shows
 A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.
 Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells, 425
 Dire poison lurking in its secret cells !
 Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,
 And every loose desire in bonds detain :
 A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,
 Nor dare the Syren's impious lays attend. 430

The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,
 Wide in a lake the running waters spread.
 There on the banks a sumptuous table plac'd,
 With rare and flavoured viands allur'd the taste.
 Two blooming damsels * in the water lave, 435
 And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

* *Two blooming damsels*—] All this beautiful passage is imitated, or rather translated, by our Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, where Guyon is described with the palmer, entering the bower of bliss.

Two naked damsels he therein espy'd,
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
 Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide;
 And now with nimble strokes the stream divide:
 Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes;
 And now again above the surface rise! 440

The naked wantons, with enticing charms,
 Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms;
 Awbile they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,
 As those their pastime unconcern'd pursu'd,
 Till one erect in open light appear'd, 445
 And o'er the stream her ivory bosom rear'd;
 Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd:
 The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd.

As when the morning star, with gentle ray,
 From seas emerging leads the purple day: 450
 As when, ascending from the genial flood,
 The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood:
 So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse
 The pearly liquid in descending dews;
 Till on th' approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes,
 Then feign'd with mimic fear, a coy surprise: 456
 Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,
 The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd;
 The falling tresses o'er her limbs display'd,
 Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade! 460
 Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
 With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights she
 Her smiles amid her blushes lovelier show; [view'd.
 Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow!

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
 His dewy face out of the sea does rear;
 Or as the Cyprian Goddess, newly born
 Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear;
 Such seem'd they, and so their yellow hair
 Crystalline humour dropped down apace.

With that, the other likewise up arose,
 And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
 Up in one knot, she low adown did loose;
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
 And th' ivory in golden mantle bound;
 So that fair spectacle from him was rest,
 Yet that which rest it, no less fair was found:
 So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.
Fairy Queen, B. ii. c. 12. st. 65, 67.

At length she rais'd her voice with melting art, 465
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.

O happy strangers! to whose feet 'tis given
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly heaven!
View here those rapturous scenes so fam'd of old,
When earthly mortals view'd an age of gold. 470
No longer wear the helm, the falchion wield,
The cumbrous corslet, or the weighty shield;
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love!
Our field of battle is the downy bed, 475
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.

Then let us lead you to our sovereign's eyes,
From whose diffusive power our blessings rise.
She shall amongst those few your names receive,
Elected here in endless joys to live, 480
But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taste the viands which our cares provide.

She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her prayer,
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.
So, in the scene, the active dancers bound, 485
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.
But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart,
Against their fraudulent strains and soothing art:
Or, if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,
And wake the slumbering seeds of wild desire: 490
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindling flame.

Their arts in vain the vanquish'd damsels view'd;
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd:
These seek the palace; those indignant hide 495
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



CHARLES and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida, the two knights discover themselves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain: he endeavours to pacify her: she then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel, and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: she then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

IN circling form the costly structure rose;
And deep within the wondrous walls enclose
A beauteous garden, whose delightful scene
Eclips'd the fairest boast of mortal men.
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise, 5
Perplex'd with secret rooms and winding ways;
And in the centre lay the magic bowers,
Impervious to the search of human powers.

Now through the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd,
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd) 10
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold!
Surpris'd they saw, excell'd in every part,
The rich materials, by the sculptor's art.
In all but speech alive the figures rise; 15
Nor speech they seem to want to wondering eyes!
In female converse there (inglorious state!)
Alcides midst Mæonia's damsels sate.
There he who propp'd the stars, and hell subdu'd,
The distaff bore; while Love beside him stood, 20
And with exulting smiles his conquest view'd.
There Iolè was seen, whose feeble hand
With pride the hero's ponderous club sustain'd:
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
Too rough a covering for so soft a frame! 25

To this oppos'd, the chiefs a sea beheld:
 Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.
 There, in the midst, two hostile navies ride;
 Their arms in lightning flash from side to side.
 Augustus o'er his Romans here commands: 30
 There Antony conducts from eastern lands
 His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands.
 Thou would'st have thought the Cyclades uptorn,
 And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne!
 So fierce the shock, when, joining ship with ship, 35
 The navies meet amidst the roaring deep!
 Firebands and javelins fly from foe to foe;
 Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.
 Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
 Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight. 40
 See! Antony, of fame forgetful, flies,
 No more his hopes to glorious empire rise:
 Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails;
 Her flight alone impels his yielding sails.
 Contending passions all his soul inflame, 45
 Disdain and rage, and love, and conscious shame;
 While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
 Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.
 Now Nile receives him on his watery breast;
 There in his mistress' arms, he sinks to rest; 50
 There seems, resign'd, the threatening hour to wait,
 And soften with her smiles, the stroke of fate.

With storied labours thus the portals grac'd,
 The heroes view'd and thence intrepid pass'd.
 And now they try'd the labyrinth's winding maze;
 As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways; 56
 Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,
 Now seems to seek again his native source;
 The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd:
 But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd; 60
 Display'd each various passage to their sight,
 And led through paths oblique their steps aright.

The garden then unfolds a beautiful scene,
 With flowers adorn'd and ever-living green.

B. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 353

There silver lakes reflect the beaming day ; 65
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play :
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes, strike the eyes.
Art shew'd her utmost power but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held, 70
It seem'd as nature play'd a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of arts !
By powerful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear :
Eternal fruits on every branch endure ; 75
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.
There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold ;
Those green in youth these mellow'd into gold. 80
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky :
These the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in every grove, 85
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round ;
The woods and waters yield a murmuring sound :
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies : 90
By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.
Amongst the rest, with plumes of various dyes,
And purple beak, a beauteous songster flies ;
Wondrous to tell, with human speech indu'd, 95
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood :
The birds attentive close their silent wings,
While thus the fair, the soothing charmer sings.
Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,*
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose : 100

* *Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,*] This song is closely translated by Spenser : but, as it has been observed very well, our poet has judiciously omitted the fanciful circumstance of a bird singing these words, which has been the subject of Voltaire's ridicule.

When, half inwra^t, and half to view reveal'd,
 She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.
 But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,
 How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade !
 No more she seems the flower so lately lov'd, 105
 By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd !
 So swiftly fleeting with the transient day,
 Passes the flower of mortal life away !
 In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
 Can waining youth to former prime restore 110
 Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
 And, while to love 'tis given, indulge in love !

He ceas'd : th' approving choir with joy renew
 Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.
 Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill ; 115
 The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
 The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,
 And all the leafy tenants of the field :
 The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
 All seem impregnate with the seeds of love. 120

Through these alluring scenes of magic power
 The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure :
 When 'twixt the quivering boughs they cast their
 And see the damsel and the Christian knight. [sight,
 There sate Armida on a flowery bed : 125
 Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head :

Ab ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems, the less you see her may ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away .

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower,
 Of many a lady and many a paramour :
 Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet in prime,
 For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower :
 Gather the rose of love, whilst yet in time,
 Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime .

He ceas't, and then 'gan all the quire of birds
 Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
 As in approvance, &c.

Her opening veil * her ivory bosom show'd :
 Loose to the fanning breeze her tresses flow'd ;
 A langour seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
 And every feature glow'd with amorous flame. 130
 The pearly moisture on her beauteous face
 Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd every grace :
 Her wandering eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,
 And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.
 Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd, 135
 Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd ;
 While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
 And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.
 Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
 She kiss'd his vermit lips and swimming eyes ; 140
 Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,
 As if to hers his parting soul would fly !

All this the warriors from the shade survey,
 And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' amorous play.
 Dependant from his side (unusual sight !) 145
 Appear'd a polish'd mirror beamy bright :
 This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd :
 On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.
 She in the glass her form reflected 'spies :
 And he consults the mirror of her eyes : 150
 One proud to rule, one prouder to obey ;
 He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.
 Ah ! turn those eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
 Those eyes that bless me with their heavenly light !
 For know, the power that every lover warms, 155
 In this fond breast Armida's image forms.
 Since I, alas ! am scorn'd ! here turn thy sight,
 And view thy native graces with delight :
 Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,
 Where springs eternal love, eteraal joy ! 160

* Her opening veil-----] See Spenser.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
 Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith he fill'd :
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toil,
 Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth distill'd,
 That like pure orient pear's adown it trill'd, &c.

Or rather range through yon celestial spheres,
And view thy likeness in the radiant stars.

The lover ceas'd ; the fair Armida smil'd,
And still with wanton toys the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair ; 165

Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care :
Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd with azure flowers the waving gold.
Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast. 170

Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sets to view his glittering train :
Not Iris shews so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dyes.

But o'er the rest her wondrous cestus* shin'd, 175
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.
Here unembodiy'd spells th' enchantress mix'd,
By potent arts, and in a girdle fix'd :

Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires ; 180
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss.

All these she join'd, her powerful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.

Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love, 185
She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.
Each day, awhile apart, the dame review'd
Her magic labours, and her charms renew'd ;
While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,
A lonely lover midst the conscious shade. 190

But when the silent glooms of friendly night
To mutual bliss th' enamour'd pair invite ;

* -----her wondrous cestus---] The idea of this girdle is from the cestus of Homer, which Juno borrows of Venus.

In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest and the coldest warm :
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Pope's Iliad, B. xiv. ver. 247.

Beneath one roof, amid the bowers they lay,
 And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.
 Soon as Armida (so her arts requir'd 195

From gentle love to other cares retir'd :
 The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to sight,
 In radiant arms that cast a gleamy light.

As when, from martial toil, the generous steed
 Releas'd, is given to range the verdant mead ; 200
 Forgetful of his former fame he roves,

And woo's in slothful ease his dappled loves :
 If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,
 Or glittering steel before his sight appears,
 He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear 205

The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war.
 So fares Rinaldo, when the knights he 'spies :
 When their bright armour lightens in his eyes :
 At once the glorious beams his soul inspire ;
 His breast rekindles with a martial fire. 210

Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held
 Before the youth his adamantine shield :
 To this he turn'd, in this at once survey'd

His own resemblance full to view display'd :
 His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair 215
 With odours breathing, his luxurious air.

His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,
 Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side ; [show :
 And, wreath'd with flowers, seem'd worn for empty
 No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe. 220

As one, whom long lethargic slumber ties,
 Recovers from his sleep with wild surprise :
 So from his trance awakes the Christian knight,

Himself beholds, and sickens at the sight ;
 And wishes opening earth his shame would hide, 225
 Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then Ubald thus began—All Europe arms,
 And Asia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
 Now all that cherish fame, or Christ adore,

In shining armour press the Syrian shore ; 230
 While thee, Bertoldo's son ! from glory's plains,
 A narrow isle in shameful rest detains ;

Alone regardless of the voice of fame,
 Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame!
 What fatal power can thus thy sense control? 235
 What sloth suppress the vigour of thy soul?
 Rise! rise! thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites:
 'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites!
 Come, fated warrior! bid the fight succeed:
 And crush those foes thou oft has made to bleed;
 Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel, 241
 And fall extinct beneath thy conquering steel.

He ceas'd: awhile the youth in silence mus'd
 All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd;
 Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose; 245
 (A generous anger, that from reason flows)
 O'er all his face a noble ardour flies,
 Flames on his cheek, and sparkles from his eyes.

Now, hastening from the bower, their way they
 And safely pass the lybyrith's winding fold. [hold
 Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep dismay, 251
 Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay:*
 Then first suspicion in her bosom grew;
 And soon her lover's flight too well she knew:
 Herself beheld the darling hero fly: 255
 O! direful prospect to a lover's eye!

Where would'st thou go, and leave me here alone?
 She strove to say; but, with a rising groan,
 Too mighty grief her feeble words suppress'd,
 Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast. 260
 Ah! wretched fair! a greater power disarms,
 A greater wisdom mocks thy frustate charms.
 This sees the dame, who every art applies
 To stay his flight; in vain each art she tries.
 Whate'er the witches of Thessalia's strain 265
 E'er mutter'd to the shades with lip profane,
 That could the planets in their spheres control,
 Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,

* *Where breathless at the gate, the keeper lay:*] There is an obscurity in this passage, for no mention has been made before by the poet of such a circumstance,

In tanto Armida de la regal porta
 Miro giacere il fier custode estinto.

Full well she knew ; but all in vain essay'd ;
 No bell, responsive, her commands obey'd. 270

Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove
 In suppliant beauty more than spells could move.
 See! where, regardless of her former fame,
 All wild with anguish runs the furious dame.
 She who so late the laws of love despis'd 275

Who scorn'd the lover though the love she priz'd ;
 Whose conquering eyes could every heart subdue ;
 Behold her now a lover's step pursue !
 With soft persuasive grief her looks she arms.
 And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.
 O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies, 281
 And sends her voice before her as she flies.

O thou ! who bear'st away my yielding heart,
 Who robb'st me of my best, my dearest part,
 O ! give me death—or once again restore 285

My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er !
 Hear my last words —I ask no parting kiss ;
 For happier lips reserve that mighty bliss :
 What canst thou fear, ah cruel ! to comply,
 Since still with thee remains the power to fly ? 290

Then Ubald thus—Awhile thy speed forbear,
 And lend her woes, O Prince ! a courteous ear :
 The praise be thine thy virtue to retain,
 And hear unmov'd the vanquish'd Syren's strain.
 So Reason shall extend her sacred sway, 295
 And teach the subject passions to obey.

He said ; Rinaldo stay'd ; and sudden came,
 Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.
 Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air ;
 Yet sweet in woe and beauteous in despair: 300
 Silent on him her eager look she bent ;

Disdain, and fear, and shame her speech prevent ;
 While from her eyes the knight abash'd withdrew,
 Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.

As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise 305
 To charm the listening ear with tuneful lays,
 In accents low, with prelude soft prepare
 The wrapt attention for the promis'd air :

So she, yet mindful of her fraudulent art,
 Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart;
 First breath'd a sigh to melt the tender breast; 311
 Then thus, at length, these plaintive words address'd.
 Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
 The prayers that lovers might to lovers move!
 Such once we were! But if thou scorn'st the name
 Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim. 316
 If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate;
 I seek not to disturb thy happy state!
 A Pagan born, I every means employ'd
 T' oppress the Christians and their power divide.
 Thee I pursu'd and thee secluded far, 321
 In distant climates, from the sound of war.
 But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,
 Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.
 O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flower, 325
 To give my beauties to another's power!
 To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
 Which thousands fondly sought, but sought in vain!
 These are my frauds; let these thy wrath engage;
 Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage! 330
 So may'st thou part without one tender thought,
 And be these dear abodes at once forgot!
 Haste! pass the seas! thy flying sails employ,
 Go, wage the combat and our faith destroy!—
 Our faith, alas!—Ah, no!—my faith no more; 335
 I worship thee, and thee alone adore!
 Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear:
 The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car:
 Let me be shown, to all the camp display'd,
 The proud betrayer by thy guilt betray'd.— 340
 Wretch as I am! shall still these locks be worn,
 These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn?
 These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,
 And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread:
 Thee will I follow midst surrounding foes, 345
 When all the fury of the battle glows.
 I want not soul, so far at least to dare,
 To lead thy courser, or thy javelin bear.

Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield ;
 Still will I guard thee in the dangerous field. 350

No hostile hand so savage can be found,
 Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound :
 Soft mercy even may fell revenge restrain,
 And these neglected charms some pity gain—
 Ah, wretch ! and dare I still of beauty boast, 355
 My prayers rejected, and my empire lost !

More had she said ; but grief her words withstood,
 Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood :
 With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand,
 He held his robe ; unmov'd the chief remain'd : 360
 Love found no more an entrance in his breast,
 And firm resolves the starting tear suppress'd.

Yet pity soften'd soon his generous soul ;
 Scarce could he now the tender dew control :
 But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide, 365
 Compos'd his looks, and thus at length reply'd.

Armida ; thy distress with grief I see :
 ! could I now thy labouring bosom free
 From this ill-omen'd love !—Ah ! hapless fair !
 No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear : 370

I seek no vengeance ; no offence I know ;
 Nor can'st thou be my slave, nor art my foe.
 On either side I fear thy thoughts have stray'd
 As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd.

But human frailties human pity claim ; 375
 Thy faith, thy sex, thy years, acquit thy fame.
 Who have err'd : and shall I dare reprove
 Thy tender bosom with the faults of love ?

None ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,
 Joy and grief the partner of my breast ! 380
 Still must I be thy champion—thine as far
 As Christian faith permits and Asia's war.

But ah ! let here our mutual weakness end ;
 No further now our mutual shame extend :
 Let from the world, on this extremest coast, 385
 All our follies in oblivion lost !

At least all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd,
 Still be these, and these alone, conceal'd

Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace
 Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race. 390
 With me thou seek'st in vain to quit the land ;
 Superior powers thy fond desire withstand :
 Remain or seek some happier place of rest,
 And in thy wisdom calm thy troubled breast.

As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame 395
 Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame ;
 Awhile she view'd him with a scornful look,
 Then from her lips these furious accents broke.

Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood ! 395
 Thou sprung'st relentless from the stormy flood :
 Thy infant years th' Hyrcanian tigers fed :
 On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred !—
 See! if he deigns one tender tear bestow,
 Or pay one sigh in pity to my woe !

What shall I say, or whither shall I turn ? 400
 He calls me his!—yet leaves me here in scorn.
 See how his foe the generous victor leaves,
 Forgets her error, and her crime forgives !
 Hear how sedate, how cool, his counsels prove ;
 This rigid Zeno in the school of love ! 41

O Heaven!—O Gods!—and shall this impious race
 Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface ?
 Go, wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
 As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find ! 41

Fly hence!—be gone!—but soon expect to view
 My vengeful ghost thy trait'rous flight pursue :
 A fury arm'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,
 With terrors equal to my former love!

If fate decrees thee safe to pass the main,
 Escap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain,
 There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife, 42
 Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life :
 Oft shalt thou then by name Armida call
 In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall !

She could no more ; as these last words she spok
 Scarce from her lips the sound imperfect broke. 42
 She faints ! she sinks ! all breathless pale she lies
 In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.

B. XVI. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 363

Dost thou, Armida! now thy eyelids close?
Heaven envies sure one comfort to thy woes. 430

Ah! raise thy sight: behold thy deadly foe:
See down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.
Oh! could'st thou now, ill-fated lover! hear
His sighs soft breaking on thy raptur'd ear!
What fate permits (but this thou can'st not view)
He gives, and pitying takes the last adieu. 436

What should he do?—thus leave her on the coast,
'Twixt life and death her struggling senses lost?
Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains;
But dire necessity his flight constrains. 440

He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)
The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.

But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood,
And all around the land forsaken view'd: 446

And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?
Left me in life's extremest need? (she said)
Would he not to my hapless state dispense
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense? 450

And do I love him still? still here remain,
And unreveng'd in empty words complain?
What then avail these tears, these female arms
Far other arts are mine, and stronger charms.
I will pursue—nor hell th' ingrate shall shield, 455

Nor Heaven shall safety from my fury yield,
Now! now I seize him! now his heart I tear,
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air!
He knows each various art of torture well,
In his own arts the traitor I'll excel! 460

But ah! I wander! O! untimely boast!
Unbless'd Armida, whither art thou tost?
When should'st thou to thy rage have given the rein,
When he lay captive in thy powerful chain.

Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim; 465
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame!

O beauty scorn'd! since you th' offence sustain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.

Lo! with my person shall his worth be paid,
Who from the battle brings that hated head. 470

Ye gallant youths; whom faithful love inspires,
A dangerous, glorious task my soul requires.

Even I, to whom Damascus' realms shall bow,
The price of vengeance with myself bestow.

But, if, contemn'd, I must not this obtain, 475

Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain:

Take back th' unhappy gift!—myself I hate,

My birth, my being, and my regal state.

One soothing hope alone can comfort give;

For sweet revenge I still consent to live! 480

Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,

Then turn'd her footsteps from the desert shore:

Her fiery looks her stormy passions show;

Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow:

And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow! 485

Now, at her dome, she calls with hideous yell,

Three hundred deities from deepest hell:

Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread;

Th' eternal planet hides his sickening head. 489

On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow;

Deep rocks the ground; Avernus groans below.

Through all the palace mingled cries resound;

Loud hissings, howls and screams are heard around.

Thick glooms, more black, than night, the walls en-

Where not a ray its friendly light bestows; [close

Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,

And dart through sullen shades a dreadful gleam!

At length the night dispers'd; and faintly shone,

With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful sun:

No longer now the stately walls appear'd; 500

No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.

Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies,

Where towers and battlements in semblance rise.

That flit before the winds or solar beam,

Like idle phantoms of a sick-man's dream: 505

So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd

But native horrors midst a rocky land!

Then swift th' enchantress mounts her ready car.
 And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.
 Declining from the pole, where distant lie 510
 Nations unknown beneath the eastern sky ;
 Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er ;
 Nor seeks Hesperia's strand, nor Afric's shore ;
 But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,
 Till Syria's borders to her view arise. 515

She seeks not then Damascus' regal dome,
 But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home ;
 And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,
 Where, midst Asphaltus waves, her castle stands.
 Where, from her menial train and damsels' eyes, 520
 All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies :

A war of thought her troubled breast assails ;
 But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.
 Hence will I haste (she cry'd) ere Egypt's king
 To Sion's plains his numerous force can bring : 525
 Try every art, in every form appear,
 And end the tough bough, and shake the missile spear.
 My charms shall every leader's soul inspire,
 And every breast with emulation fire.

! let the sweet revenge I seek be mine, 530
 And virgin honour I with joy resign !
 For thou stern guardian, now my conduct blame :
 Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the shame,
 Thy counsel first impell'd my tender mind
 To acts that ill beseem'd the female kind : 535

When all be thine, whate'er my errors prove,
 That now I give to rage, as once to love !
 She said ; and thus resolv'd, she calls in haste
 Knights, squires, and damsels in her service plac'd.
 A splendid train in duteous order wait ; 540
 All richly clad, attendant on her state.

With these, impatient, on her way she goes :
 Nor sun, nor moon beholds her take repose ;
 Till near she comes to where the friendly bands
 Lie wide encamp'd on Gaza's sultry sands. 545



THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



THE Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: she inflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest, thereupon, ensues between Adrastus and Tisaphernes: but the Caliph, interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing, they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: he gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his ancestors that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

PLAC'D where Judæa's utmost bounds extend.
Tow'rd's fair Pelusium, Gaza's towers ascend:
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep, 5
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep;
That scarce th' affrighted trav'ler, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of th' unstable soil.

Th' Egyptian monarch holds his frontier town,
Which from the Turkish powers of old he won: 10
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
To which he bends his mighty enterprize;
He left awhile his court and ancient state,
And hither now transferr'd his regal seat;
And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast, 15
From various provinces a countless host. [sway'd

Say, muse! what arms he us'd, what lands he
What nations fear'd him, and what powers obey'd:
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the east to war: 20
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When Egypt 'gainst the Grecian sway rebell'd,
The faith forsaking which her fathers held,
A warrior, sprung from Macon, seiz'd the throne,
And fix'd his seat in Cairo's stately town, 26

A Caliph call'd; from him each prince who wears
 Th' Egyptian crown the name of Caliph bears.
 Thus Nile beheld succeeding Pharaohs shine,
 And Ptolemies enroll'd from line to line. 30

And now revolving years their course pursu'd,
 And well secur'd the empire's basis stood;
 O'er Libya wide and Asia spread its power,
 From far Cyrene to the Syrian shore;
 Where seven-fold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land,
 And where Syenna's sun-burnt dwellings stand; 36
 Where proud Euphrates laves Assyria's fields;
 Her spicy stores where rich Maremma yields:
 And far beyond extends the potent sway,
 To climes that nearer greet the rising day. 40

Vast in itself the mighty kingdom show'd,
 But added glories now its lord bestow'd:
 Of blood illustrious, and by virtues known,
 The arts of peace and war were all his own.
 Against the 'Turks' and Persians' force engag'd, 45
 With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd;
 Success and loss by turns ordain'd to meet,
 In conquest great, but greater in defeat.
 At length, with creeping age his strength decay'd,
 Reluctant at his side he sheath'd the blade: 50
 For yet his soul retain'd the martial flame,
 The thirst of empire, and the lust of fame.
 His chiefs, abroad, their sovereign's wars maintain'd,
 While he, at home, in regal splendor reign'd.
 His name, the realms of Afric trembling heard, 55
 And furthest Ind his distant rule rever'd:
 Some sent their martial bands, a willing aid,
 And some, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.

Such was the man who drew his various force
 From climes remote, t' oppose the Christians' course:
 Armida hither came, in happy hour, 61
 What time the king review'd his numerous power.

High on a stately throne himself was plac'd,
 Th' ascent a hundred steps of ivory grac'd:
 A silver canopy o'erspread his seat, 65
 And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:

Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
 His turban form'd of many a winding fold :
 The sceptre in his better hand was seen,
 His beard was white, and awful was his mien. 70

His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,
 Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardour glows.
 Alike maintain'd, in every act, appears,
 The pomp of power, or dignity of years.
 So when or Phydias' or Apelles' art 75

To lifeless forms could seeming life impart,
 In such a shape they show'd to mortal eyes
 Majestic Jove when thundering from the skies.
 Beside the Caliph, waits on either hand
 A mighty peer, the noblest of the land ; 80

This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,
 And bends his cares to civil rule alone :
 But greater that, the sword of justice bears,
 And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.

Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band,
 In deep array his bold Circassians stand : 86
 The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend,
 And crooked sabres at their sides depend.

Thus sate the monarch, and from high beheld
 Th' assembled nations marshall'd on the field ; 90
 While, as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,
 They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.

First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands,
 Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
 Two came from upper, two from lower Nile, 95
 Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil :
 Now lie far distant from the briny flood
 Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train
 That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain ; 100
 Along the land that westward far declines,
 Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.
 Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
 In close device than action in the field.

The troops succeed, on Asia's coast who lie, 105
 Against the beams that gild the morning sky :

These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,
 But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd :
 No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,
 Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose : 110

But now from ease to scenes of toil he came,
 By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
 The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
 But a huge host that cover'd all the land :

It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain 115
 Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain ;
 Yet these within one ample city dwell'd ;
 These mighty Cairo in her circuit held.

From crowded streets she sends her sons to war ;
 And these Campsones brings beneath his care. 120

Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd
 The neighbouring glebe with generous plenty fill'd ;
 And far above, where loud the river roars,
 And from on high its second cataract pours.

No arms but swords and bows th' Egyptians bear,
 Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear : 126
 Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
 But rouzè to plunder with the pompous show.

Next Barca's tawny sons, a barbarous throng,
 Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along : 130
 Half-arm'd they came : these, long to plunder train'd,
 A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.

Zumara's king a fairer squadron leads ;
 To him the king of Tripoli succeeds :
 Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare 135
 In sudden onset, and a flying war.

Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd,
 The stony that, and this the happy nam'd.
 The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
 The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear. 140

Here odoriferous gums their sweets diffuse ;
 Th' immortal Phœnix here his youth renews ;
 Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
 Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb !

Less costly these their vests and armour wore ; 145
 But weapons, like the troops of Egypt, bore.

To these succeed the wandering Arab train,
 Who shift their canvass towns from plain to plain :
 Their accents female, and their stature low ;
 A sable hue their gloomy features show, 150
 And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.
 Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,
 And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel :
 Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their
 If speed of winds could match the rapid horse. [course,
 Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads ; 156
 Before the second, bold Aldine proceeds.
 The third have Albiazar at their head ;
 A chief in rapine, not in knighthood, bred.
 Then from the various Islands march'd a train, 160
 Whose rocks are compass'd by th' Arabian main :
 There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,
 To draw rich pearls from ocean's watery field.
 And join'd with those, the neighbouring lands that lie
 Beside the Red-sea shore, their aids supply. 165
 Those Agricaltes, these Mulasses guides,
 Who every faith and every law derides.
 Next march'd the swarthy troops from Meröe's soil,
 That dwell 'twixt Astaborn and fruitful Nile ;
 Where Ethiopia spreads her sultry plains, 170
 Whose vast extent three different states contains :
 Two Assimirus and Canarius sway'd ;
 These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,
 And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led.
 The third, whose sons the pure religion knew, 175
 Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.
 Two tributary kings their squadrons show,
 That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.
 Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,
 Where the vast gulph of Persia laves the strand. 180
 One in Boëcan held his regal place,
 Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace ;
 But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,
 With feet unbath'd the pilgrim passes o'er.
 Not thee, O Altamorus ! from the plain 185
 Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain :

She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,
 And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.
 Dost thou to me prefer, unkind! (she cry'd)
 The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide? 190
 Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,
 Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms?
 Samarcand's realms this powerful king obey;
 No subject crown, no tributary sway:
 In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight, 195
 And stood supreme in courage as in might.
 The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace;
 Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.
 Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores
 Of Ganges' stream, Adrastus brings his powers:
 Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew, 201
 Diversify'd with spots of sable hue;
 While for his steed he press'd (tremendous sight!)
 A mighty elephant of towering height.
 Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boast, 205
 The flower of war and vigour of the host:
 All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,
 On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.
 Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,
 And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray! 210
 Alarcus here and Hidraótes came;
 Here Odemarus rode, a mighty name!
 Here, midst the valiant, Rimedon appear'd,
 Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
 Tigranes here and Ormond fierce were found; 215
 Ripoldo, once for piracy renown'd:
 And Marlabustus bold, th' Arabian nam'd,
 Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.
 Here Pargas, Arimon, Orindus shone;
 Birmartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town: 220
 Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein:
 And thou, Aridamantes! form'd to gain
 The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain!
 Here Tisaphernes, with a dauntless air,
 Tower'd o'er the rest, the thunderbolt of war! 225

Whose force in battle every force excell'd,
To lift the javelin or the falchion wield.

O'er these the sway a brave Armenian bears,
Who left the Christian faith in early years
For Pagan lore; his former name estrang'd, 230
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:
Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,
And far o'er all his sovereign held him dear.

No more remain'd; when now, to sudden view,
The fair Armida with her squadron drew. 235
High on a stately car, the royal dame
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:
A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd;
Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.
Ev'n sweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move, 240
And while she threats her threatening kindles love!
Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,
Bright with the jacinth and pyropus shone.
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd. 245

A hundred maids, a hundred pages, round
Attend; the quivers on their shoulders sound:
Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.
Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands, 250
And Hidraótes rais'd in Syria's lands.

As when, again reviv'd, the Phœnix soars
To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,
And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)
On either hand the feather'd nations fly 256
And wondering trace his progress through the sky:
So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire
Her graceful looks, her gesture and attire.
If thus her face, in awful anger arm'd, 260
Such various throngs with power resistless charm'd;
Well might her softer arts each bosom move,
With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida past; the king of kings commands
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands, 265

T' attend his will; to him he gives the post,
 O'er all the chiefs, to guide the numerous host.
 He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,
 And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.
 At once the guard divides; a path is shown; 270
 He treads the steps ascending to the throne:
 There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,
 And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast.
 To him the king—This sceptre, chief, receive,
 To thee the rule of yonder host I give. 275

Thou, Emirenes! now my place supply;
 Deliver Sion's king, our old ally:
 Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour;
 Go—see—and conquer—in th' avenging hour
 No Christian 'scape; their name no more be known,
 And bring the living, bound, before my throne. 281

The monarch spoke; the warrior from his hand
 Receiv'd the sovereign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)
 I take, O king! thy fortune is my guide. 285
 Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,
 T' avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne;
 Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame;
 Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame!
 Should unexpected ills, ye powers! impend, 290
 On me alone let all the storm descend:

Preserve the host, while victors, from the plain
 They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.

He ceas'd; the troops with loud applause reply,
 And barbarous clangors echo to the sky. 295

And now departs, amid the mingled sound,
 The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round:
 These, summon'd to the lofty tent of state,
 In equal honours with the monarch sate;
 Himself benignant every chief address'd, 300
 And gave to each a portion of the feast.
 There, for her arts, fit time Armida found,
 While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.
 The banquet o'er, the dame, who well describes
 That all beheld her charms with wondering eyes; 305

Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,
And thus respectful to the Caliph spoke.

O mighty king! behold, with these I stand
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.

A damsel, yet I boast a royal name; 310

Nor scorns a queen to mix in fields of fame.

Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skill'd,
By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.

This hand in battle can the javelin use,

And, where it strikes, the wound the strokes pursues.

Hast thou not heard how once I prisoners made 316

The bravest knights whose arms the Cross display'd?

These overcome, in rugged chains confiu'd,

To thee a glorious present I design'd:

So had thy powers (their bravest champions lost) 320

With sure success o'erthrown the Christian host.

But fierce Rinaldo, who my warriors slew,

Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.

'Tis he! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,

And unreveng'd these wrongs I yet sustain. 325

A just resentment hence my bosom warms,

And fires with added zeal my soul to arms.—

But what my wrongs hereafter times shall speak;

Let this suffice—a great revenge I seek!

Revenge be mine!—and sure, not sent in vain, 330

Some pointed shaft may fix him to the plain.

Heaven oft from righteous hands directs the dart,

And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.

But should some knight, by thirst of glory led,

Bring me, from yonder field, the Christian's head, 335

These eyes with joy the welcome gift shall view;

The victor chief shall find a victor's due:

My hand in marriage shall the hero gain,

With ample dowry and a large domain.

Say—is there one who will the prize regard, 340

And dare the peril meet for such reward?

While thus the damsel spoke, with longing eyes

Adrastus views her, and at length replies.

Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er Rinaldo's heart

Should feel the vengeance of Armida's dart: 345

Shall such a wretch to thee resign his breath,
 And sweetly perish by an envy'd death?
 In me thy minister of wrath survey,
 His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
 This hand shall rend his breast, and scatter far 350
 His mangled body to the fowls of air.

While thus the Indian, proud Adrastus spoke,
 These haughty words from Tisaphernes broke.

And what art thou, whose empty pride can dare
 Before our monarch thus thy vaunts declare? 355
 Know many a chief (though silent here) exceeds
 Thy boasted valour with his martial deeds.

To him his rival with indignant scorn:
 Lo! one for action, not for vaunting, born: 360
 And elsewhere hadst thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
 Thy last of words, insensate! hadst thou spoke.

Thus furious they; but with his awful hand,
 Their common lord the growing strife restrain'd;
 Then to Armida thus—Thy manly mind
 Seems far exalted o'er thy softer kind: 365
 With thee remains the power, transcendent dame!
 To calm these warriors, and their rage reclaim;
 'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
 With nobler vengeance on the public foe:
 Then shall each champion's valour stand confest, 370
 While emulation breathes from breast to breast.

This said, the monarch ceas'd; and either knight
 Vow'd in her cause to wield the sword in fight.
 Nor these alone; but all, whom glory warms,
 Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms: 375
 All to the damsel proffer certain aid,
 All vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.

While thus against the hero, once belov'd,
 Such various powers, such mighty foes she mov'd,
 He, whom her hate pursu'd, the land forsook, 380
 And through the main his prosperous voyage took.
 The wind, that late impeli'd the pilot's sails,
 Now favour'd her return with western gales.
 The knight the pole and either Bear survey'd,
 And all the stars that gild night's sable shade: 385

He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,
 Whose shaggy fronts o'ershadè the silent deep :
 Now of the camp he asks, and now enquires
 Of different nations, and their rites admires.
 Thus through surrounding waves the warriors fly, 390
 Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky ;
 And when the setting sun to sight was lost,
 The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.
 Then thus the virgin—Here our voyage ends,
 Here Palestine her welcome shore extends. 395

The heroes land, and from their wondering eyes
 The mystic pilot in a moment flies.
 Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,
 And every object from the sight withdrew.
 Uncertain midst the sandy wilds they stray, 400
 No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
 At length the pale orb'd queen of silent night,
 Slow rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light :
 Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,
 With rays of silver, and with gleams of gold. 405
 Approaching then, they radiant arms survey'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 Thick set as stars, with many a costly stone,
 The golden helm and polish'd cuirass shone.
 An aged tree the massy burden held : 410
 Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield ;
 Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field.
 Beneath the branches from his rustic seat
 A courteous hermit rose, the knights to meet.

When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew, 415
 In him their friend their ancient host they knew :
 At once they greet the sage with glad surprise,
 The sage with mild benevolence replies ;
 Then tow'rd's Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd
 His reverend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd. 420

For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,
 I here have stay'd in desert shades unknown.
 In me thy friend behold—let these relate
 How far my care has watch'd thy former state.

These, taught by me, th' enchantress' power defy'd,
And freed thy soul, in magic fetters ty'd. 426

Attend my words, nor harsh their tenor deem,
Though far unlike the Syren's wanton theme:
Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,
Till holier lips instruct thy listening youth. 430

Think not our good is plac'd in flowery fields,
In transient joys which fading beauty yields:
Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,
On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies:
Who gains th' ascent must many toils engage, 435

And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below;

To thee a face erect has nature given
And the pure spirit of congenial heaven, 440

That far from earth thy generous thoughts might rise,
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th' immortal prize.

She gave thee courage, not with impious rage
T' oppress thy friends, and civil combat wage;
But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow, 445
In fields of fight against the common foe.

Wisdom to proper objects points our ire,
Now gently cools, now fans the rising fire.

He spoke: with downcast eyes the hero stood
While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd. 450

Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd;
Now lift thine eyes, O son! (he thus pursu'd)
See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,
Whose mighty deeds to distant times are known:
Wilt thou the glories of thy line disgrace, 455
And lag behind in honour's sacred race?

Rise! gallant youth! and while thy sires I name,
From their example catch the generous flame.

He said: with eager gaze the knight beheld
The sculptur'd stories to his sight reveal'd. 460

There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,
With wondrous art, a thousand forms design'd:
There shone great Esté's race, whose noble blood
From Roman source * in streams unsully'd flow'd.

* From Roman source—] The house of Este was said to

With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd ; 465
 The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.
 Caius he show'd,* who (when th' imperial sway
 Declining fell to alien hands a prey)
 A willing people taught to own his power,
 And first of Estè's line the sceptre bore. 470
 When now the Goth † (a rude destructive name!)
 Call'd by Honorius, big with ruin, came ;
 When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,
 Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow ;
 He show'd how brave Aurelius from the bands 475
 Of foreign foes preserv'd his subject lands.
 Forestus then he nam'd, ‡ whose noble pride
 The Huns, the tyrants of the north, defy'd :
 Fierce Attila their lord, of savage mien,
 By him subdu'd in single fight was seen. 480
 See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,
 For Aquileia's strong defence prepare ;
 Th' Italian Hector in the task of war!
 But ah ! too soon he ends his mortal state,
 And with his own includes his country's fate. 485

he descended from Actius, related by the mother's side to Augustus.

* *Caius he show'd*---] At the time of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, anno 403, Stilico, incited by ambition to weaken Honorius, who ruled in the west, invited into Italy Alaric and Radagasso, kings of the Goths and Vandals ; at which time this Caius Actius governed in Este in the name of the emperor, where the barbarians, committing every kind of outrage, and the emperor taking no measures against them, Actius was, by general consent, elected absolute sovereign, in order to defend the country from these invaders.

† *When now the Goth*---] When Honorius, exasperated with the Romans, transferred the imperial seat to Ravenna, and invited Alaric again into Italy, who had been before invited by Stilico, Aurelius conducted himself so artfully, that the Goths, in their march towards Rome, with design to destroy that city, passed through his territories without committing the least depredations.

‡ *Forestus then he nam'd*---] Attila, king of the Huns, in the year 450, through an irreconcilable hatred to the Christians, prepared to march to the attack of Aquileia, as the key to Italy ; and was several times defeated by Forestus, the son of Aurelius, with the assistance of the forces of Gilio, king of Padua, his relation. Forestus is said to have fought with Attila hand to hand.

Then Acarinus * to his father's fame
 Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.
 Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields,†
 And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds :‡
 Deep in the vale of Po his city rose, 49
 (A thousand scatter'd cots the town compose)
 Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim
 The seat of empire of th' Esteusian name.
 Th' Alani quell'd § Aracius, in debate
 With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate :|| 49
 For Italy he bravely yields his breath,
 And shares paternal honour in his death.
 With him the gallant Alphorisius dies :
 To exile Actius,¶ with his brother flies;
 But soon return'd (th' Erulean king ** o'erthrown)
 Again in council and in arms they shone. 50
 Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,††
 A second brave Epaminondas fell :

* *Then Acariuns---*] Acarinus succeeded his father Forestus in the government of Este and Monfelize, and gained many victories over Attila.

† *Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields,*] The forces of Altinus met with such continued ill success with Attila, that their misfortunes seem'd to have been the immediate dispensation of Providence; and hence the poet says, that Altinus gave way to fate, and not to the Huns.

‡ *And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds.*] It was under the conduct of Acarinus, that Aventino, Anzio, Trento, and other neighbouring villages, were reduced into the form of city, and defended by a mole against the floods of the Po and this was the foundation of the future town of Ferrara.

§ *Th' Alani quell'd---*] At this time Acarinus was captain of horse, anno 463.

|| *With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate.*---] Acarius, and Alphorisius his brother, oppos'd king Odoacer, one of the chiefs in the army of Attila, who had made a descent into Italy, with many others, the remains of the forces of that barbarian.

¶ *To exile Actius---*] Actius and Constantius, sons of Acarinus, being invaded by Odoacer, were despoiled of all their possessions, and oblig'd to abandon Italy.

** *Th' Erulean king---*] Odoacer, who was three times defeated by Theodoric Amal, king of the Ostrogoths, and two years besieged in Ravenna, and at last killed, after Actius and Constantius had recovered their possessions.

†† *---as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel*] By the title of second Epaminondas is meant Bonifacius. This event hap-

See! where with smiles he seems his life to yield,
 Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield. 505

His son Valerian emulates his name,
 And treads the footsteps of paternal fame :
 Scarce yet a man,* of manly force possess'd,
 His daring hand th' encroaching Goth repress'd.
 Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose,† 510

Who routs in field the rough Slavonian foes.
 With these intrepid Aldoard ‡ is shown,
 Who 'gainst the Lombard king defends Monscelce's
 Henry and Berengarius § then appear'd, [town.
 Who serv'd where Charles || his glorious banners
 Then Lewis follow'd,¶ who the war maintain'd [rear'd.
 Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd. 517

opened in the year 556, when Narsetes, sent by the emperor Justinian, overcame Totila, king of the Goths; in which battle Bonifacius being present, was shot in the right eye by an arrow, which passed through the nape of his neck; he was carried on his shield into his tent, where he soon expired. The poet compares him to Epaminondas, the Theban general, of whom it is related, that, at the battle of Mantinea, being carried mortally wounded into his tent, he demanded if his shield was safe, and being told it was, he ordered it to be brought to him, and having kissed it with great apparent satisfaction, immediately died.

* Scarce yet a man---] At the death of his father this youth was only fourteen years of age, and at that time was with Narsetes at the overthrow of the Goths.

† Ernestus rose.] Ernestus, son of Eribert of Este, performed many great actions in Dalmatia; which, from the name of Schlavi, took the name of Slavonia: he defeated the Slavonians so effectually in 711, that they were never again able to make head.

‡ With these intrepid Aldoard---] Agilulpho, by his marriage with Theodolinda, became king of the Lombards, and, making peace with France, invaded Italy, and took Padua, at first defended by the princes of the house of Este; and he endeavoured to do the same by Monscelce.

§ Henry and Berengarius---] Henry, son of Ernestus: Berengarius, son of Henry.

|| Who serv'd where Charles--] Charles the Great, served with great valour by Henry and Berengarius.

¶ Then Lewis follow'd---] After the death of Charles, Berengarius entered into the service of his son Lewis, who was created emperor, and carried on a war against Bernardo the son of Pepin, the other son of Charles, who had been by his father made king of Italy: he was defeated by Berengarius, taken prisoner, and afterwards stripped of his kingdom and deprived of his sight, anno 819.

Next Otho with his sons,* a friendly band,
 Five blooming youths around their father stand.
 There Almeric,† Ferrara's Marquis, came, 52
 (Ferrara, plac'd by Po's majestic stream)
 See! where he lifts to heaven his pious eyes;
 Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise!
 The second Actius,‡ fill'd a different side,
 Who bloody strife with Berengarius try'd; 52
 But, after many various turns of fate,
 Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th' Italian state:
 Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,
 Who from Germania mighty trophies won;
 Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed, 53
 With ample dowry,§ Otho's daughter led.
 Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd,||
 And o'er the Tuscan lands dominion held.
 Tedaldo then;¶ and now the sculpture show'd,
 With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood.** 535

* *Next Otho with his sons---*] Otho, brother to Berengarius: his five sons were Marino, Sigifredo, Uberto, Hugo and Amizono.

† *There Almeric---*] Almeric was son of Amizono through the favour of Hugo king of Italy, by whom he was greatly esteemed, Almeric was called to the government of Ferrara, where he ruled with sovereign authority, and obtained the title of Marquis: he gave a considerable part of his revenues to the maintenance of churches and abbeys, and employed his private fortune in building others, amongst which was the church of Saint George, afterwards the principal one of Ferrara.

‡ *The second Actius---*] He carried on a war with Berengarius II. king of Italy, anno 950.

§ *Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed*

With ample dowry---] He obtained from the emperor Otho his daughter Adelaide to wife, with the dowry of Fri-
 burge in Germany, and several places in Italy, anno 973.

|| *Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd.*] This Hugo performed many exploits against the Romans, in behalf of pope Gregory, and the emperor Otho, about the year 995.

¶ *Tedaldo then---*] Son of Actius II. duke of Ferrara and marquis of Este, count of Canossa, lord of Lucca, Placentia, Parma, and Rheggio, anno 970.

** *With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood.*] There were two of the name of Bonifacius, one son of the before-named Albertus, and the other son of Tedaldo, duke of Ferrara; this last succeeded to the possessions of his father, and obtained

No male succeeding * to the large domain,
 No son the father's honours to maintain,
 Matilda follow'd, † who, with virtues try'd,
 Full well the want of manly sex supply'd:
 In arts of sway the wise and valiant dame 540
 O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame:
 The Norman there she chas'd! ‡ here quell'd in field
 Guiscard the brave, before untaught to yield:
 Henry she crush'd § (the fourth that bore the name)
 And with his standards || to the temple came; 545
 When in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,
 In Peter's chair the sovereign Pontiff plac'd.
 See the fifth Actius ** near her person move,
 With looks of reverence and of dutious love.
 Actius the fourth †† a happier race has known; 550
 Hence Guelfho issues, Kunigunda's son;

Matilda aided Mantua and Modena, and was imperial vicar anno 1077. He married Beatrice, daughter of the emperor Constance II. and received Verona with her in dowry, in 1024.

No male succeeding---] Bonifacius left only one male child, which died under the care of its mother Beatrice.

Matilda follow'd---] Daughter of Bonifacius and Beatrice, according to the poet, and so likewise delivered by her father; but other authors differ in the account of the parentage of this celebrated woman.

The Norman there she chas'd!---] The Normans had long been in possession of Puglia and Calabria, and endeavoured to lower the power of Matilda, but she defeated them several times; Roberto, having afterwards concluded a peace with Matilda, joined with her in assisting the pope against Henry IV.

Henry she crush'd---] The emperor Henry IV. a bitter enemy to the church: he endeavoured to deprive her of the right of creating bishops, and persecuted the legitimate ones, and twice created antipopes.

And with his standards---] This happened in Canossa, in 1077, at the time Gregory IX. was besieged there by Henry IV. Matilda's religious and magnanimous woman replaced two pontiffs in the papal chair; the one was Alexander II. who had been driven out by Giberto of Parma, sent by the emperor Henry IV. into Italy, which Henry favoured Candaldo, who was probably by this was made antipope; the other was Gregory VI. persecuted by the same Henry.

See the fifth Actius---] This, according to Pignora, was the fifth husband to Matilda, after the death of her first husband Gottifredo Giboso: but it being afterwards discovered that they were related, the marriage was annulled, and they were divorced by command of the pope.

Actius the fourth---] This Actius was more fortunate in the issue of children than Bonifacius, who left only Matilda to

Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,
 By fate transplanted to Bavarian fields:
 There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,
 Great Estè's branch its foliage fair display'd: 55
 Then might you soon the Guelphian race behold
 Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.
 From hence Bertoldo rose,* of matchless fame;
 Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came. 55

Such were the chiefs, whose forms the shield ex
 And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast: [press'd
 In fancy rapt each future toil he view'd,
 Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.
 Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,
 Already hopes the day, and triumphs o'er the foes. 56

And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell 56
 In fatal fight beneath the Pagan steel,
 To brave Rinaldo gave the destin'd blade;
 In happy hour receive this sword (he said)
 Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands, 57
 Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands.

Then thus the hero—Grant, O gracious Heaven
 The hand to which this fated sword is given,
 With this may emulate its master's fame,
 And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name. 57

So they. But now the sage without delay
 Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way:
 Haste, let us seek the Christian camp (he cry'd)
 Myself will through the waste your journey guide.

He said; and straight his ready car ascends; 58
 (Each knight obsequious at his word attends)
 He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies:
 Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.
 Again the hoary hermit silence broke,
 And sudden, turning to Rinaldo, spoke. 59

succeed him; but this Actius had for his son Guelpho, Kunigunda, daughter of Guelpho IV. duke of Bavaria.

§ From hence Bertoldo rose—] Bertoldo, son of Actius by Judith, born of Conrade II.; and of her was born Actius VI. This Bertoldo was father of Rinaldo; so that this shie contained all his progeny from the first original.

To thee 'twas given the antient root to trace,
 Whence sprung the branches of th' Estensian race :
 Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,
 Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
 O! could I now, as late the past I told, 590
 The future ages to thy view unfold,
 Succeeding heroes should thy wonder raise,
 Great as the first in number as in praise :
 But truths like these are hidden from my sight,
 Or seen through dusky clouds with doubtful light.
 Let hear, and trust to what my words disclose ; 596
 Since from a purer source this knowledge flows ;
 From him,* to whose far-piercing mind 'tis given
 To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heaven)
 Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come, 600
 Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome !
 But o'er the rest shall rise Alphonso's fame,
 Alphonso, second of the glorious name !
 Born when an age corrupt, to vice inclin'd,
 Shall boast but few examples to mankind : 605
 He, while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,
 Shall certain signs of early worth declare ;
 The forest wilds shall chase the savage train,
 And the first honours of the list obtain ;
 His riper years in war unconquer'd prove, 610
 And hold his subjects in the bands of love.
 'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
 To cast mighty powers and jarring states in arms :
 To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,
 And splendid games and festivals bestow ; 615
 To equal scales the good and bad to weigh ;
 And guard with care for every future day.
 He should he rise against that impious race,
 Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,
 Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe, 620
 And give to more enlighten'd minds the law ;
 When shall his righteous vengeance wide be known,
 His shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown :

* Peter the hermit.

In that great hour, what judgment shall he bring
 On the false sect, and on their tyrant king! 625
 The Turk and Moor, with thousands in their train,
 Shall seek to stop his conquering arms in vain:
 Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,
 Beyond Mount Taurus, white with endless snows,
 Beyond the realms of summer, shall he bear 630
 The Cross, the Eagle, and the Lily fair;
 The secret source of antient Nile shall trace,
 And in the faith baptize the sable race.

He spoke: and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,
 To hear the glories of his line exprest. 635
 Nor had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
 And the east redden'd with a warmer ray;
 When high above the tents they saw from far
 The streaming banners trembling in the air.

Then thus the reverend sire began anew: 640
 Before our eyes the sun ascending view,
 Whose friendly rays discover wide around
 The plains, the city, and the tented ground,
 Hence may you pass without a further guide:
 A nearer prospect is to me deny'd. 645

He said; and instant bade the chiefs adieu;
 And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.
 Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
 To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;
 And Godfrey, rising from his awful seat, 650
 With speed advanc'd, the welcome knights to meet.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.



RINALDO returns to the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withstands all the illusions of the Demons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines: In the meantime Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. *Vafrin* is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great resolution. The Pagans make an obstinate defence. *Rinaldo* particularly signalizes himself, and scales the walls. *Ismeno* is killed. The archangel *Michael* appears to the Christian general, and shews him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors, that were slain in battle, engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: Godfrey first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

AND now they met: Rinaldo first began,
And thus sincere address'd the godlike man.
O prince! the care t' efface my honour's stain
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior's slain:
But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own; 5
And deep contrition since my soul has known.
By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again;
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain!
Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke. 10
No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell;
The past shall ever in oblivion dwell:
So! all th' amends I claim—thy weapons wield,
And shine the wonted terror of the field.
Tis thine t' assist thy friends, dismay thy foes, 15
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose.
Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,
Once a's deep magic in its dreadful shade:
Horrid it stands! of all our numerous host,
To hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boast. 20
When go!—'tis thine the mighty task to try;
Where prove thy valour where the valiant fly.
Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,
And dauntless on himself th' adventure took.
When to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand, 25
And gladly greeted all the social band.

Brave Tancred now and noble Guelpho came,
 With each bold leader of the Christian name.
 The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,
 And affable receiv'd the general joy. 30

Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd,
 Than if the hero, from the conquer'd east,
 Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,
 Had rode triumphant on his glittering car.
 Thence to his tent he pass'd; there plac'd in state,
 Encircled by his friends, the champion sate. 36
 'There much he answer'd; much to know desir'd;
 Oft of the war and wondrous wood enquir'd.
 At length, the rest withdraw, the hermit broke
 His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke. 40

O chief! what wonders have thy eyes survey'd!
 How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd!
 Think what thou ow'st to him who rules on high:
 He gave thee from th' enchanted seats to fly:
 Thee, from his flock a wandering sheep, he sought,
 And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought: 46
 By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfill
 The mighty purpose of his sacred will:
 But think not yet, impure with many a stain,
 In his high cause to lift thy hand profane: 50
 Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundless sea,
 With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.
 Sincere, to God thy secret sins declare,
 And sorrowing seek his grace with fervent prayer.

He said; and first the prince, in humble strain, 55
 Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain:*
 Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,
 And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.
 The pious hermit then absolv'd the knight,
 And thus pursu'd—With early dawn of light, 60
 On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
 That rears its front against the morning ray.
 Thence seek the wood whose monsters thou must
 Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel: [quell,

* *Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain:*] His love for Armida, and his rage exercised against Gernando.

Ah! let no tuneful voice, nor plaints beguile, 65
 Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile:
 Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dangerous snare, [prayer.
 And scorn the treacherous look and well-dissembled
 So counsel'd he. The youth obsequious heard,
 And eager for th' important deed prepar'd: 70
 In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;
 And, ere the clouds were streak'd with glowing light,
 Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
 A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
 Alone, on foot, his silent way he took, 75
 And left his comrades, and the tents forsook.
 Now night with day divided empire held,
 Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd:
 The cheerful east the dawning rays display'd,
 And stars yet glimmer'd through the western shade.
 To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd, 81
 And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,
 Alternate viewing here the spangled skies,
 And there the spreading light of morning rise.
 Then to himself he said—What beams divine 85
 In heaven's eternal sacred temple shine?
 The day can boast the chariot of the sun,
 The night the golden stars and silver moon!
 But ah! how few will raise their minds so high!
 While the frail beauties of a mortal eye, 90
 The transient lightnings of a glance, a smile
 From female charms, our earthly sense beguile!
 While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent,
 Here low on earth with humble knee he bent:
 When on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes, 95
 And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.
 Almighty Father, hear!—my prayer approve!
 Far from my sins thy awful sight remove:
 Let thy grace each thought impure control,
 And purge from earthly dress my erring soul! 100
 Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, rising bright,
 Her radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light:
 Her all his arms th' increasing splendor plays;
 The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.

Full in her face the morn her breeze renews, 105
 And scatters on his head ambrosial dews :
 His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkled o'er,
 Receives a snowy hue unknown before,
 So with the dawn the drooping flow'ret blooms ;
 The serpent thus a second youth assumes. 110

Surpris'd his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,
 Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.
 And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
 Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd :
 Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrors move, 115
 But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.
 While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear
 Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,
 A dulcet symphony his sense invades,
 Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling through the shades :
 Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill, 121
 The feather'd choir the woods with music fill :
 The tuneful swan in dying notes complains ;
 The mourning nightingale repeats her strains :
 Timbrels and harps and human voices join ; 125
 And in one concert all the sounds combine.

In wonder wrapt awhile Rinaldo stood,
 And thence his way with wary steps pursu'd :
 When lo! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,
 Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd. 130
 On either hand, with flowers of various dyes,
 The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.
 From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,
 And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood :
 This to the trees a welcome moisture gave, 135
 Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,
 When sudden rais'd a wondrous bridge he 'spy'd ;
 That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,
 And show'd an ample passage o'er the flood : 140
 He trod the path, the further margin gain'd ;
 And now the magic pile no more remain'd :
 The stream so calm arose with hideous roar,
 And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.

The hero, turning, saw the tide o'erflow, 115
 Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.
 Then new desires incite his feet to rove
 Through all the deep recesses of the grove ;
 As, searching round, from shade to shade he strays,
 Whose scenes at once invite him and amaze. 150
 Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
 In gushing springs, or voluntary flowers :
 Here blooms the lily ; there the fragrant rose :
 Here spouts a fountain ; there a riv'let flows :
 From every spray the liquid manna trills ; 155
 And honey from the softening bark distills.
 Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears
 Of plaints and music mingling in his ears :
 Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
 Nor harp nor timbrel whence the music came. 160
 As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprise,
 And reason to the sense her faith denies ;
 He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
 Where in a plain the path far-winding ends :
 Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd 165
 Above the lofty palm or cypress' shade ;
 High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,
 And seem'd the verdant empress of the wood.
 While round the champion cast a doubtful view,
 A greater wonder his attention drew : 170
 A labouring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,
 And from its bark a living birth expos'd ;
 Whence (passing all belief!) in strange array,
 A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.
 A hundred different trees the knight beheld, 175
 Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.
 As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd
 Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade ;
 With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,
 With purple buskins, and with hair unbound : 180
 Like to view, before the hero stood
 These shadowy daughters of the wondrous wood ;
 None have that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield ;
 But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.

Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train 185
 With song and dance their mystic rites began ;
 Around the myrtle and the knight they sung ;
 And in his ear these tuneful accents rung.

All hail ! and welcome to this pleasing grove,
 Armida's hope, the treasure of her love ! 190
 Com'st thou ! (O long expected !) to relieve
 The painful wounds the darts of absence give ?
 This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,
 Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,
 Behold at thy approach reviv'd appears, 195
 At thy approach a gentler aspect wears !

Thus they---Low thunders from the myrtle rose,
 And straight the bark a cleft wide-opening shows ;
 In wonder wrapt have antient times survey'd
 A rude Silenus issuing from the shade ; 200
 A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.
 A damsel thence appear'd, whose lovely frame
 Might equal beauties of celestial name ;
 On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes,
 And saw Armida's features with surprise ; 205
 On him a sad, yet pleasing look she bends ;
 And in the glance a thousand passions blends.

Then thus---And art thou now return'd from flight,
 Again to bless forlorn Armida's sight ;
 Com'st thou the balm of comfort to bestow, 210
 To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe ?
 Or art thou here to work me further harms,
 That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms ?
 Com'st thou a lover or a foe prepar'd ?
 Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd : 215
 Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious bowers,
 And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flowers.
 Art thou a friend ?—That envious helm remove ;
 Disclose thy face, return the looks of love :
 Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join ; 220
 Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine !

Thus as she spoke, she roll'd her mournful eyes,
 And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise :

Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,
 Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm: 225
 While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,
 But from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade;
 Theo, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew:
 With trembling haste to guard the plant she flew;
 The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd, 230
 And with loud cries the threat'ning stroke oppos'd.

Ah! dare not thus with savage rage invade
 My darling tree, the pride of all the shade!
 O cruel!--lay thy dire design aside,
 Or through Armida's heart the weapon guide! 235
 To reach the trunk, this bosom shall afford
 And this alone) a passage to thy sword!

But deaf to prayers, aloft the steel he rear'd;
 When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!
 Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright, 240
 Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night!
 Her limbs enlarge; her features lose their grace;
 The rose and lily vanish from her face:

Now, towering high, a giant huge she stands,
 An arm'd Briareus with an hundred hands. 245

With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,
 And shakes aloft as many clashing shields;
 Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid Cyclops stood;
 Unmov'd the hero still his task pursu'd;
 Against the tree redoubled strokes he bent; 250
 Deep groans, at every stroke, the myrtle sent:

Infernal glooms the face of day deform;
 And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm:

With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound, 254

And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the
 But not these horrors can his force restrain, [ground.
 And not a blow his weapon aims in vain:

Now sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends:
 It falls---the phantoms fly---th' enchantment ends.

The winds are hush'd, the troubled ether clears, 260

The forest in its wonted state appears:

No more the dark retreat of magic made,
 Though awful still, and black with native shade.

Again the victor tried if aught withstood
 The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood : 265
 Then smiling thus he said---O phantoms vain !
 Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain ?

Now to the camp with hasty steps he press'd ;
 Meanwhile the hermit thus the bands address'd :
 Already freed I see th' enchanted ground ! 270

Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd !
 He said : when from afar, confess'd to sight,
 In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight :
 High on his crest the silver eagle shone,
 And blaz'd with brighter beams against the sun ; 275
 The troops salute him with triumphant cries ;
 From man to man the spreading clamours rise.

Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays
 The willing tribute of unenvied praise :
 When to the leader thus Rinaldo said : 280

At thy command I sought yon dreadful shade ;
 The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,
 The wonders saw, and every spell subdu'd :
 Now may thy train the region safe explore,
 No magic charms shall vex their labours more. 285

Thus he ; and straight the band the forest sought
 Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.

O'er all their work an able chief presides ;
 William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.
 But late the empire of the seas he held, 290

Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield ;
 With all their naval arms the sailor train
 He brings, t' increase the forces on the plain.
 To him superior knowledge Heaven imparts :
 A searching genius in mechanic arts ! 295

A hundred workmen his commands obey,
 Their tasks performing as he points the way.
 Vast battering rams * against the city rise,
 And missive engines of enormous size.

Of timbers huge he built a spacious tower : 300
 An hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore :

* *Vast battering rams*---] The account of these military engines and towers is according to the history.

With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,
 And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.
 Suspended from below, with horned head,
 The ram resistless on the bulwarks play'd; 305
 While from the midst a bridge was form'd to fall,
 That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall;
 And from the top was seen at will to rise
 A lesser tower, high-pointing to the skies.
 The gazing throngs admire in every part 310
 The strange invention and the workman's art:
 Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,
 The same their figure and their height the same.

Thus they: While from the walls the Pagan spies
 observ'd the Christian camp with heedful eyes; 315
 They saw the pines and elms in many a load
 drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
 They saw them rise in warlike structures high,
 but scarce could thence their distant forms descry.
 They too machines compose with equal care, 320
 their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.
 Sennacherib, amidst the rest, his engines brought,
 from Sodom's lake, with fatal sulphur fraught,
 from hell's black flood, whose waters foul and slow
 nine times enfold the realms of endless woe! 325
 Horr'd with these, a fiery pest he stood,
 resolv'd t' avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,
 his to assault, and that the works to guard,
 high o'er the tents, in all the army's view, 330
 an airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
 Now, from the lofty clouds declining down,
 with nearer flight approach'd the sacred town:
 Then lo! a falcon chas'd her from above,
 and threatening to the high pavilion drove: 335
 Just as his claws the trembling bird oppress'd,
 the shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast:
 The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd,
 then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd,
 beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd, 340
 which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd:

" To thee th' Egyptian chief his zeal commends,
 " And health to great Judæa's Sovereign sends.
 " Fear not, O Monarch! still thy towers defend,
 " Till the fifth morn ber welcome light extend: 345
 " Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
 " Sion shall conquer, and the Christians fall."

Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd,
 In barbarous phrase and characters reveal'd.
 These winged heralds thus the mandates bear 350
 Of eastern nations through the fields of air.

The prince now set the captive dove at large;
 But she (a guiltless traitress to her charge)
 As conscious of th' event, no more return'd,
 But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd. 355
 The leader then conven'd the princely train,
 The tidings straight disclos'd, and thus began.

Behold, O friends! how heaven's high Monarch
 Th' important secrets of our wily foes. [shows

No more delay---this present time demands 360
 Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.
 Be every toil, be every peril try'd,

The way to conquer on the southern side.
 There, well by nature fenc'd on every part,
 The forts are less secur'd by works of art: 365

There, Raymond, let thy strength resistless fall,
 There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall:
 While I, upon a different side, prepare,

Against the northern gate, the storm of war.
 So may the foes their forces thither bend, 370
 And there deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.

From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tower
 On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.
 Near me, Camillus, thou the toils shalt share,
 And the third pile be trusted to thy care. 375

He ceased: when Raymond pondering in his breast
 The public welfare, Godfrey thus address'd.

So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,
 Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught supply'd.
 Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent 380
 To Egypt's camp, to sound their deep intent;

Who to our host might all their motions tell,
And certain tidings of their force reveal.

Then Tancred spoke: A faithful 'squire is mine,
Who seems well form'd to further your design; 385
He every wile, with ready wit, prepares;
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
Swift in the race he lightly skims the field;
His pliant tongue in every speech is skill'd:
He shifts his mien, his action, and his tone, 390
And makes the modes of various climes his own.

The 'squire, now call'd, before th' assembly stands,
And cheerful hears the task his lord demaods:
Then smiling thus: To me coassign the care,
This instant see me for th' attempt prepare: 395
Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy)
The distant land where Egypt's forces lie;
I here pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,
And every man and every steed survey.
My promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast) 400
To bring the state and numbers of their host;
To penetrate their leader's secret thought,
And view each purpose in his bosom wrought.
Thus bold Vafrino spoke; nor more delay'd,
But swift in vesture long his limbs array'd: 405
He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
A turban huge in many a winding fold:
He took the Syrian bow and quiver bore,
And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.
The wondering crowds admir'd his ready tongue,
In which each nation's different accent hung; 411
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,
That Tyre receive him as her rightful son.
From the camp he issu'd on a steed
That scarcely beat the grass beneath his speed. 415
Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,
The Franks, industrious, gain'd the rugged way.
In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,
They join to day the labours of the night:
That all is for the great assault prepar'd, 420
And nought remains that can their schemes retard.

The Christian chief, on pious thoughts intent,
 In humble prayer the day preceding spent,
 And bade the faithful host their sins confess,
 And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace.
 He then began his vast machines to show 42
 On divers parts, to amuse the thoughtless foe.
 The foe, deceiv'd, with joyful looks descri'd
 His force directed on their strongest side.

But, soon as evening stretch'd her welcome shade,
 He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd: 43
 This tow'rds the ramparts' weaker parts he brought,
 Where less expos'd his hardy soldiers fought.
 Experienc'd Raymond with his lofty tower
 Against the southern hill his forces bore: 43
 And with the third, the brave Camillus press'd
 Against the side declining to the west.

When now the cheerful harbinger of day
 Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;
 The foes the mighty tower with terror view'd 44
 Far distant from the place where late it stood;
 And all around, till then unseen, beheld
 Enormous engines thickening o'er the field.

With every art the wary Pagans form
 Their best defence against th' approaching storm.
 No less intent, the prudent chief, who knew 44
 That nearer now th' Egyptian army drew,
 Each pass secures; and, calling from the bands,
 Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands.

You watchful on your steeds in arms remain, 45
 While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,
 Where least defence appears: be yours the care
 To guard our rear from unexpected war.

He ceas'd: and breathing courage man to man,
 Three fierce assaults the Christian powers began. 45
 The hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,
 In arms, long since disus'd, his limbs array'd;
 Trembling with feeble feet and tottering frame,
 The aged king oppos'd to Raymond came.

Stern Solyman for Godfrey stood prepar'd; 46
 And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.

Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
 Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.
 The ready archers now their bows apply ;
 In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly ; 465
 The face of heaven is all in darkness lost,
 Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.
 With greater force the mural engines pour
 Their sudden vengeance in a mingled shower.
 Hence, sheath'd with iron, javelins huge are thrown,
 Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town. 471
 Not in the wound the javelins lose their force,
 But furious hold their unremitted course ;
 Resistless here their bloody entrance find,
 And issuing there, leave cruel death behind ! 475
 Where'er the stones alight, with dreadful sway
 Through men and arms they force their horrid way ;
 Sweep life before 'em, crush the human frame,
 And hide at once the figure and the name !
 Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain, 480
 And boldly still the bold assault sustain :
 Already had they spread with heedful care
 Their woolly fences 'gainst the threatening war ;
 And where expos'd the thickest ranks they 'spy,
 With missile weapons send a fierce reply : 485
 Yet undismay'd the brave assailants press,
 Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.
 Some under vast machines securely move,
 While storms of arrows hiss in vain above.
 Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes : 490
 The Syrians, from the walls, th' attempt oppose.
 Each ready tower to launch its bridge essays :
 Its iron head each ram incessant plays.
 Meanwhile in generous doubt Rinaldo stands,
 No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands : 495
 He rolls his ardent eyes ; his thoughts aspire
 To tempt the pass from which the rest retire.
 Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,
 Wh' intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said :
 O shame to sight ! while here our squadrons press,
 Behold yon fortress still remains in peace ! 501

No perils e'er can brave designs control,
 All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.
 Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes
 A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose. 505

He spoke: The warriors with one soul obey'd,
 And o'er their heads extend an ample shade,
 The bucklers join'd secur'd the moving train,
 While from on high the ruins roll in vain,
 Now to the walls they came: with eager haste 510
 A scaling ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd;
 A hundred steps it bore, the hero's hand
 Aloft with ease th' enormous weight sustain'd:
 Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour'd.
 Dauntless he mounts amid the ponderous shower:
 Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread, 515
 Though pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.
 His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood;
 His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load:
 This arm the bulwarks shook; and that before 520
 His towering front the fencing buckler bore.
 His great example every warrior nr'd;
 Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.
 But various fates they prove: some headlong fall;
 And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall:
 While he, ascending still, securely goes, 525
 His friends encourages, and threats his foes,
 The thronging numbers, with collected might,
 Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height:
 Still in th' unequal combat firm he stands, 530
 And bears alone th' united furious bands.
 And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,
 And frees the passage for his brave compeers,
 To one the hero gave a wish'd relief,
 (Eustatiüs, brother to the pious chief) 535
 With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,
 And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.
 The Christian leader, on a different side,
 With various perils various fortune try'd,
 Nor men with men alone the combat sought, 540
 There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.

Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raise ;
 (A vessel's towering mast in ancient days)
 To this athwart a massy beam suspend ;
 Thick iron plates the solid head defend : 545
 This with strong cables back the Pagans drew,
 Then, swift recoiling, on the tower it flew.
 The yielding timbers with the fury shook,
 The joint gave way before the frequent stroke :
 But soon the tower its needful arms supplies : 550
 Two scythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty size,
 That, closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide
 The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.
 As, loos'd by time, or by rude tempest torn,
 A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne, 555
 Impetuous whirling down the craggy steeps,
 Woods, cots, and herds, before its fury sweeps :
 So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
 Arms, men, and ruins, from the shatter'd wall.
 The tower's vast summit nodded from on high, 560
 The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply !
 Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,
 Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won :
 When from the foes, with roariag thunders, broke
 Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of smoke! 565
 Not Ætna from her raging womb expires
 Such pois'nous streams and suffocating fires ;
 Not such dire fumes the cline of India yields,
 When noxious vapours taint her sultry fields.
 Thick sulphur pours and burning javelins fly ; 570
 Dark clouds arise, and intercept the sky.
 The tower's strong planks the scorching mischief
 The moisten'd hides now sbrivel in the heat : [meet ;
 Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,
 And the last ruin threats the mighty frame. 575
 Before the rest the glorious leader stood,
 With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,
 And on the pile commands his troops to pour
 The cooling waters in a copious shower.
 How deep distress the troubled host assails ; 580
 The fire increases, and the water fails ;

When from the north a sudden wind arose,
 And turn'd the raging flames against the foes :
 The blazing fury on the Pagans falls,
 Where numerous works were rais'd to guard the walls.
 The light materials catch! the sparks aspire; 586
 And all their fences crackle in the fire.

O favour'd chief! th' Almighty's care approv'd :
 By him defended, and by him belov'd :
 Heaven in thy cause auxiliar arms supplies, 590
 And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient rise!

But dire Ismeno, who the flames beheld
 By Boreas' breath against himself repell'd,
 Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,
 And force the laws of nature to his will. 595

With two magicians, that his arts pursue,
 The dreadful sorcerer towers in open view :
 Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the bands :
 So 'twixt two furies Dis or Charon stands.

And now the murmuring of the words was heard 600
 By Phlegethon and deep Cocytus fear'd :
 Already now the air disturb'd was seen,

The sun with clouds obscur'd his face serene :
 When from an engine flew with hideous shock,
 A ponderous stone, the fragment of a rock, 605
 Through all the three* its horrid passage tore,
 Crash'd every bone, and drench'd their limbs in gore
 With groans the sinful spirits take their flight
 From the pure air and seats of upper light,

And seek th' infernal shades of endless pain : 610
 O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain. [flame

At length the tower, preserv'd from threaten'd
 By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came ;
 Now, from the midst, the bridge was seen to fall :
 And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall : 615

But thither Solyman intrepid flies,
 And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries :

* *Through all the three--*] Though the particular character of Ismeno is entirely the invention of the poet, yet his story relates the death of certain magicians, that had placed themselves on the walls of Jerusalem, in order to oppose the machines of the Christians.

Nor had he tried in vain, but, sudden rear'd,
 Another tower upon the first appear'd :
 Above the loftiest spires was seen on high 620
 The wondrous fabric rising to the sky.
 Struck with the sight th' astonish'd Pagans stood,
 While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.
 But still the fearless Turk his post maintain'd,
 Though on his head a rocky tempest rain'd ; 625
 Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,
 With threats and cries, incites the timorous crowd.

To Godfrey then,* unseen by vulgar eyes,
 Appear'd th' Archangel Michael from the skies,
 In glorious panoply, divinely bright, 630
 More dazzling than the sun's unclouded light.

Lo! Godfrey (he began) the hour at hand
 To free from bondage Sion's hallow'd land :
 Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd :
 Behold where Heaven assists with heavenly aid! 635
 I now remove the film, and teach thy sight
 To bear the presence of the sons of light.
 The souls of those, now heavenly beings, view,
 That champions once for Christ their weapons drew :
 With thee they fight, with thee they come to share
 The glorious triumph of the sacred war. 641
 There, where thou seest the dust and smoke on high
 In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
 There, wrapt in darkness, Hugo holds his place,
 And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base. 645
 See! Dudon, arm'd against the northern towers,
 With fire and sword celestial vengeance pours.

* *To Godfrey then*---] This fiction seems to be taken from miracles recorded in the history of the crusade. The archbishop of Tiro relates, that the Christians being engaged with the Infidels, and nearly defeated, a soldier was seen to descend from Mount Olivet bearing a shield of wonderful lustre, who encouraged the Christians to renew the battle with double vigour, and immediately disappeared. It was likewise said, that, at the siege of Antioch, Pyrrhus, a Turk, saw an infinite army of soldiers on white horses, with white arms and vestments, who fought on the side of the Christians. These afterwards disappeared, and were supposed to be angels and the souls of the blessed, sent from God to succour the Christians.

You sacred form that on the mount appears,
 Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears
 Is Ademar; * a saint confess'd he stands; 65
 See! still he follows, blesses still the bands.

But higher raise thy looks, behold in air
 Where all the powers of heaven combin'd appear.

The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above
 A countless army of celestials move. 65

Three squadrons rang'd † the wondrous force di
 Three fulgent circles every squadron made, [play'd
 Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose,
 And nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose. ‡

* *Is Ademar*;--] The archbishop of Tiro gives the following extraordinary account. "That day Ademar, bishop of Poggio, a man of exemplary virtue and piety, who lost his life near Antioch, was seen by numbers in the holy city: and numbers, whose testimony is worthy of credit, affirmed that they saw him among the first to scale the walls, and incite others to enter the town." All these traditions were authority sufficient for the beautiful machinery with which Tasso has adorned his poem; the whole passage of which is taken from the sublime fiction of Virgil, in the 2d Æneid, where Æneas sets the gods of Greece engaged in the destruction of his native city.

† *Three squadrons rang'd*--] The Italian commentator explains these to mean the three celestial hierarchies, each divided into three orders: the first, seraphim, cherubim, and thrones; the second, dominations, principalities, and powers; the third, virtues, angels, and archangels. This opinion is according to St. Gregory and St. Bernard, from which other authors have differed.

‡ *Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose, and nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose.*] Some theologians have said that these circles diminished till they came to an indivisible point, wherein was centred the essence of Divinity. This abstruse and whimsical doctrine mentioned by Dante, which passage may not be unpleasant to the curious reader; where he speaks of these nine choir orders in the following manner.

Un punto vidi, che raggiava lume
 Acuto sì, ch' il viso ch' egli affoca.
 Ch' indier conviensi per lo forta acume:
 Distante intorno al punto un cerchio d'igne
 Si girava sì ratto, ch' avria vinto
 Quel moto che più tosto il mondo cigne,
 E questo era d'un altro circocinto
 E quel del terzo e' l terzo poi dal quarto
 Dal quinto il quarto, e poi dal festo il quinto
 Sovra seguia il settimo sì sparto
 Già di larghezza che' l mezzo di Giuov
 Intero a contenerlo sarebbe arto.

His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light,
 And all the vision vanish'd from his sight. 661
 Then round the plain his martial bands he spy'd,
 And saw how conquest smil'd on every side.
 With brave Rinaldo numbers scale the wall;
 Before his arms in heaps the Syrians fall : 665
 No longer Godfrey then his zeal restrain'd,
 He snatch'd the standard from Alfiero's hand :
 And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd.
 The furious Turk all passage there deny'd :
 A little space is now the glorious field 670
 Where valour's deeds a great example yield!
 Ere let me nobly fall! (the Pagan cries)
 My glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.
 He burst the bridge! and me alone expose;
 I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes. 675
 But now he sees th' affrighted numbers fly,
 And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh :
 What should I do? (the wavering Soldan said)
 Where I fall, in vain my blood is shed.
 When other schemes revolving in his mind, 680
 He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,
 No threatening follow'd, with impetuous haste,
 He on the wall the holy standard plac'd.
 The conquering banner, to the breeze unroll'd,
 In undulant streams in many a waving fold : 685
 The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,
 Which purer beams the day appears to shine :
 The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
 And darts around it innocently play :
 The sacred mount the purple cross adores, 690
 Which Sion owns it from her topmost towers.
 When all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,
 A loud acclaim of joyful victory!
 From man to man the clamour pours around :
 The distant hills re-echo to the sound. 695

Così l'ottavo, e'l nono: e ciascheduno
 Più tardo si movea, secondo ch'era,
 In numero distante, più da l'uno.

Paradiso, Canto xxviii.

And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
 Against Argantes Tancred forc'd his way;
 At once he launch'd his bridge, the passage made,
 And straight his standard on the walls display'd.

But tow'rds the south where aged Raymond fought
 And 'gainst the Pagan king his forces brought; 70
 There deeper toil engag'd the Christian power,
 There rocky paths delay'd the cumbrous tower.
 At length th' assailants and defenders hear
 The echoing shouts of conquests from afar. 70
 To Aladine and Raymond soon 'tis known,
 That tow'rds the plain are Sion's ramparts won:
 Then thus the earl aloud—O hear, my friends!
 Before the Christian arms the city bends!
 And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare? 71
 Shall we alone no glorious triumph share?

But soon the Syrian king withdrew his force,
 No longer strove t' oppose the victor's course;
 Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,
 From which he hop'd their fury to withstand. 71
 Now all the conquering bands, oppos'd no more
 Swarm o'er the walls and through the portals pour
 The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,
 Death stalks with grief and terror at his side:
 Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows, 72
 And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compos

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

TANCRED and *Argantes* retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: after an obstinate defence, the latter is slain; and *Tancred* himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time *Rinaldo* pursues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in *Solomon's* temple. *Rinaldo* at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter and make a terrible slaughter. *Solyman* and *Aladine* fortify themselves in *David's* tower. *Solyman* defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearance of *Godfrey* and *Rinaldo*. Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. *Vafrino* enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets *Erminia*. In their way to the Christian tents, they find *Tancred* in appearance dead: *Erminia's* lamentation; she recovers *Tancred* from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of *Argantes* to the city. *Vafrino* gives an account to *Godfrey* of the discoveries he has made; upon which the general determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

NOW wide-destroying death, or pale affright,
remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts' height :
alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall ;
secure he stands, his front undaunted shows, 5
and singly combats 'midst a host of foes :
far more than death he dreads a sullied name,
and, if he dies, would close his days with fame.
Before the rest intrepid Tancred flies,
and lifts his falchion, and the chief defies : 10
Well, by his mien and arms confess'd to view,
his plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.
But dost thou, Tancred! keep thy faith? (he cry'd)
wate art thou come our battle to decide :
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare ; 15
thou com'st a base artificer of war!
Whose engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield ;
thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field !
Let hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,
(thou woman's murderer!) now to 'scape with life!
He said; and Tancred, smiling with disdain, 21
words indignant thus reply'd again.
What am I come?—Suppress thy senseless scorn ;
soon shalt thou find too speedy my return ;
When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul, 25
that 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll ;

And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,
 Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.
 Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,
 By whom are heroes quell'd and giants slain! 30
 With me retire, and prove thy boasted might,
 The woman's murderer dares thee to the fight!

Then to his troops---Withhold your wrathful
 This warrior now my sword alone demands; [hands
 No common foe; by challenge him I claim; 31
 By former promise mine, and mine by fame.

Descend (again the proud Circassian cry'd)
 Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide:
 The place frequented, or the desert try;
 With every odds thy prowess I defy! 4

The stern convention made, at once they move,
 With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
 Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,
 And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:
 He claims him wholly, all his blood demands, 4
 And envies ev'n a drop to vulgar hauds.

He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow
 And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.
 They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
 And through a winding path pursue their way. 5

At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd
 A narrow valley, black with shady wood;
 That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd
 For chace or combat with the savage kind.

Here both the warriors stopp'd; when pensive grow
 Argantes turn'd to view the suffering town. 5

Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,
 Straight cast his own at distance on the field;
 Then thus began---What means this sudden gloom?
 Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come? 6
 If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
 Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late.

Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd)
 The queen of nations, and Judæa's pride,
 That vanquish'd now must fall, while I in vain 6
 Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain:

How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life by Heaven devoted to my sword!

He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew:
For each his adverse champion's valour knew. 70

Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tower'd superior by the head,
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread. 74

Now Tancred wheels, now hends t' elude the foe,
Now, with his sword averts th' impending blow.
But high, erect, the bold Argantes stood,
And equal art, with different action show'd.
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove. 80
That, on his art and courage most relies;
This, on his mighty strength and giant size.

Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,
When no rude wind disturbs the watery plain:
Their bulk though different, equal is the fight, 85
In swiftness one, and one excels in height.

But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe,
And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,
Full at his face the point Argantes shook;
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd to ward the stroke, 90
He pierc'd his flanks, and, loud exulting, said:
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!

With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd;
Then with his falchion to the boast replies, 95
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.

Argantes breaks the blow: with shorten'd sword
On him intrepid rush'd the Christian lord:
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side, 100
Receive this answer (loud the hero cries)
The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies!

The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,
But strives to free his captive arm in vain:
At length dependent from the chain,* he leaves 105
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.

* -----from the chain,---] In Ariosto it is frequently men

Each other now in rude embrace they press'd,
 Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast :
 Not with more vigour, on the sandy field,
 Great Hercules the mighty giant held. 110

Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,
 Till, both together, sidelong, press the plain,
 Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,
 Bore high his better arm releas'd at will :
 But Tancred's hand, that should the weapon wield,
 Was held beneath him prisoner on the field. 116

Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,
 And, soon recovering, on his feet he stood.

More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,
 And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke. 120

But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends
 To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends :
 So from his fall arose the Pagan knight
 With equal wrath and unabated might.

Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd : 125
 Now less of art and more of horror rag'd.

From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling blood ;
 But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood :

Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld
 Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield : 130

All hatred then his generous breast forsook,
 And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke.

Yield, dauntless chief ! enough thy worth is shown ;
 Or me, or fortune, for thy victor own :

I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight, 135
 Nor to myself reserve a conqueror's right.

At this with rage renew'd the Pagan burn'd :
 Use what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)

And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim ?
 Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame ? 140

Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize ;
 'This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise.

As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
 Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires :

tioned, that the sword was fastened to the wrist by a chain, though this is the only passage where such a custom is alluded to by Tasso.

So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force; 146
Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.

Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took :
In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke : 150
Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,
And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.

Yet Tancred's look nor doubt nor fear confess'd ; 155
For Nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.
A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd ;
The wary Christian now his purpose 'spy'd,
And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside.

When, spent in empty air thy strength in vain, 160
Thou fall'st Argantes ! headlong on the plain :
Thou fall'st ! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall !

Fresh stream'd the blood from every gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground : 165
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.

Gain his hand the courteous victor stay'd :
Submit, O chief ! preserve thy life (he said :)
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe 170
Full at his heel directs a treacherous blow,

And threats aloud : Then flash from Tancred's eyes
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries :
And dost thou, wretch ! such base return afford
For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword ? 175

He said ; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,
Cut through his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
Thus fell Argantes ; as he liv'd he dy'd ;
Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride :
Nor droop'd his spirit at th' approach of death, 180
But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.

Then Tancred in the sheath his sword bestow'd,
And paid to God the thanks his conquest ow'd :

But dear his triumph has the victor cost :
 His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost. 185
 Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,
 And tread the steps his feet had trod before.
 Not far his tottering knees their load sustain,
 His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.
 Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head, 190
 (His arm, that trembles like a feeble reed)
 Each object swims before his giddy sight ;
 The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night ;
 He faints—he swoons! and scarce to mortal eyes
 The victor differing from the vanquish'd lies. 195

While these, inflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
 The wrathful Christians through the city rag'd.
 What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
 And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town :
 Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd ;
 The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd. 201
 There on th' unbury'd corse the wounded spread ;
 The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
 With flowing hair pale mothers fly distress'd,
 And clasp their harmless infants to the breast : 205
 The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,
 Bears on his laden back the spoils away :
 The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,
 Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.

But tow'rd's the mountain where the temple stood,
 The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd : 21
 Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand ;
 Th' unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.
 He sought the brave, but scor'd with great disdain
 To wreak his fury on a helpless train. 21
 Then might you wondrous deeds of valour view,
 How these he threatening chas'd, and those he slew ;
 How with unequal risk, but equal fear,
 The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.

Already mingled with th' ignobler band, 22
 A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,
 That, oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,
 Still bears its ancient founder's glorious name.

Great Solomon the stately fabric rear'd,
 Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd : 225
 Less costly now ; but 'gainst the hostile powers
 Secur'd with iron gates, and guarded towers.

Rinaldo rais'd his threat'ning looks on high,
 And view'd the fortress with an angry eye :
 Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet, 230
 And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet.

So when a wolf, beneath the friendly shades,
 With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades ;
 He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,
 Licks his dry chaps, and thirsts for blood in vain. 235

The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,
 The Pagans, from above, th' encounter wait.

While thus the hero stood, by chance he 'spies
 A beam beside him of enormous size ;
 (Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast, 240

The largest ship may claim it for a mast :

This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,

And with repeated blows the portal struck :

Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,

Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tottering walls.

Nor steel nor marble could the force oppose ; 246

The fence gives way before the driving blows :

The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,

And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.

Swift through the pass, the victor to sustain, 250

Fierce as a torrent rush th' exulting train.

Then, dire to see ! the dome devote to God,

With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.

O ! sacred justice of th' Almighty, shed,

Tho' late, yet certain, on the guilty head ! 255

Thy awful providence now stands confess'd,

And kindles wrath in every pious breast.

The Pagan with his blood must cleanse from stain

Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.

But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tower * 260

Retreated with the remnant of his power ;

* *David's tower.*] The citadel of Jerusalem was so called.

His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,
And stop each entrance from th' invading foes.

And Aladine the tyrant thither flies ;

To whom aloud th' intrepid Soldan cries. 265

Come, mighty monarch ! haste, the fortress gain,
Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd
Here may'st thou still defend thy life, secur'd [reign ;
From the dire fury of the wasting sword.

Ah me ! relentless fate (the king reply'd) 270

O'erturns the city, levels all hér pride !—

My days are run—my empire now is o'er—

I liv'd—I reign'd---but live and reign no more !

'Tis past!--we once have been!--behold our doom---

The last, th' irrevocable hour is come ! 275

To whom with generous warmth the Soldan said ;

Where, prince ! is all thy ancient virtue fled ?

Though of his realms by fortune dispossess'd,

A monarch's throne is seated in his breast.

But come, and here secur'd from hostile rage, 280

Refresh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age.

Thus counsel'd he ; and straight, with careful haste,

The hoary king withín the bulwarks plac'd.

Himself to guard the dangerous pass appear'd,

With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd : 285

He girt his trusty falcbion to his side,

And all the forces of the Franks defy'd.

On every part his thundering weapon flew,

And these he overturn'd, and those he slew,

All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright, 290

Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.

Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,

The fearless Raymond rush'd the pass to gain :

Against the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow ;

But not in vain return'd his haughty foe : 295

Full in his front the reverend chief he found,

And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.

Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well-defended entrance die.

The Souldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead, 300

Beheld on earth the Christian leader spread,

Incites his followers, with repeated cries,
 To drag within the works their prostrate prize.
 All spring to take him (a determin'd band)
 But toils and dangers their attempt withstand. 305
 What Christian can his Raymond's care forego?
 At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
 There rage, here piety maintains the fight;
 No common cause demands each warrior's might:
 For Raymond's life or freedom they contend; 310
 And those would seize the chief, and these defend.
 Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,
 For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd;
 But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,
 A powerful aid appear'd on either hand; 315
 At once the chief of chiefs,* resistless, came,
 And he,† the foremost of the martial name.

As when loud winds arise, and thunders roll,
 And glancing lightning gleam from pole to pole,
 The shepherd-swain, who sees the dark'ning air, 320
 Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care;
 And, thence retreating, to some covert flies
 To shun the fury of th' inclement skies;
 And with his voice and crook his flock constrains;
 Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains. 325
 So the fierce Pagan, who the storm beheld,
 That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,
 Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,
 And saw the flash of armour from afar,
 Compell'd his troops within the sheltering tower; 330
 Himself, reluctant, from superior power
 Retires the last, with unabated heat,
 In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong
 Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd: [haste,
 Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight, 336
 His plighted vows the hero's soul excite:
 For still he keeps his solemn oath in view,
 To take the warrior's life who Sweno slew.

* Godfrey.

† Rinaldo.

Then had his matchless arm the wall assail'd, 34
 Then had their strength to shield the Soldan fail'd :
 But here the general bade surcease the fight,
 For all th' horizon around was lost in night.
 There Godfrey straight encamp'd his martial train,
 Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain. 34
 Then cheerful thus his listening host he warms :
 Th' Almighty favours now the Christian arms :
 At early dawn you fortress shall be ours ;
 The last weak refuge of the faithless powers.
 Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend, 35
 The sick to comfort, and the wounded tend,
 Go---pay the rites those gallant friends demand,
 Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land ;
 This temper better suits the Christian name,
 Than souls with avarice or revenge on flame. 35
 Too much, alas ! has slaughter stain'd the day ;
 Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.
 Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear ;
 And let the trumpet's sound our will declare. [death
 He said ; and went where scarce repriev'd from
 Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath.
 Nor Solyman less bold, his friends address'd, 36
 While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.
 O warriors ! scorn the change of fortune's power ;
 Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flower ;
 Safe is your king, and safe his chosen train : 36
 These walls the noblest of the realm contain.
 Then let the Franks their empty conquest boast ;
 Swift fate impends o'er all th' exulting host :
 While rage and plunder every soul employ, 37
 And lust and murder are their savage joy ;
 Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,
 And one destructive hour o'erwhelm them all ;
 If Egypt's troops now hastening to our aid,
 With numerous force their scatter'd bands invade.
 From hence our missile weapons can we pour, 37
 To whelm the city with a rocky shower ;
 And with our engines from afar defend
 The paths that to the sepulchre ascend.

While deeds like these were wrought, Vafrino goes;
A trusty spy, amidst a host of foes: 381

The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the sun the western sky forsook;
By Ascalon he pass'd, ere yet the day
Ebb'd from his orient throne the golden ray: 385

And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,
The hostile camp appear'd in open sight.
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he sees,
Unnumber'd streamers waving to the breeze.

Discordant tongues assail his wondering ears; 390
Cimbrels and horns and barbarous notes he hears.

The elephant and camel mix their cries;
The generous steed, with shriller sound, replies.
Surpris'd he sees such numerous forces join'd,
Where Asia's realms and Afric's seem combin'd. 395

Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
And marks what different works the camp enclose;
Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie;
Nor shuns th' observance of the public eye;
But boldly to each high pavilion goes, 400

And fearless communes with th' unconscious foes;
Wise were his questions, well his answers made,
And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.

The warriors, steeds, and arms, attract his view;
Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew. 405

At length, as wand'ring through the vale he went,
Chance led his footsteps to the general's tent:

There, while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd
His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd;
From this each voice within distinct was heard. 410

Through this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.
There watch'd Vafrino, while he seem'd employ'd
To mend the torn pavilion's opening side.

Bare-headed there he saw the chief confess'd,
With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest: 415

Two pages bore his helmet and his shield;
His better hand a pointed javelin held;
He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,
Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.

Vafrino stay'd, intent their words to hear, 420
 And sudden Godfrey's name assail'd his ear.

Think'st thou (the leader thus the knight bespoke)
 That Godfrey sure shall fall beneath thy stroke?

Then he: He surely falls! and here I swear
 Ne'er to return, but victor from the war. 425

This hand my fellows' sword shall render vain;
 And let my deed this sole reward obtain;

A glorious trophy of his arms to raise

In Cairo's town, and thus inscribe my praise:

"These from the Christian chief, whose force o'er-run

"All Asia's lands, in battle Ormond won; 431

"And fix'd them here, that future times might tell

"How, by his prowess vanquish'd, Godfrey fell."

Think not our grateful king (the leader cries)
 Will view th' important act with thankless eyes: 435

Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,

And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.

But now with speed the vests and arms prepare;

Th' approaching day of combat claims thy care.

All, all is now prepar'd—the knight reply'd: 440

And here the converse ceas'd on either side.

Thus they: A stranger to the hidden sense,

The words Vafrino heard in deep suspense;

Oft-times debating, in his anxious mind, 444

What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd.

He parted thence, and sleepless pass'd the night,

And watch'd impatient for the dawning light;

But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,

Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,

Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd;

And round from tent to tent uncertain stray'd. 451

One day he came to where, in regal state,

Amidst her knights and dames Armida sate:

Pensive she seem'd with various cares oppress'd,

A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast: 455

On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,

And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,

All moist with tears: Full opposite he saw

Adrastus motionless with silent awe:

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Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond desire, 460
 And with the prospect fed his amorous fire,
 But Tisaphernes both by turns beheld,
 While different passions in his bosom swell'd :
 His changing looks a quick succession prove,
 Now fir'd with hatred, now inflam'd with love. 465
 From thence Vafrino cast his sight aside,
 And midst the damsels Altamorus 'spy'd ;
 Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,
 Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprise ;
 Her hand, her face, with secret rapture view'd, 470
 And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search pursu'd,
 To explore the passage where th' uncautious vest
 reveal'd the beauties of her ivory breast.
 At length her downcast looks Armida rears,
 While through her grief a transient smile appears.
 Brave Adrastus ! in thy glorious boast, 476
 Feel (she cries) my former anguish lost :
 And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find ;
 Or sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.
 To whom the Indian—Bid thy sorrows cease, 480
 O royal fair ! compose thy soul to peace,
 Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)
 At thy feet Rinaldo's impious head ;
 He shall be come, if so thy will ordains,
 From servile dungeons, and eternal chains. 485
 To Tisaphernes smiling then she said :
 And wilt not thou, O chief ! Armida aid ?
 'T suits not me (be taunting thus reply'd)
 With such a knight to combat side by side.
 But I more slow, in fields of battle new, 490
 Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue.
 Sternly he said ; the word the monarch took,
 And straight incens'd with pride ungovern'd spoke :
 'T is thine, indeed, a distant war to wage,
 But dare like me in nearer fight engage. 495
 Then Tisaphernes shook his haughty head :
 Where I master of this arm ! (he said)
 Could I at will this faithful falchion wield,
 I soon should see who best could brave the field :

Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I bear! 50
Not thee, but Heaven and tyrant love, I fear.

He ceas'd; Adrastus stern his force defy'd :
But here Armida interpos'd and cry'd :

O warriors! wherefore now, your promise vain,
Will you so soon resume your gift again? 50

My champions are ye both—let this suffice
To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties :
At my command, this rash contention cease :
He meets my anger first who wounds the peace.

Thus she: At once the rage their breast forsook,
And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke. 5

Vafrino, present, all their converse knew,
Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew;
He saw, though deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,
Some treason 'gainst the Christian chief design'd :
He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try 5
To bear the secret thence, or bravely die.

In vain his search—till chance at length display'd
The treacherous snares for pious Godfrey laid.

Again he sought the tent, and view'd again 5
The princess seated midst the warrior train :
Then near a damsel with familiar air
He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair.

I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,
Th' elected champion of some lovely maid : 5
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's self may feel,
Or Godfrey breathless sink beneath my steel.
Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)
The head devoted of some barbarous foe:

So spoke the squire; and smiling as he spoke, !
A virgin view'd him with attentive look :
Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,
Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd.

From all the train I here thy sword demand,
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand :
I choose thee for my champion; hence retire,
I know thy converse, as my knight, require.

She said; and drew him from the throng aside :
I know thee well, Vafrino! (then she cry'd)

3. XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 427

Know'st thou not me?—Confus'd the Christian stood,
Fill with a smile he thus his speech renew'd. 541

Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair,
Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear:
Born on Biserta's shore, my birth I claim
From Lesbin', and Almanzor is my name. 545

Long have I known thee (thus the maid reply'd)
Then seek no more in vain thyself to hide:
Dismiss thy fear—thou seest a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.
Behold Erminia! born of royal kind, 550

And once with thee in Tancred's service joined:
Two happy moons, a blissful captive there,
Liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earnest view,
And soon the features of Erminia knew. 555

Rest on my faith secure (the damsel cries)
Here attest the sun and conscious skies!
Oh! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds restore!

A irksome freedom since my hours were led, 560
Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.

How'st thou the secrets of the host to spy?
In happy time—on me thou may'st rely:
I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,
Which thou, perchance, had'st long explor'd in vain.

Thus she; while doubtful still Vafrino mus'd 566
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd:
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind:

A woman's changeful and loquacious kind:
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide, 570
Insensate those that in the sex confide!

At length he spoke: If hence you seek to fly,
Faste, let us go—your trusty guide am I.
Be this resolv'd—but let us yet beware,
And further speech, till fitter time, forbear. 575

Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid
While in converse with the damsels stay'd,

Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd, 580
 And with a plausible tale each ear detain'd :
 Till at th' appointed time the squire she join'd ;
 Then mounts her steed, and leaves the camp behind.

The Pagan tents were vanish'd from the view ;
 And near an unfrequented place they drew ; 585
 When bold Vafriño spoke—Now, courteous fair !
 The treason fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare.

Eight knights (she cry'd) the dire adventure claim,
 But Ormond fierce excels the rest in fame :
 These, urg'd by hatred, or inflam'd with ire, 590
 In murderous league against your chief conspire :
 Then hear their arts—what time on Syria's plain
 Th' embattled host contend for Asia's reign ;
 These on their arms the purple Cross shall bear,
 Disguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear 595
 Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingled war.
 But on his helm, shall each a signal show,
 Which, in the thickening fight their friends may know
 These shall the Christian leader's life pursue,
 And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue. 600
 To me 'twas given each false device to frame ;
 Compell'd to act what now I loath to name !
 Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,
 From the dire mandates of an impious train :
 I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile, 605
 T' assist the traitor, and partake the guile.

For this—yet not for this alone, I fled—
 She ceas'd ; and ceasing blush'd with rosy red :
 Declin'd to earth she held her modest look,
 And half again recall'd what last she spoke. 610

But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,
 He sought to learn, and gently thus reply'd.
 Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,
 Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal ?
 She breath'd a sigh that instant from her breast, 615
 Then, with a faltering voice the squire address'd.

Farewell, ill-tim'd reserve ! no more I claim
 The modesty that fits a virgin's name.

uch thoughts should long ere this my heart have
 ut ah! they suit no more a wandering maid.[sway'd;
 he fatal night, my country's overthrow, 621
 When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe;
 rom that, alas! my following woes I date,
 he early source of my disastrous fate!
 ight was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast, 625
 or with my regal state myself I lost.
 hou know'st, Vafrino! how I trembling ran,
 idst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,
 o seek thy lord and mine, when, first in view,
 ll sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew: 630
 ow at his feet I breath'd this humble pray'r:
 onquer'd chief! a hapless virgin hear!
 ot for my life I now thy mercy claim!
 at save my honour, guard my spotless fame!
 e yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took, 635
 id rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke:
 lovely maid! in vain thou shalt not sue;
 me thy friend, thy kind preserver, view.
 e said; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast;
 sweet sensation every thought possess'd, 640
 at deeply spreading through my soul, became
 wound incurable! a quenchless flame!
 He saw me oft; he gently shar'd my grief;
 ith words of comfort gave my woes relief.
 hee (he cry'd) thy freedom I resign; 645
 or ought of all thy treasures shall be mine.
 cruel gift! O bounty vainly shown!
 r, giving me myself, myself he won!
 d while he thus restor'd th' ignobler part,
 urp'd the sovereign empire o'er my heart, 650
 is! in vain I sought to hide my shame—
 w oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name!
 ou saw'st the tokens of a mind distress'd,
 d said'st—Erminia! love disturbs thy breast.
 ll I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain: 655
 looks, my sighs, reveal'd my secret pain.
 length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,
 ve all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.

To seek my lord I went, in luckless hour :
 (He gave the wound, and he alone could cure.) 66
 But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
 A band of barbarous foes my steps beset :
 From these I scarce with life and freedom fled :
 Thence to the distant woods my course I sped ;
 There choose with shepherd swains retir'd to dwell,
 A humble tenant of the lonely cell. 66
 But when my flame, awhile by fear suppress'd,
 Once more, returning, kindled in my breast ;
 Again I sought the paths I sought before ;
 Again was cross'd by fickle Fortune's power ; 67
 A troop of spoilers in my way I found ;
 (Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound)
 Me to their chief they led : with gentle ear
 Their chief vouchsaf'd my mournful tale to hear :
 So was my virtue safe preserv'd from stain, 6
 Till plac'd in safety with Armida's train.
 Behold me thus (so changing fate decreed)
 Now made a captive, now from bondage freed :
 Yet thus enslav'd, and thus releas'd again,
 I still am held in fond affection's chain. 6
 O thou! for whom such soft distress I prove,
 Repulse not with disdain my proffer'd love ;
 But to a maid a kind reception give,
 And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.
 Thus spoke Erminia. All the night and day 6
 They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.
 Vafrino shunn'd the beaten track, and held
 His course through shorter paths, and ways concea
 Now near the town they came at evening light, 6
 What time the shade foretold th' approach of night
 When here they saw the ground distain'd with blo
 And, stretch'd on earth, a slaughter'd warrior view
 His face was upward turn'd, with dauntless air,
 His aspect menac'd, e'en in death severe.
 In him, as near the squire attentive drew, 6
 Some Pagan warrior by his arms he knew.
 Not far from thence another prone was seen,
 His garb was different, different was his mien.

behold some Christian there (Vafrino said)
 when mark'd his well-known vest with looks dismay'd :
 he quits his steed, the features view'd, and cries—
 Ah me ! here slain, unhappy Tancred lies ! 702
 Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him stood,
 and with attentive gaze the Pagan view'd :
 but soon her ear the cruel sounds confess'd, 705
 as if a shaft had pierc'd her tender breast.
 At Tancred's name she starts in wild despair,
 no bounds can now restrain th' unhappy fair :
 she sees his face with paleness all o'erspread,
 she leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed ; 710
 bow-bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks ;
 and thus, with interrupted words, she speaks.
 Was I for this, by fortune here convey'd ?
 a dreadful object to a love-sick maid !
 Long have I sought thee with unweari'd pain, 715
 to gain I see thee :—yet I see in vain !
 Tancred no more Erminia present views ;
 and, finding Tancred, I my Tancred lose !
 Ah me !—and did I think thou e'er should'st prove
 a sight ungrateful to Erminia's love ? 720
 How could I wish to quench the beams of light,
 and hide each object in eternal night !
 Alas ! where now are all thy graces fled ;
 Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed !
 Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow !
 Where all the beauties of thy manly brow ! 726
 How senseless thus and pale thou still canst please !
 yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees,
 yet views, not wholly fled, my foud desires,
 permit th' embolden'd theft which love inspires : 720
 Give me (since fate denies a further bliss)
 from thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss :
 whose lips from which such soothing words could flow,
 to ease a virgin and a captive's woe !
 Let me, at least, this mournful office pay, 735
 and rend in part from death his spoils away.
 Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,
 and guide from hence to realms of endless light.

She said ; her bosom swell'd with labouring sighs.
 And briny torrents trickled from her eyes. 740
 At this the knight, who seem'd of sense depriv'd,
 Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd ;
 A sigh he mingled with the virgins sighs ;
 He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
 His breath, returning, soon the dame perceiv'd ; 745
 A dawn of hope her fainting soul reliev'd.
 See, Tancred ! see, exclaim'd (the tender maid)
 The mournful rites by dear affection paid.
 Behold I come, thy fortune to divide—
 Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side ! 750
 Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain—
 O ! hear my last request, nor hear in vain !

Then Tancred strove to view the cheerful light,
 But soon again withdrew his swimming sight :
 Again Erminia veets her tears and sighs ; 755
 Again she mourns—Forbear ! (Vafrino cries)
 Still, still he breathes, be then our care essay'd
 To heal the living ere we weep the dead.

He straight disarms the chief, she trembling stands
 And to the office leads her friendly hands ; 760
 Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,
 And feels new hopes within her bosom rise :
 But midst those deserts nought the fair can find,
 Nought but her slender veil, his wounds to bind :
 Yet love, inventive, every scheme ran o'er ; 765
 Love taught her various arts untry'd before,
 Her locks she cut, with these she gently dry'd
 The clotted blood ; the bandage these supply'd.
 Though there nor dittany nor crocus grew,
 Yet different herbs of lenient power she knew. 770
 Already now, his mortal sleep dispell'd,
 The languid prince again his eyes unseal'd ;
 He view'd his squire, he saw th' attending maid
 In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said ;
 From whence, Vafrino ! dost thou hither stray ? 775
 And who art thou, my kind preserver ! say ?
 She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs ;
 Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies :

All shalt thou know ; but now from converse cease :
 Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.
 [, your physician, will your health restore : 781
 Be grateful for my care---I ask no more.

Then in her lap his head she gently laid :
 In anxious doubt awhile Vafrino stay'd,
 How to the camp his wounded lord to bear, 785
 Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air :
 When sudden near a band of warriors drew,
 And soon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew ;
 Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
 As fill'd with fear their absent chief they sought. 790
 These rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,
 And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then Tancred thus:---Shall brave Argantes slain
 Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain ?
 Oh no ! forbid it, Heaven ! nor let him lose 795
 A soldier's honours or sepulchral dues.
 I wage no battle with the silent dead ;
 I fight the glorious debt he boldly paid :
 When on his worth the rightful praise bestow ;
 'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe. 800

So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,
 He breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.
 Behind they bore him, while with guardian care
 Vafrino rode beside the royal fair.
 Then spoke the prince, as thus they journey'd on :
 Seek not my tents, but seek th' imperial town : 806
 That chance soe'er this mortal frame shall meet,
 Here let me find it in that holy seat :
 From thence where Christ a prey to death was given,
 My soul may wing her readier flight to heaven : 810
 So shall I then my pilgrimage have made,
 And the last vows of my devotion paid.

He said : to Sion's walls the train address'd
 Their ready course : There soon the warrior press'd
 The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest. 815
 And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair
 A secret place provides with silent care ;

That done, to Godfrey's sight with speed he goes ;
 And enters boldly, (none his steps oppose)
 Where sate the leader, bending o'er the bed S20
 On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were spread :
 And round their prince (a great assembly !) stand
 The best, the wisest, of the Christian band.
 All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,
 While thus Vafrino to the general spoke. S25

O sacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
 I sought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd.
 But here my skill, to tell their number, fails ;
 I saw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales :
 Their thirst the copious streams and fountains dries ;
 And Syria's harvest scarce their food supplies. S31
 But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,
 Unskill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain :
 Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,
 Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war : S33
 Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
 Who once beneath the Persian standards came :
 But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,
 Th' Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's chose
 The ranks unthinn'd no slaughter can deface ; [band
 Still, as one falls, another fills his place. S4
 Brave Emirenes leads the numerous host ;
 And few can equal skill or courage boast ;
 And him in every art of battle skill'd,
 The Caliph trusts to draw thee to the field. S4
 Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
 Expect to find th' Egyptian camp in view.
 But thou, Rinaldo ! most thy life defend ;
 For which, ere long, such warriors shall contend :
 For this the noblest champions wield their arms ; S5
 With rival bate each breast Armida warms :
 For with her beauty shall his deed be paid,
 Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
 Midst these the noble chief from Persia's lands,
 Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus stands. S6
 Adrastus there is seen, of giant size,
 Whose kingdom near Aurora's confines lies :

B. XIX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 435

No common courser in the field he reins;
His bulk a towering elephant sustains.
There Tisaphernes boasts his glorious name, 860
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremost fame.

Thus he; Rinaldo, fill'd with generous ire,
Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire:
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
And all his soul with martial ardour glows. 865

Then to the chief the squire his speech renew'd:
Yet more remains to speak (he thus pursu'd);
For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare;
For thee has treason spread its blackest snare.
He said; and to the listening peers explain'd 870
The fatal purpose of th' insidious band;
Fierce Ormond's boast and proud demand disclos'd,
And all the murderous fraud at full expos'd.

Much was he ask'd; and much again reply'd:
Short silence then ensu'd on every side. 875
At length the leader, lost in various thought,
From hoary Raymond's wisdom counsel sought.

Then he: Attend my words---at morning hour,
With forces deep enclose yon hostile tower;
And let the troops awhile recruit their might, 880
And rouse their vigour for a greater fight.

Thou, as shall best beseem, O chief! prepare,
For open action, or for covert war.
Yet this I most o'er every care commend,
In every chance thy valued life defend: 885

Thou giv'st success to crown our favour'd host;
And who shall guide our arms if thou art lost?
That all the Pagan fraud may stand confess'd,
Command thy guard to change their wonted vest:
So shall the traitors through the field be known, 890
And on their heads their impious treason thrown.

O still the same! (the leader thus replies)
Thou speak'st the friend, and all thy words are wise!
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed:
Against the foe our battle will we lead: 895
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest
Our camp triumphant o'er the spacious east!

'Tis ours to meet yon barbarous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.
Before our swords shall fly the trembling train : 900
Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign :
The tower shall soon our stronger force obey,
And, unsupported, yield an easy prey.

 He ceas'd ; and to his tent his steps address'd ;
For now the sinking stars invite the rest. 905

THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian army arrives; the generals, on both sides, prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself and engages Altamorus, who had made great havoc of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Solyman, from the tower, takes a prospect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortress: Aladine, and the rest of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyman; but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The Soldan, having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adrastus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions, till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

THE
TWENTIETH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE sun had rous'd mankind with early ray
And up the steep of heaven advanc'd the day :
When from the lofty tower the Pagans 'spy
A dusty whirlwind that obscur'd the sky,
Like evening's shade: At length reveal'd to sight, 5
Th' Egyptian host appear'd in open light :
The numerous ranks the spacious champaign fill'd,
Spread o'er the mountains, and the plains conceal'd.
Then sudden, from the troop besieg'd ascends
A general shout that all the region rends, 10
With such a sound the cranes embodied fly
From Thracian shores, to seek a warmer sky ;
With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind
The wintry tempest and the freezing wind.
Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band ; 15
Swells every threat, and urges every hand.
This soon the Frauks perceiv'd, and instant knew
From whence their foes' recover'd fury grew.
They look'd ; and midst the rolling smoke, beheld
The moving legions that o'erspread the field. 20
At once a generous rage each bosom warms ;
At once each valiant hero pants for arms :
Around their chief with eager looks they stand,
And loud the signal for the war demand.
But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies 25
To wage the battle till the morn arise :

He rules their ardour, he controls their might,
 And points a fitter season for the fight.
 They hear, observant, and his voice obey,
 But burn impatient for the dawning ray. 30

At length, high seated on her eastern throne,
 The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone;
 Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,
 And glow'd with all the sun's enlivening beams;
 While heaven, serene and cloudless,* would survey
 The glorious deeds of that auspicious day. 36

Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
 His army Godfrey leads in form of war;
 But leaves, t' enclose the foes' beleagu'rd tower,
 Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian power, 40
 That from the neighbouring lands auxiliar came,
 And hail'd with joy their great deliverer's name;
 A numerous throng!—nor these alone remain,
 To these he adds the hardy Gascon train.

Now tower'd the leader, with exalted mien, 45
 While certain conquest in his eyes were seen,
 With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread;
 A sudden youth was o'er his features spread:
 Celestial favour beam'd in every look,
 And every act a more than mortal spoke. 50

Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
 Where, deeply throng'd, th' Egyptian squadrons
 stood;

And straight to seize a favouring hill he sends,
 Whose height his army's left and rear defends.
 His troops he rang'd; the midst the foot contain'd;
 In either wing the lighter horse remain'd. 56

The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
 The chief to either Robert's care consign'd:
 The midst his brother held; himself the right,
 Where open lay the dangers of the fight: 60
 Here mix'd with horse, accustom'd thus t' engage,
 A distant war on foot the archers wage.

* *While heaven, serene and cloudless,---*] The history relates, that the morning on which the armies engaged was uncommonly fine.

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 447

Behind, th' advent'ers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.

In thee, intrepid warrior! (Godfrey cries) 65

Our strong defence, our hope of conquest, lies.

Behind the wing awhile remain conceal'd :

But when the foes advance t' invade the field,

Assail their flank, as vainly they contend

To wheel around us, and our rear offend. 70

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,

From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot he flew ;

From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast ;

His eyes, his figure, lighten'd as he pass'd !

The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd, 75

And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.

He bade the bold their ancient boasts regard ;

Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.

At length he stays where thickening round him stand

The first, the bravest of the martial band : 80

Then from on high his speech each bearer warms,

Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.

As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,

Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow :

So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours 85

Mellifluous eloquence in copious showers.

O you, the scourge of Jesus' foes profess'd,

O glorious heroes! conquerors of the east !

Behold the day arriv'd, so long desir'd,

The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd ! 90

Some great event th' Almighty sure designs,

Who all his rebels in one force combines ;

See! in one field he brings your various foes,

That one great battle all your wars may close.

Despise yon Pagans, an ungovern'd host, 95

Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost !

Our mighty force can troops like these sustain ;

A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train !

From sloth or servile labours brought from far,

Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war ! 100

Their swords now tremble, trembles every shield ;

Their fearful standards tremble on the field.

I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,
 And see death hovering o'er the fated crew.
 Yon leader, fierce and glorious to behold, 105
 In flaming purple and refulgent gold,
 Might quell the Moorish and Arabian train,
 But here his valour, here his worth is vain;
 Wise though he be, what methods shall he prove
 To rule his army, or their fears remove? 110
 Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can name,
 Nor calls them partners of his former fame:
 We every toil and every triumph share,
 Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war!
 Is there a warrior but your chief can tell 115
 His native country and his birth reveal?
 What sword to me unknown? What shaft that flies
 With missile death along the liquid skies?
 I ask but what I oft have gain'd before;
 Be still yourselves, and Godfrey seeks no more. 120
 Preserve your zeal! your fame and mine attend:
 But, far o'er all, the faith of Christ defend!
 Go—crush those impious on the fatal plain:
 With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.
 What should I more?—I see your ardent eyes! 125
 Conquest awaits you!—seize the glorious prize.
 He ceas'd; and instant, like a flashing light,
 When stars or meteors stream through dusky night,
 A sudden splendor on his brow was shed,
 And lambent glories play'd around his head. 130
 All wondering gaze! and some the sign explain,
 A certain omen of his future reign.
 Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar,
 Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)
 From heavenly seats his guardian angel flew, 135
 And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.
 While Godfrey thus the Christian host prepares;
 Th' Egyptian leader, press'd with equal cares,
 Extends his numerous force to meet the foes:
 The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose: 140
 Himself the right; the midst Mulasses guides:
 There, in the central war, Armida rides.

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 448

In pomp barbaric near the leader stand
India's stern king, and all the regal band :
There Tisaphernes lifts his baughty head ; 145
But where the squadrons to the left were spread,
(A wider space) there Altamorus brings
His Afric Monarchs and his Persian kings :
From thence their slings, their arrows they prepare,
And all the missile thunder of the war. 150

Now Emirenes every rank inspires,
The fearful raises, and the valiant fires :
To those he cry'd---What mean your looks depress'd ?
What fear unmanly harbours in your breast ?
Our near approach shall daunt yon hostile train, 155-
Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain.
To these---No more delay, ye generous bands !
Redeem the pillage from the spoilers' hands.
In some he 'waken'd every tender thought,
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought : 160
O ! think by me your country begs (he cries)
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies !
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,
Nor let my children's blood my temples stain :
Preserve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid ; 165
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead !
To you ! oppress'd with bending age and woe,
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show :
To you, your wives, your lisp'ing infants sue ;
And ask their safety, and their lives from you. 170

He said, and ceas'd ; for nearer now was seen
Th' advancing powers, and small the space between.
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The streaming banners to the wind are spread, 175
The plumage nods on every crested head ;
Arms, vests, devices, catch the sunny rays,
Aud steel and gold with mingled splendor blaze !
Each spacious host on either side appears
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears. 180
They bend their bows, in rest their lances take,
They whirl their slings, their ready javelins shake

Each generous steel to meet the fight aspires,
 And seconds, with his own, his master's fires; 154
 He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
 And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe!

Even horror-pleas'd in such a glorious sight,
 Each beating bosom felt severe delight :
 While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
 With dreadful transports animate the war. 190
 But still the faithful bands superior stood,
 More clear their notes, more fair their battle show'd ;
 Their louder trumpets rous'd a nobler flame,
 And from their arms a brighter lustre came!

The Christians sound the charge; the foes reply ;
 And the mix'd clargors rattle in the sky : 196
 Strait on their knees the Franks the soil adore,
 And kiss the hallow'd earth, and Heaven implore.
 And now between the troops the space is lost ;
 With equal ardour joins each adverse host. 200

What hero first, amidst the Christian name,
 Gain'd from the faithless bands a wreath of fame ?
 'Twas thou, Gildippe! whose resistless hand
 O'erthrew Hircanes, who in Ormus reign'd :
 (Such glory Heaven on female arms display'd) 205
 Deep in his breast the spear a passage made ;
 Headlong he falls; and, falling, bears the foe
 With joyful shouts appland the forceful blow.
 Her javelin broke, her trusty sword she drew,
 The Persians pierc'd, and Zopyrus she slew ; 310
 Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
 He falls, divided, on the purple ground.
 Through fierce Alarcus' throat her weapon hew'd
 The double passage of the voice and food ;
 Then Artaxerxes in the dust she laid, 215
 And through Argeus thrust her furious blade.
 At Ishmael's arm her rapid steel she guides,
 And the close juncture of the hand divides :
 The sever'd hand at once the rein forsook ;
 Above the startled courser hiss'd the stroke ; 220
 He rear'd aloft, and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Broke through the ranks, and discompos'd the fight.

All these, and numbers more, her fury feel,
 Whose names in silence distant years conceal :
 But 'gainst her now the thronging Persians came,
 And Edward ran t' assist the matchless dame. 226
 With force united then, the faithful pair
 Undaunted bore the rushing storm of war.
 Neglectful of themselves amidst the strife,
 Each guards, with pious care, the other's life.* 230
 Her ready shield the warlike damsel spread,
 And turn'd the weapons aim'd at Edward's head.
 He o'er his spouse, his fencing buckler throws :
 Each seeks for each the vengeance on the foes.
 By him the daring Artaban was slain, 235
 Who in Boëcan's island held his reign :
 By him his instant fate Alvantes found,
 Who durst at fair Gildippe aim the wound.
 Then Arimoutes' brow she cleft in two, 239
 Who, with drawn sword, against her consort flew.
 While these resistless midst the Persians rag'd ;
 More dire Samarcand's king the Franks engag'd.
 Where'er he turn'd his steed, or drove his steel,
 The horse and foot before his fury fell : 244
 And those that 'scape the falchion's milder death,
 Beneath the courser's feet groan out their struggling
 By Altamorus on the dreadful plain, [breath !
 Brunello strong, Ardonio huge, was slain :
 Of that the helm and head the sword divides ;
 The gory visage hangs on equal sides. 250
 This pierc'd where laughter first derives its birth,
 And the glad heart dilates to pleasing mirth,
 (Wondrous and horrid to the gazer's eyes!)
 Now laughs constrain'd, and as he laughs he dies !
 With these Gentonio, Guasco, Guido dy'd : 255
 And good Rosmondo swell'd the crimson tide.

* *Each guards, with pious care, the other's life.*] The circumstance of a male and female warrior, so tenderly connected with each other, makes a beautiful and affecting picture, and adds variety to the poem : it seems to have been first introduced by Tasso, and has already been observed to have its foundation in history. See note to Book i. ver. 424.

What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds describe, or dwell on every death?

None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand. 260

Alone Gildippe 'gainst the monarch came;
No fear could damp her generous thirst of fame.
Less bold on fair Thermopöon's winding shore,
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,
Or rear'd her axe: than now, with glorious heat, 265
Gildippe rush'd the Persian's rage to meet.

She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown
That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.
The glittering honours from his brows she rent;
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent. 270

The king with shame the powerful arm confess'd,
And swift t' avenge the blow his steel address'd:
Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,
That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.
Then had she fall'n, but near with ready hand 275
Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd.

No more the lofty foe his stroke pursu'd,
But with disdain an easy conquest view'd:
So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,
Scowls on the prostrate prey, and passes by. 280

Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murderous
Had spread for Godfrey's life the fatal snare, [care,
Disguis'd, was mingled with the Christian band,
And near their chief his dire associates stand.

So prowling wolves an entrance seek to gain, 285
Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train;
They watch the folds when welcome shades arise,
And hide their quivering tails between their thighs.

Th' insidious band advanc'd, and now in view,
Near pious Godfrey's side the Pagan drew. 290

Soon as the prince the white and gold survey'd,
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)
Eebold the traitor there confess'd (he cries)
Who veils his treason with a Frank's disguise!
At me his followers aim the deadly blow— 295
He said, and rush'd against the treacherous foe:

On Ormond swift th' avenging blade he rais'd ;
 Th' astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd ;
 And, while a sudden terror froze his blood,
 With stiffening limbs, a senseless statue stood. 300
 Each sword was turn'd against the fraudulent crew,
 At these the shafts from every quiver flew :
 In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains :
 And not a single corse entire remains ! [course

Now, stain'd with slaughter, Godfrey bent his
 To where the valiant Altamorus' force 306
 His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with timorous haste,
 Like Afric sands before the southern blast.
 Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cry'd,
 Stay'd those that fled, and him that chas'd defy'd.
 Between those mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd, 311
 More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.

Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled ;
 Those Baldwin rul'd, and these Mulasses led.
 Nor less, in other parts, the conflict rag'd, 315
 Where, next the mountain, horse with horse en-
 There Emirenes dealing fate was found ; [gag'd.
 There fought the two* in fields of death renown'd.
 Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd ;
 With Emirenes one the combat try'd, 320
 While conquest yet declar'd on either side :
 But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
 In harder conflict with Adrastus stood.

Still Tisaphernes finds no equal foe 324
 To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow :
 But rushes where he sees the thickest train,
 And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.

Thus far'd the war ; while neither part prevails,
 And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales. 329
 O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,
 With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears,
 Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,
 And useless there are scatter'd o'er the field,

* Adrastus and Tisaphernes

Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie;
 There turn their ghastly features to the sky! 335
 Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain:
 Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain;
 Foe near to foe; and on the vanquish'd spread
 The victor lies; the living on the dead!
 An undistinguish'd din is heard around, 340
 Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound:
 The threats of anger, and the soldiers' cry,
 The groans of those that fall, and those that die,
 The splendid arms that shone so gay before,
 Now, sudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more.
 The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze: 346
 No more the vary'd colours blend their rays:
 Torn from the crest the sullied plumes are lost,
 And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host!
 Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's traio, 350
 The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.
 The slingers next, and archers from afar,
 Pour'd on the Franks a thick and missile war:
 When lo! Rinaldo with his squadron came, 354
 Dire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame!
 From Meroë, first of Ethiopia's hands,
 Full in his passage Assimirus stands:
 Rinaldo, reach'd him, where the sable head
 Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.
 Soon as his sword the taste of blood confess'd 360
 New ardour kindled in the hero's breast.
 Through all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,
 And deeds, transcending human faith, perform'd.
 As, when th' envenom'd serpent shoots along,
 Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue: 365
 At once the chief appears three swords to wield,
 And burls a threefold vengeance round the field.
 The swarthy kings, the Libyan tyrants die;
 Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd, they lie.
 Fierce with the rest his following friends engage,
 His great example animates their rage. 371
 Without defence th' astonish'd vulgar fall!
 One universal ruin levels all!

B. XX. JERUSALEM DELIVERED. 449

'Twas war no more, but carnage through the field ;
Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield.
No longer now the Pagans sink, oppress'd 376
With wounds before, all honest on the breast ;
Lost are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
And pale confusion trembles in their rear :
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain, 380
And breaks and scatters wide the timorous train.
At length his generous arm from slaughter ceas'd,
And 'gainst a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,
With double force the wind indignant blows ; 385
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
So midst the rocks the sea resounding raves,
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves,
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force, 390
Where late the Afric and Arabian horse
The squadrons flank'd ; but now dispers'd around,
They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.
Swift on th' unguarded files Rinaldo flew ; 394
As swift behind his brave compeers pursue : [stand,
Spears, darts, and swords, in vain his might with-
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand !
Not with such rage a bursting tempest borne,
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.
The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd, 400
And arms and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd :
There, uncontrol'd, the foaming coursers tread,
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead !
Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,
Appear'd Armida in her glittering car. 405
A train of lovers near her person wait,
A glorious guard, the nobles of the state !
She sees !—she knows !—conflicting passions rise,
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.
A transient blush the hero's visage burns ; 410
But heat and cold possess her heart by turns,
The knight declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival crew ;

Those lift the sword, and these the lance protend ;
 Even she prepares her threatening bow to bend :
 She fits the shafts, disdain her thought impell'd, 416
 But love awhile the purpos'd stroke withheld :
 Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries ;
 And thrice her faltering hand its strength denies.
 At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string,
 And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing : 421
 Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her prayer,
 That all its fury may be spent in air !
 She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,
 And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky. 425
 The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
 Against the warrior's stubborn corslet came :
 Harmless it fell : aside the hero turn'd :
 She deem'd her power despis'd, her anger scor'd :
 Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound, 430
 While love with surer darts her bosom found,
 And is he then impervious to the steel,
 And fears he not (she cry'd) the stroke to feel ?
 Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,
 That adamant which guards his ruthless breast ?
 So well secur'd, that safely he defies 436
 The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes ?
 What further arts for wretched me remain ?
 Attempt no more---for every art is vain !
 Arm'd or disarm'd an equal fate I know, 440
 Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe !
 Where now, alas ! is every former boast ?---
 Behold my warriors faint !---my hopes are lost !
 Against his valour every strength must fail ; 444
 Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail ! [view'd
 While thus she thought, her champions round she
 O'erthrown, or ta'en, or weltering in their blood.
 What should she do ?---alone, unhelp'd remain ?
 Already now she dreads the victor's chain :
 Nor dares (the bow and javelin at her side) 450
 In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.
 As when the fearful cygnet sees on high
 The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,

Trembling she cowers beneath th' impending fate :
So seem'd Armida, such her dangerous state. 455

But Altamorus, who from shameful flight
Still held the Persians, and maintain'd the fight,
Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,
His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.

With rapid sword he breaks amid the war, 460

And wheels around her, and defends the car ;
While dire destruction rages through his bands,
O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands,
This sees th' unhappy prince, but sees in vain :

Armida succour'd, now he turns again, 465

But flew too late t' assist his routed train !

There all was lost : a general panic spread !

Dispers'd, around the broken Persians fled,

In other parts the fainting Christians yield :

Two Roberts there in vain direct the field ; 470

One scarce escap'd with life ; his wounded breast

And bleeding front the hostile steel confess'd ;

While fierce Adrastus one his prisoner made :

Thus equal chance the dubious battle sway'd.

But Godfrey now his hardy warriors warm'd, 475

Again to fight his ready bands he form'd ;

Then bravely on the victor-forces flew :

They join, they thicken, and the war renew.

Each side appears distain'd with adverse gore :

Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore. 480

Conquest and fame on either part are seen,

And Mars and Fortune doubtful stand betweeu.

While thus the combat rages on the plain

Betwixt the Christian and the Pagan train ;

High on the tower the haughty Soldan stood, 485

From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd ;

Struck with the sight, his breast with envy swell'd,

He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.

All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste,

And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd : 490

Rise ! rise ! (he said) no longer slothful lie--

Behold the time to conquer or to die !

Then, whether Heaven's high providence inspir'd
 His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,
 That thus at once the Pagan reign might end, 495
 And all its glories on that day descend :
 Or whether conscious of his death to come,
 He felt an impulse now to meet his doom :
 Sudden he bade the sounding gates unbar,
 And issued forth with unexpected war ; 500
 Nor waits his following band, but singly goes ;
 Himself alone defies a thousand foes.
 But soon the rest his martial rage partook,
 Even aged Aladine the fort forsook :
 The base, the cautious, catch at once the fires : 505
 Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.

The first the Turk before his passage found,
 His valour tumbled breathless to the ground.
 So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train, [slain.
 That, ere they view th' assault, their friends are
 First of the Christians, struck with panic fear, 511
 The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.
 But still unrouted stood the Gascon band,
 Though nearer these the Soldan's rage sustain'd,
 And fell in heaps beneath his slaughtering hand.
 Not with such wrath the savage beast endu'd, 516
 Leaps o'er the fold, and dies the ground with blood :
 Not with such fury, through th' ethereal space,
 Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.
 Through plated steel his strength resistless drives,
 While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives !
 With Aladine the Pagans quit the tower,
 And furious on their late besiegers pour.

But Raymond now advanc'd with fearless haste,
 And saw where Solyman his squadron press'd: 525
 Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,
 Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before,
 Again to combat he defies the foe,
 Again his front receives a dreadful blow :
 Again he falls : in vain declining age, 530
 With strength unequal, would such power engage.

Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd ;
 And these defend the knight, and those invade.
 But thence with speed th' impetuous Soldan flies ;
 (He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize) 535
 Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
 To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows :
 Far other scenes his barbarous rage demands,
 Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands !

Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tower,
 New vigour now inspires the Pagan power : 541
 The warmth the leader breath'd they still retain ;
 And with the Christians still their fears remain.
 Those seek to finish what their chief began ;
 And these, retreating, seem to quit the plain : 545
 In due array the hardy Gascons yield ;
 The Syrians wide are scatter'd o'er the field.
 The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies,
 He hears the din of arms, the soldiers' cries :
 Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,*
 And lo ! at once the mingled scene appears . 551
 He sees on earth th' ill-fated Raymond laid,
 Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.
 That courage true to every noble breast,
 Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain suppress'd 555
 Now swell'd the hero's soul : he grasp'd his shield,
 Nor seem'd too faint the ponderous orb to wield ;
 His right hand held unsheath'd his glittering blade.
 Nor other arms he sought, nor more delay'd ;
 But issuing thus—O ! whither would you fly, 560
 And leave your lord neglected here to die ?
 Shall then these Pagans rend his arms away,
 And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey ?
 Go—seek your country to his son reveal
 That, where you fled, his noble father fell ! 565

* -----from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.] Tasso seems to have caught this circumstance from an incident in Boyardo, where Sacripant, in like manner, issues forth, armed only with sword and shield, against Agrican, who had gained an entrance in Albracca.

He said: and durst against a thousand foes
 His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose:
 While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,
 With seven tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)
 He kept the hoary Raymond safe from harms, 570
 From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms:
 He whirls his falchion with resistless sway:
 The foes repuls'd forego their wish'd-for prey.
 But soon the venerable hero rose, 574
 His face with shame, his heart with anger, glows;
 In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,
 Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel,
 The Gascons, rally'd, soon the fight renew,
 And strait their gallant leader's steps pursue:
 Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd, 580
 And courage now succeeds where terror reign'd.
 They chase that yielded, those that chas'd give way:
 So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
 While Raymond rag'd with unresisted hand,
 And sought the noblest of the hostile band: 585
 The realm's usurper, Aladine, he view'd,
 Who midst the thickest press the fight pursu'd;
 He saw and 'gainst him rais'd the fatal steel,
 Cleft through the head the dying monarch fell;
 Prone on his kingdom's soil resign'd his breath, 590
 And groaning bit the bloody dust in death.
 Now various passions move the Pagan foes:
 Some 'gainst the spear their desperate breast oppose;
 While some with terror seiz'd, the fight forsake,
 And in the fort their second refuge take: 595
 But entering, mix'd with these, the victor-train
 At once the conquest of the fortress gain.
 Now all is won—in vain the Pagans fly;
 Within they fall, or at the portal die.
 Sage Raymond then ascends the lofty tower, 600
 The mighty standard in his hand he bore,
 There full in view, to either host display'd,
 The Cross triumphant to the winds he spread;
 Unseen of Solyman, who thence afar,
 Impatient flew to mingle in the war: 605

And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,
 Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.
 There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
 There raise his trophies on the dreadful plain.
 The Soldan seiz'd a steed, the combat sought, 610
 And sudden to the fainting Pagans brought
 A short but glorious aid---So lightning flies,
 And unexpected falls, and instant dies;
 But lays in rifted rocks, with furious force,
 The tokens of its momentary course. 615

A hundred warriors, great in arms, he slew;
 Yet from oblivion fame has snatch'd but two.
 O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!
 Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,
 (If equal praise my Tuscan muse can give) 620
 Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!
 Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
 Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.

Th' intrepid heroine spur'd her steed, and flew
 To where the raging Turk the troop's o'erthrew:
 Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd, 626
 One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield:
 The furious chief her well-known vest descry'd:
 Behold the strumpet with her mate (he cry'd)
 Hence to thy female tasks! the distaff wield, 630
 Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field.

He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,
 His thundering weapon through her corslet broke:
 Deep in her breast the ruthless falchion drove,
 Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love! 635
 Her languid hand foregoes the useless rein;
 Approaching death creeps cold in every vein.
 To save his wife, unhappy Edward flies!
 Too late he comes---his lov'd Gildippe dies!
 What should he do?---distracting thoughts prevail,
 Pity and wrath at once his heart assail: 641
 That, bids his arms a kind support bestow,
 This, prompt his vengeance on the barbarous foe.
 While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,
 His better hand provokes th' unequal war: 645

But vain his effort to support his bride,
 Or reach the murderous chief by whom she dy'd.
 The sword the Pagan through his arm impell'd,
 That with a fruitless grasp his consort held.
 As when an axe the stately elm invades, 650
 Or storms uproot it from its native shades,
 It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine,
 Whose curling folds its ample waist entwiue :
 So Edward sunk beneath the Pagan steel ;
 So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell. 655
 They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,
 And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
 Each other still with mournful looks they view,
 And, close embracing, take the last adieu :
 Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light, 660
 Their gentle souls together take their flight !

Soon spreading fame the dire event declares,
 And soon the tidings to Rinaldo bears :
 Compassion, grief, and wrath, at once conspire,
 And all his generous thoughts to vengeance fire :
 But first Adrastus, in the Soldan's sight, 666
 His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.

Then thus the king—By every sign display'd
 Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.
 Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain, 670
 And oft have call'd thee through th' embattled plain.
 Now shall my former vows be fully paid,
 And justice sated with thy forfeit head :
 Come ! let us here our mutual valour show,
 Armida's champion I, and thou her foe ! 675

Boastful he spoke ; then whirl'd his flashing steel ;
 Swift on the Christian's head the tempest fell :
 In vain—the temper'd casque the force withstood ;
 But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd :
 Rinaldo's falchion then Adrastus found, 680
 And in his side impress'd a mortal wound :
 Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name !
 One fatal blow concludes his life and fame !

With horror seiz'd, the gazing Pagans stood,
 While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.

Even Solyman surpris'd the stroke beheld, 686
 His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd :
 He sees his doom, and (wond'rous to relate!)
 Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.
 But Heaven's high will, for ever uncontroll'd. 690
 Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold !
 As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,
 What time the fainting limbs their speed deny ;
 In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,
 Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way. 695
 So strove the Soldan now th' assault to dare,
 He rous'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war ;
 In vain—no more the thirst of fame prevail'd ;
 His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd ;
 He scorn'd to yield or fly : yet, unresolv'd, 700
 A thousand thoughts his wavering mind revolv'd.

While thus he paus'd, the conquering chief drew
 Furious he rush'd, tremendous to the eye ! [nigh ,
 He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,
 And look'd a match for more than mortal force.
 The Pagan scarce resists, yet ev'n in death 706
 Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath ;
 Nor shuns the sword, but, midst his ruin great,
 Without a groan receives the stroke of fate !
 Thus he, who, when subdu'd by stronger foes, 710
 From every fall like old Autæus rose
 With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,
 And press'd at length the earth, to rise no more.

Then fame from man to man the tidings bears ;
 A doubtful face no longer fortune wears ; 715
 No longer then the war's event suspends,
 But joins the Christians, and their arms befriends.
 Soon from the fight recede the regal hand,
 The pride, the strength of all the eastern land ;
 Once call'd Immortal ; now the name is lost, 720
 And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boast !
 Th' astonish'd bearer with the standard fled,
 Him Emirenes stopp'd, and sternly said :
 Art thou not he, selected from the train,
 Our monarch's glorious banner to sustain ? 725

Was it for this (O! scandal to the brave!)
 That to thy hand th' important charge I gave?
 And canst thou, Rinedon, thy chief survey,
 Yet basely leave him, and desert the day?
 What dost thou seek—thy safety?—here it lies—
 With me return—death waits for him who flies. 731
 Here let him fight who truly hopes to live;
 Here honour's deeds alone can safety give.

He heard, and instant to the field return'd;
 Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd. 735
 No less the rest th' intrepid chief retain'd,
 These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.
 Who dares to fly from yonder swords (he cries)
 Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies!
 'Tbus rang'd again his routed files he view'd, 740
 The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd:
 While Tisaphernes with resistless might
 Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the fight.
 Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's band;
 His single force dispers'd the Norman band: 745
 By him were chas'd the Flemings from the plain,
 And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero slain.

When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,
 And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,
 As careless what succeeding fate might yield, 750
 He sought the greatest perils of the field;
 He saw Rinaldo, well the youth he knew,
 Though all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.
 Lo! there the terror of the plain (he cries)
 May Heaven assist my daring enterprize! 755
 So shall Armida her revenge obtain:

O! Macon! let my sword this conquest gain,
 And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane.

Thus pray'd the knight; his words are lost in air,
 No Macon hears his unavailing prayer. 760
 As the bold lion, eager to engage,
 With lashing tail provokes his native rage:
 So fares the furious warrior; love inspires,
 Swells all his soul, and rouzes all his fires.

He bears aloft his shield ; he spurs his steed ; 765
 The Latian hero rush'd with equal speed.
 At once they meet ; at once, on either hand,
 In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.
 Such skill, such courage, either champion shows,
 So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows ;
 Each side awhile forget their wonted rage, 771
 And drop their arms, to see the chiefs engage.
 In vain the Pagan strikes ; secur'd from harms,
 The Christian combats in ethereal arms ;
 From him more fatal every stroke descends ; 775
 The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends ;
 His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
 And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.
 The fair enchantress, who the fight survey'd,
 Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd.
 She saw the rest, a pale and heartless train, 781
 That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain ;
 Till she, who late such guards around her view'd,
 Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood :
 She loaths the light, and servitude she fears, 785
 Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.
 Then, leaping from her car in pale affright,
 She mounts a steed, and takes her speedy flight.
 But, like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,
 Anger and love her parting steps pursue. 790
 When, Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,
 Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled ;
 And left, to Cæsar's happier arms expos'd,
 Her Roman lord * with perils round enclos'd ;
 He soon, forgetful of his former fame, 795
 Spread every sail to join the flying dame :
 So Tisaphernes (but his foe withstood)
 Had from the field Arnida's flight pursu'd :
 His fair one vanish'd from his longing eyes,
 The sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies : 800
 Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild despair,
 He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.

* Mark Antony.

Not with such weight, to frame the forky brand,
 The ponderous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.
 Full on his front the thundering stroke he sent: 805
 Beneath the force the staggering warrior bent;
 But soon recovering, whirl'd his beaming sword;
 The thirsty point the Pagan's bosom gor'd;
 A furious passage through his cuirass made,
 Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade: 810
 The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supply'd;
 The soul came floating in a purple tide.

Rinaldo, pausing, cast around his view,
 To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.
 Wide o'er the field he sees the Pagans fly; 815
 On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.
 And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy fair
 Who furious fled abandon'd to despair;
 Her woeful state might well his pity claim,
 Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame: 820
 For still in mind his tender faith he bore,
 Her champion plighted when he left her shore.
 Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd,
 Th' impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find 825
 That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd:
 Well-pleas'd herself she saw by fate convey'd
 To end her woes in such a grateful shade.
 There, lighting from her steed, she laid aside
 Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride. 830
 Unfaithful arms! (she cries) essay'd in vain,
 Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plaio;
 Here buried lie, and prove the field no more,
 Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
 If vainly thus at other hearts you fly, 835
 Dare you a female's wretched bosom try?
 Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow;
 Here raise your trophies, here your triumph show!
 Love knows how well this breast admits the dart;
 Love, that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart!
 Unblest Armida! what is now thy fate, 841
 When this alone can cure thy wretched state?

The weapon's point must heal the wound of Love,
 And friendly death my heart's physician prove.
 Fond Love, farewell!---but come thou, fell Disdain
 For ever partner with my ghost remain; 846
 Together let us rise from realms below,
 To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe;
 To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
 And fill with horror every sleepless night! 850

She ceas'd; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,
 The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose;
 When lo! Rinaldo came and saw the fair
 So near the dreadful period of despair:
 Already now her frantic hand she rear'd, 855
 And death already in her looks appear'd:
 He rush'd behind her, and restrain'd the dart;
 The fatal point just bent against her heart.

Armida turn'd, and straight the knight beheld,
 (Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd) 860
 Surpris'd she sees, and shrieking with affright,
 From his lov'd face averts her angry sight;
 She faints! she sinks!---as falls a tender flower,
 Whose feeble stem supports the head no more:
 His arms he threw around her lovely waist, 865
 Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd;
 While, gently bending o'er the fair distress'd,
 His sorrows bath'd her face and lovely breast.
 As, wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
 The drooping rose her wonted grace renews: 870
 So she, recovering soon, her visage rears,
 All moist and trickling with her lover's tears.
 And thrice she rais'd her eyes the youth to view,
 Thrice from his face her sight averse withdrew.
 Oft from the strict embrace in vain she strove, 875
 With languid hand, his stronger arm to move:
 The pitying warrior still his grasp retain'd,
 And closer to his breast the damsel strain'd.
 At length, as thus in dear restraint she lay,
 Her words with gushing torrents found their way:
 Yet still on earth she bent her stedfast look, 881
 Nor dar'd to meet his glance, while thus she spoke.

O cruel! when thou left'st me first to mourn!
 And O! as cruel now in thy return!
 Why wouldst thou then thy fruitless cares employ
 To save a life thy perjuries destroy? 886
 Say, to what future wrongs, what future shame,
 What woes unknown is doom'd Armida's name?
 Full well thy wily purpose I descry---
 But she can little dare, who dares not die. 890
 One triumph still to grace thy pomp remains;
 A hapless princess bound in captive chains;
 At first betray'd, then made by force thy prize;
 From acts like these thy mighty glories rise!
 Once life and happiness 'twas thine to give; 895
 Now death alone my sufferings can relieve!
 But not from thee this blessing I demand;
 All gifts are hateful from Rinaldo's band!
 Yet, cruel as thou art, myself can find
 Some friendly way t' elude the ill's design'd: 900
 If to a helpless wretch in bondage ty'd,
 Are poisonous drugs and piercing steel deny'd;
 Yet (thanks to Heaven!) a path remains to death;
 Thou shalt not long detain this hated breath:
 Cease then thy soothing arts, thy feints give o'er, 905
 And move my soul with flattering hopes no more.
 Thus mournful she; while love and anger drew
 Fast from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.
 He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,
 And, mix'd with hers, his kindly sorrows flow. 910
 At length with tender words he thus reply'd:
 Armida! lay thy doubts, thy fears, aside;
 Live---not to suffer shame, to empire live;
 In me thy champion, not thy foe, receive.
 Behold these eyes, if still thou doubt'st my zeal, 915
 Let these, the truth of what I speak, reveal.
 I swear to place thee on thy regal throne,
 The seat of splendor where thy fathers shone.
 O! would to Heaven! the rays of truth as well
 Might from thy mind the Pagan mist dispel, 920
 As I shall raise thee to so high a state,
 No eastern dame shall match thy glorious fate.

He spoke; and speaking, sought her breast to
move

With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love!
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow, 925
Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow;
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Ah me! I yield! (the soften'd fair replies)
Still on thy faith my easy heart relies; 930
'Tis thine at will to guard my future way,
And, what thou bid'st, Armida must obey.

Thus they. Meanwhile th' Egyptian chief be-
held

His regal standard cast upon the field:
And Rimedon all breathless press the plain, 935
By one fierce stroke from mighty Godfrey slain.
Or kill'd, or routed, all his troops appear,
Yet, to the last, he scorns ignoble fear;
And seeks, what now his hopes alone demand,
A death illustrious from a noble hand. 940

He spurs his steed, and swift on Godfrey flies:
No greater foe amid the plain he spies:
Fierce as he thunders through the ranks of war,
He shows the last brave tokens of despair:
Then to the chief he rais'd his voice on high: 945
I come by thee in glorious strife to die!
'Tis death I seek---but, ere I yield to fate,
I trust to crush thee with my sinking weight.

Thus he. At once they rush to meet the fight:
At once, on either side, their swords alight. 950
The Pagan's steel the Christian's buckler cleaves;
His hand, disarm'd, the sudden wound receives:
From Godfrey next descends a mightier blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe:
Half back he fell; and, while to rise he strove, 955
Deep in his groin the Frank his falchion drove.

Now, Emirenes dead, but few remain
Of all the numbers of th' Egyptian train:
While Godfrey these from place to place pursu'd,
Brave Altamorus on the field he view'd, 960

Who midst his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,
 Alone, on foot, with hostile blood distain'd ;
 With broken sword and shield the king appears,
 And close surrounded with a hundred spears.

Then to his warriors pious Godfrey cry'd : 965
 Forbear, my friends ! and lay your arms aside :
 And thou, O chief ! no more contest the field ;
 Forego thy weapons, and to Godfrey yield.

He said ; and he, who fill that fatal hour
 Ne'er bow'd his lofty soul to human power, 970
 Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,
 (A sound from Libya to the pole rever'd)
 At once resign'd his sword to Godfrey's hands :
 I yield ! (he cry'd) nor less thy worth demands :
 Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamorus' name, 975
 Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.

My kingdom with its gold, my plous wife
 With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life.

Heaven has not given me (thus the chief re-
 plies)

A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize : 980
 Still keep whate'er is thine from India's shore,
 And still in peace enjoy thy Persian store :
 No price for life, no ransom I demand ;
 I war, but traffic not, in Asia's land. 984

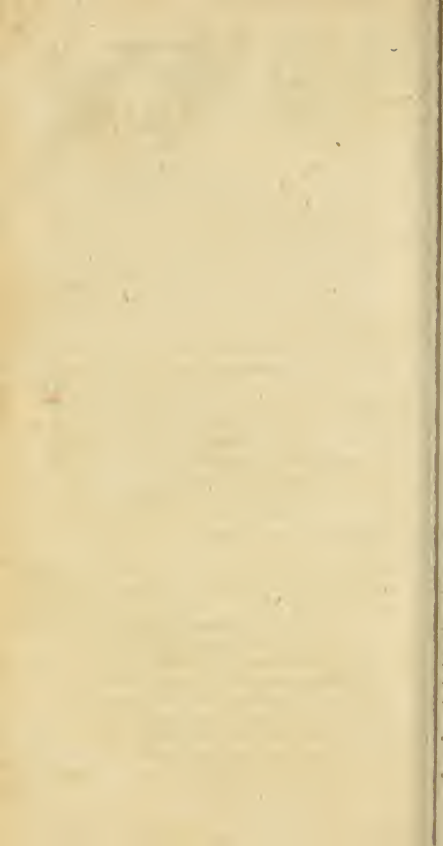
He ceas'd ; and with his guards the monarch
 plac'd,

Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chas'd ;
 These to the trench in vain their flight pursue ;
 Insatiate death o'ertakes the trembling crew :
 Gigantic slaughter stalks on every side,
 And swells from tent to tent the dreadful tide : 990
 Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpled o'er,
 And costly trappings drop with human gore.

'Thus conquer'd Godfrey ; and as yet the day
 Gave from the western waves the parting ray,
 Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode, 995
 The domes where Christ had made his blest
 abode :

In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,
The chief of chiefs then sought the sacred fane;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,
And there to Heaven his vow'd devotions paid. 1000

THE END



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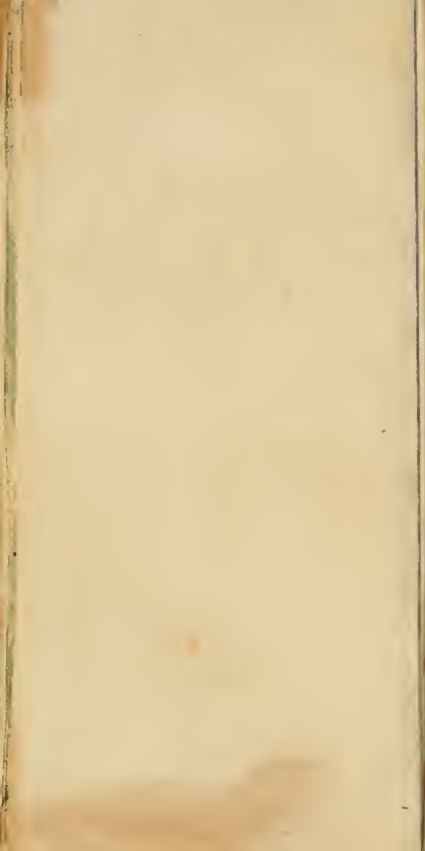
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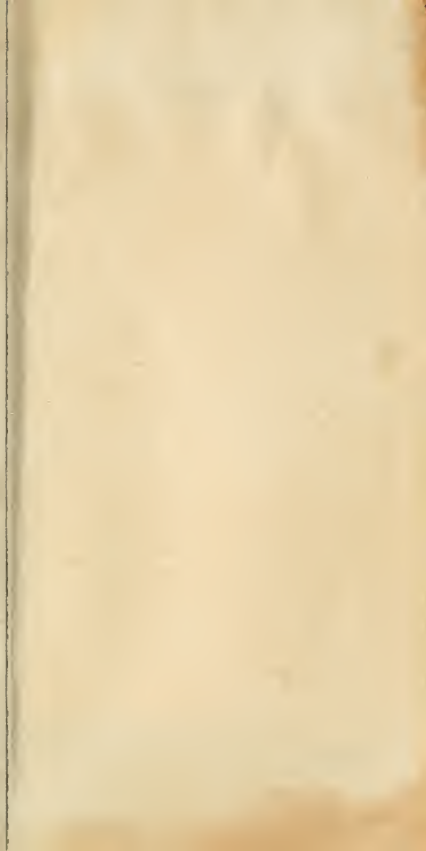
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THE END.

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